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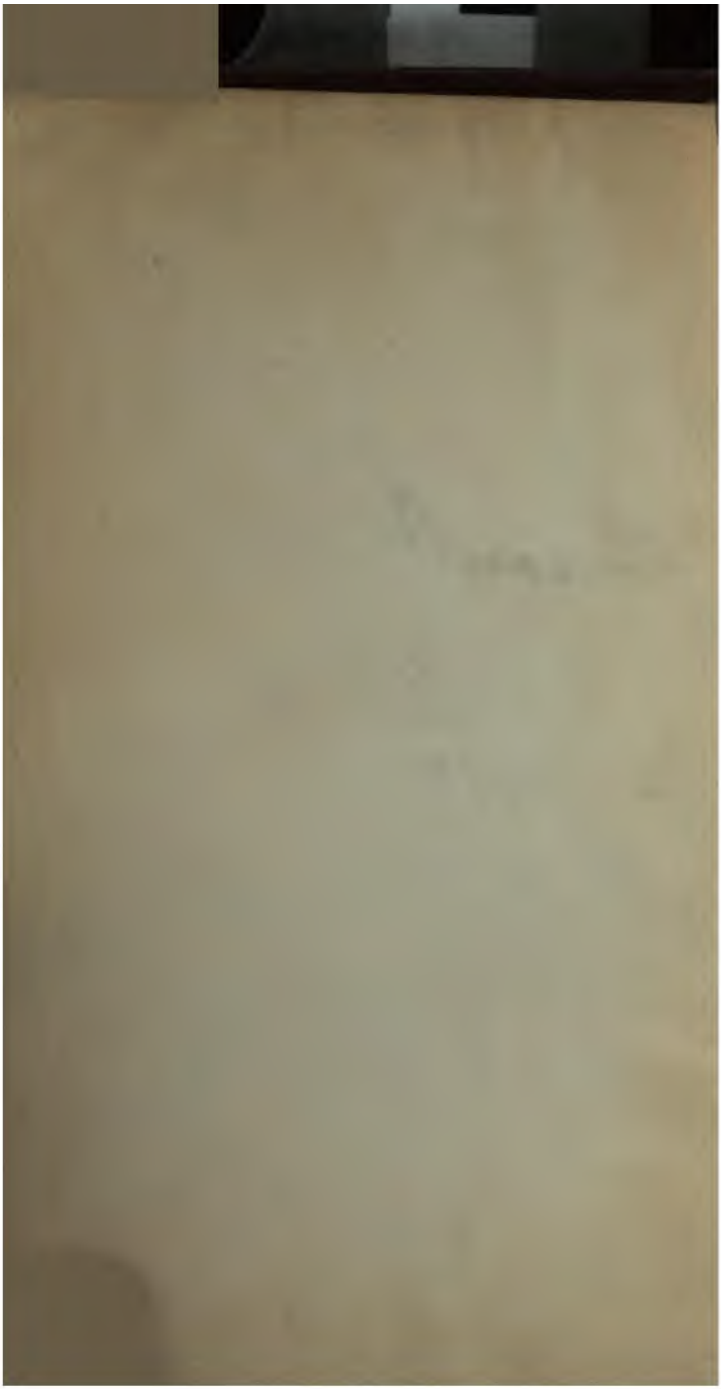
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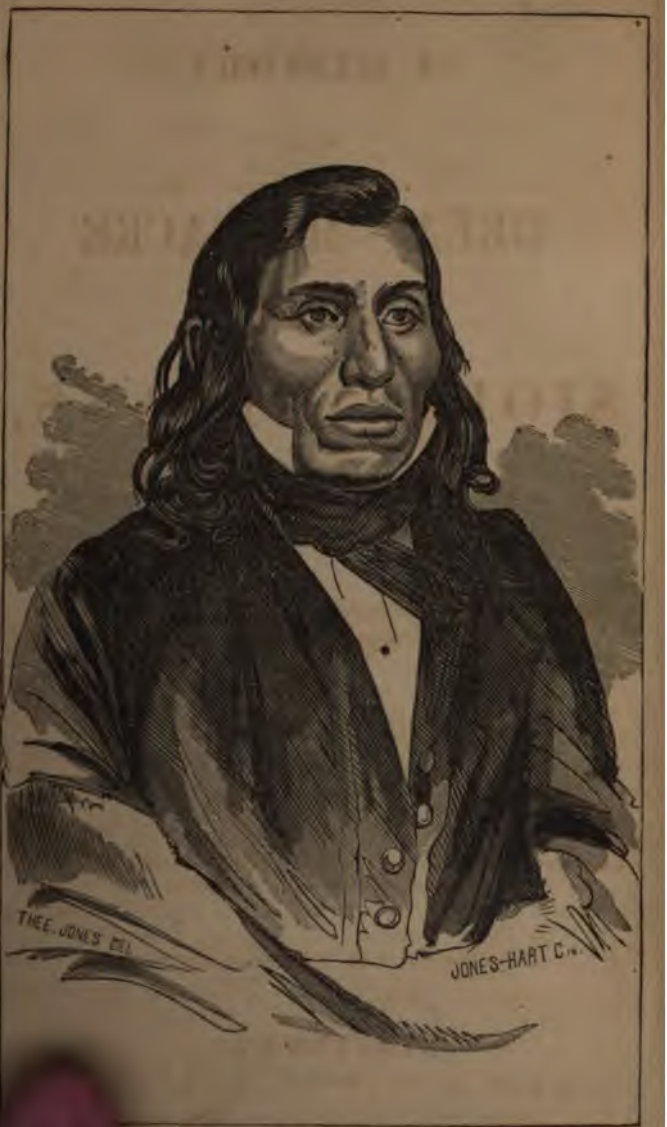
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Stone

March 1850

South Carolina






LITTLE CROW,

LEADER OF THE SIOUX MASSACRE IN MINNESOTA.

# A HISTORY

OF THE

# GREAT MASSACRE

BY THE

# SIOUX INDIANS,

## IN MINNESOTA,

INCLUDING THE PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF MANY WHO ESCAPED.

By CHARLES S. BRYANT, A. M.,

AND

ABEL B. MURCH.

"For that which is unclean by nature thou canst entertain no hope; no washing will turn the Gipsy white."—FERDOWSI.

EIGHTH THOUSAND.

CINCINNATI:

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# PREFACE.

THE massacre in Minnesota, by the Annuity Sioux Indians, in August, 1862, marks an epoch in the history of savage races. In their westward march across the American continent, in the van of a higher civilization, the native red men have, at different times, given sad and fearful evidences of their enmity to the dominant white race; but, from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the rock-bound coast of New England, in the winter of 1620, until their descendants had passed the center of the continent, and reached the lovely plains of Minnesota, no exhibition of Indian character had so afflicted and appalled the soul of humanity, as the fearful and deliberate massacre perpetrated by them in August, 1862. And, in the following work, it has been the sole object of the authors to present, for the benefit of the present and future generations, the astounding truths connected with this bloody drama in our history. In doing this, they have endeavored to state such facts as seemed connected with the massacre, in a connected form, and in the plainest possible manner. Much of the matter relating to the massacre will be found in the language of those who had themselves escaped from the horrors they so graphically describe.

One allusion of a personal character may be necessary to vindicate the authors from the charge of presumption, in attempting to interest the public, by any effort of theirs, at a time in the world's history so full of gigantic events as the present. It was the fortune of one of the authors of this work to reside at a town in Minnesota, where, by a *law of Congress*, a board of commissioners was

required to hold their first session for the adjustment of claims for damages to the property of the settlers by the Sioux Indians in the late massacre. It was his professional duty to prosecute, before that commission, over one hundred claims for damages. In this way he came in daily connection with the sufferers, and was compelled to listen to tales of horror of a character entirely too dreadful to be concealed. Some of these revelations were wholly disconnected with any duties required by the Board of Commissioners, in reducing to writing the necessary testimony relating to the loss of property. It therefore seemed important that some one properly situated and related to these claimants, should save from oblivion many interesting incidents touching the sad and melancholy exit of the innocent sufferers of this cruel and barbarous conspiracy against human life. That duty seemed to fall upon him; and, fully conscious of his inability to execute, to the satisfaction of the public, a task so responsible, he undertook the labor indicated by the circumstances in the midst of which he was thrown, relying confidently upon the generous reader for a justification of the motives by which he was actuated. Unable by his individual efforts to complete the work in the time prescribed for its appearance before the public, he associated with him Mr. A. B. Murch.

In presenting the massacre in its proper light, it was thought necessary to give a short account of the Sioux Indians, the treaties of our Government with them, their reservations, the condition of the tribes, and their complaints. The introduction to the massacre being set out in a few preliminary chapters, the account of the massacre itself follows, as the result of a conspiracy long cherished by the great chief, Little Crow. The personal narratives of those who escaped naturally follow the massacre. The consequences, exhibited in the devastation of the country, the loss of life and property, flow directly from the massacre, as a legiti-

mate [illegible]

Punishment due to crimes so revolting should follow immediately upon their commission, and, in this view, the movements of the [illegible] closing with the execution of such of the [illegible] Executive clemency, the imprisonment [illegible] removal of the remainder from the State.

The expeditions under Generals Sibley and Sully, in 1863, the result of which has been to transfer the Sioux war from the borders of Minnesota to the banks of the Missouri, is briefly given in a concluding chapter.

The authors have thought proper to close the present volume with a short account of Little Crow and his tragic end. It is, perhaps, due to the public, in the light of an example, that a scheme so infernal as the deliberate murder, in cold blood, of unarmed men, women, and children, without a moment's warning, in a manner so horrible as that carried out by the brutal, cunning, and savage ferocity of Little Crow, should conclude with the death of the inhuman monster!

In the preparation of the present work the authors acknowledge the valuable aid rendered them by the Hons. A. S. White, Cyrus Aldrich, and Eli R. Chase, members of the Sioux Commission for the adjustment of claims for damages committed by the Minnesota Indians. These gentlemen, uniformly kind, courteous, and obliging, furnished the authors every facility in their possession by which the history of the massacre here presented should lack nothing of the completeness necessary for a work of this kind. Secretaries E. H. Burritt and O. M. Laraway, and Assistant Clerks Freeman, Russell, and Porter, as well as A. G. Groff, acting marshal, each to the extent of his ability, limited only by his fidelity to the Commission, rendered the authors essential aid in gathering the materials for this volume. We are also under obligations to O. T. Gillman, Esq., of the Document Rooms at Washington, for valuable aid in the way of public documents, urgently needed. Many others, whose names need not be repeated, by kindly furnishing the sad narratives of their sufferings, have greatly aided the authors in the prosecution of the work.

The particular portions of the work due to the labors of Mr. Murch, composed chiefly from materials furnished by the editor, are Chapters I, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, and IX, as well as the preparation of several of the personal narratives and other portions of the volume. Without the kind assistance of the persons referred to, this work would not, at this time, have been presented to the public.

*The authors here acknowledge* the receipt of several interest-

ing communications intended for insertion, but unavoidably omitted; among them a thrilling poem on the massacre, by Miss Lora E. Bacon, of Le Sueur, Minnesota, and a similar production from the gifted pen of Captain R. H. Chittenden, Esq., of St. Paul.

Believing that a publication of this kind is demanded, the authors, fully conscious of its many defects, now commend their labors to the judgment of the reader, regretting most sincerely the sad and mournful occurrences which have rendered necessary a work so replete with unprecedented horrors.

CHARLES S. BRYANT.
ABEL B. MURCH.

CINCINNATI, O., *Nov.* 25, 1863.



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THE

# MINNESOTA INDIAN MASSACRE.

## CHAPTER I.

Louis Hennepin's Visit to the Upper Mississippi, in 1680—The Country occupied by Wild Tribes of Indians—Visited by Carver in 1766—The Nadowessies, or Dakota Indians—War with the Chippewas—Peace made by Carver—His services rewarded—Origin of the name Sioux—Division of Tribes—Manners—Dress and Mode of Living—Origin of certain Indian Names—Treaties with the Sioux Indians from 1812 to 1858—Called Isanties by the trans-Missouri Sioux—Their Reservations—Annuity System Inaugurated—Civilization Efforts—Their Difficulties—Settlements of the Whites contiguous to the Reservations—Conclusion—General Summary.

PRELIMINARY to a proper history of the horrible massacre of the defenseless inhabitants on the borders of Minnesota, by the Annuity Sioux, in 1862, it seems to us, to be essential to a full understanding of the subject, that we should briefly refer to the past history of those tribes, their character, and the regions occupied by them before the advent of the white man within their country for the purposes of permanent settlement.

The first authentic knowledge of the country upon the upper waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries was given to the world by Louis Hennepin, a native of France, who, in the year 1680, ascended that river in a canoe as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, to which

he gave the name they still bear, the name of his patron saint.

Hennepin found the country in the possession of wild tribes of Indians, by whom he and his companions were for some months detained as prisoners, but were kindly treated, and finally released.

At a later period, that is, in 1766, Captain Jonathan Carver, a British subject, and an officer in the British army, visited the country of the Upper Mississippi, where he spent some three years among the different tribes inhabiting those regions. The Sioux, or Dakotas, were then known as the Naudowessies, and occupied that portion of the country lying upon the Mississippi River about the Falls of St. Anthony, and below down into what is now the State of Iowa, and upon the St. Peter's, or Minnesota, from its source to its mouth, and the prairie-country adjacent thereto. The country to the north of them was then, as now, occupied by the Chippewas. These tribes were always at war; indeed, from time immemorial they had been hereditary foes.

The Sioux were a powerful and warlike nation, and, when Carver came among them, were at war with the Chippewas. Carver seems to have been so fortunate, at that early day, as to have acquired a very great influence over both nations, and succeeded in securing peace between them. As a reward for his good offices in this regard, and as a token and pledge of perpetual friendship for him and his people, it is claimed, with how much truth we do not pretend to say, that two chiefs of the Naudowessies, acting for their nation, at a co with Carver, at the Great Cave, now

(1863) within the corporate limits of the city of St. Paul, deeded to said Carver a vast tract of country on the Mississippi River, extending from the Falls of St. Anthony to the foot of Lake Pepin; thence east one hundred English miles; thence north one hundred and twenty miles; thence west to the place of beginning—a most munificent grant, truly.

At a later period, after the death of Carver, and the transfer of this claim to other parties than the heirs of Carver, a petition was presented to the Congress of the United States, praying for a confirmation of this Indian deed. Among the papers produced in evidence of the justice of this claim, was a copy of an instrument purporting to have been executed at Lake Traverse, on the 17th of February, 1821, by four Indians, who called themselves chiefs and warriors of the Naudowessies. They declare, in this writing, that a grant was made by their fathers to Captain Jonathan Carver, of a tract of land situate at the Falls of St. Anthony, and that there is among their people a traditional record to that effect. This writing is signed by Ouekien Tangah, Tashachpi Tainche, Kache Nobine, and Petite Corbeau (Little Crow). This latter is undoubtedly the father of the present chief of that name, who was the leader in the terrible massacre of 1862.

Letters were also produced, written by various persons residing at that early day among the Sioux, who related conversations held with Red Wing, Lefei, and Little Crow, who claimed to be the descendants of the chiefs (the "Tortoise" and the "Snake") who signed the Carver grant, in which they are represented to have acknowledged *the validity* of the claim of the r

sentatives of Carver to the lands granted to him at the Great Cave, in 1767. The evidence was, however, deemed insufficient by Congress, and the grant was not confirmed.

We refer to this matter here, not so much for the purpose of following up this claim of Carver, as for the purpose of showing that the Sioux who inhabited the country bordering upon the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries when the treaties of Mendota and Traverse des Sioux were negotiated, are the same tribes known in Carver's day as the Naudowessies.

The name Sioux is said to have been bestowed upon these tribes by the French, and that it is a corruption of the last syllable of their ancient name, which, in the peculiar guttural of the Dakota language, has the sound of that word.

The tribes of the Dakota nation inhabiting the regions of country within the present limits of the State of Minnesota are four in number, each under its great hereditary chief. Each tribe is subdivided into numerous bands, each band having also its chief.

These tribes are known as the Medawakonton, Wapeton, Wapekuta, and Siseton tribes.

The Dakotas are, however, widely diffused over a vast region of country west of Minnesota, including nearly all of the Territory of Dakota, and a wide region of country west of the Missouri, clear up to the base of the Rocky Mountains.

Over all that vast region of country roam the wild bands of the powerful and warlike Dakotas, occupying the Coteau des Prairie and the country north, to the *British line.* West of Minnesota and east of the Mis-

souri River are the wild and roving bands of Yanktons, Yanktonais, and Cut-heads.

With these, however, our present work will have but little to do beyond the fact that with those tribes living on the Coteau, the tribes upon the Mississippi and Minnesota have, to some extent, intermingled in the chase, and, perhaps, also, to some extent, on the war-path; and the further fact, that some of those bands, the Cut-heads and some others, have, since the treaty of Traverse des Sioux, laid claim to a portion of the lands covered by that treaty, in the making of which they had no part.

The Medawakontons (Village of the Spirit Lake) derive their name from a former residence at Medawakon, (Spirit, or Sacred Lake,) one of the Mille Lacs in the country now claimed and occupied by the Chippewas of the Mississippi. Their principal chief is Little Crow, whose chieftainship is hereditary. The Wapekutas, or Leaf-shooters, are a small tribe. Their principal chief is also hereditary. His name is Hahaehasha, or Red Legs.

This tribe, previous to the negotiation of the treaty of Mendota, claimed the country on Cannon River, on the head-waters of the Blue Earth, and adjacent on the west.

The Wapetons (or Village of the Leaves) are supposed to have derived their name from the fact that their villages were in the Big Woods, on the Minnesota River. The ancient home of this tribe was about the Little Rapids, on the Minnesota, and some forty-five miles above its mouth.

The Sisetons (or the Village of the Marsh*) formerly occupied the Minnesota Valley from Traverse des Sioux to Little Rock, claiming the country about Swan Lake and on the Blue Earth River.

The hereditary chief of this tribe is Tatanka Nazia, or Standing Buffalo. His father is yet living, but is an old man, and abdicated in favor of his son some years ago. He was, in his day, a great chief, and was known as the "Star Face," or the "Orphan."

Both these chiefs, it is believed, have remained friendly to the whites, and taken no part in the late terrible massacre on the border. The Orphan was too old to have participated in it, and there is no evidence implicating Standing Buffalo.

The four tribes just enumerated comprise the entire Annuity Sioux of Minnesota, and number about six thousand two hundred persons. All these Indians have, from time to time, received presents from the Government, since the first treaty of amity and friendship was negotiated with them, on the 19th day of July, 1815, at Portage des Sioux.

This was very soon after the close of the last war with Great Britain; and, as the Dakotas had been allies of that Power in our struggle with it, it became the policy of the Government to secure terms of peace with them. On the first day of June, 1816, a treaty was concluded at St. Louis, between the United States and the chiefs and warriors representing eight bands of the Sioux, composing the three tribes, then called the Sioux

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* given on the authority of Rev. S. R. Riggs.

of the Leaf, the Sioux of the Broad Leaf, and the Sioux who Shoot in the Pine Tops, by the terms of which those tribes confirmed to the United States all cessions or grants of land previously made by them to the British, French, or Spanish governments, within the limits of the United States or its Territories. No annuities were paid to them for these grants, as they were mere confirmations of cessions made by them to the Powers from whom we had acquired the territory.

On the 15th of July, 1830, another treaty was negotiated with the four great tribes with whom we have more particularly to do in this work, in connection with several other tribes, by the terms of which the Sioux relinquished all claim to a tract of land in the present State of Iowa, twenty miles wide, extending from the Mississippi River, on the east, to the Des Moines on the west.

In consideration of this cession, certain presents were made to them in goods, and annuities to the amount of three thousand dollars per annum, for the period of ten years, were guaranteed them, together with a provision for a blacksmith to reside among them, and an appropriation for an educational fund.

All treaties previously entered into with them had been treaties of amity and friendship, to settle questions of boundary between themselves and neighboring tribes, and between themselves and the United States, or mere conventions of trade and intercourse.

It had been usual, on all occasions, when the agents of the Government met the Indians in counsel, to make them presents of blankets, powder, lead, tobacco, and sometimes small sums of money; but this treaty of

Prairie du Chien is the first of which we can find any record, in which lands are ceded to the United States by these bands of Sioux for an annual payment of money.

These tribes are called by those on the Missouri Isanties, which seems to have been derived from the fact that, at a remote period, they lived at Isantamde or Knife Lake, one of the Mill Lacs. Previous to the advent of the white man among them, these Indians subsisted principally by the chase, and upon the fish with which the lakes and streams of their country abounded, and upon the wild rice which grew in great abundance in the marshes and along the margin of the lakes and rivers.

They planted a little corn, which they either pounded in rude mortars dug out of the stumps of trees, or boiled whole in ashes and water.

They are a lazy and indolent race, providing only for to-day, and taking no thought for to-morrow. Like all uncivilized races of men, labor is degrading to the male portion of them, and all the labor is performed by the women. If they possess any noble traits, *as a race*, the writer, who has resided among them, and noted their traits of character, has failed to see them. True, there are exceptional cases (like the noble Other Day) among them, of true nobility, but they are rare indeed. Treacherous, cunning, deceitful, they are a ace in whose faith there can be no reliance whatever ced.

It has been often said that "an Indian never forgets dness." It would be pleasant to believe that this rue; for, if it were, the white bones of the vic-

tims of their fiendish barbarity would not now be bleaching on the desolated border of Minnesota, crying to Heaven for vengeance upon the red demons who turned from the humble board, where they had shared with his family the frugal fare of the kind-hearted pioneer, to bathe their savage hands in the blood of all beneath that humble roof, and bear their gory scalps, as trophies of their prowess, in triumph to their villages.

Before the traders came among them, these people dressed in the skins of animals, such as the buffalo, elk, deer, and wolf, as well as the smaller fur-bearing animals, which they trapped on the lakes and streams with which the country abounded. But, in later years, they have been in the habit of exchanging their skins and furs, for blankets, cloths, and other articles of necessity and ornament. The Sioux of the plains, those who inhabit the Coteau and beyond, and, indeed, some of the Siseton tribe, dress in skins to this day. Even among those who are called "civilized," the style of costume is often unique. It is well calculated to affect the risibles of one unused to such sights, to see a stalwart Indian in breech-cloth and leggins, with a calico shirt, all "fluttering in the wind," and his head surmounted with a stove-pipe hat of most surprising altitude. He sometimes varies his style of dress, by putting on, in midsummer as well as in winter, a heavy cloth-coat, often turned *inside out*. The most important treaty negotiated with these bands, previous to those of Traverse des Sioux and Mendota, was that of 1837, negotiated at Washington, by the Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, on behalf of the United States, with the chiefs and braves of the Medawakonton tribe, by which they ceded to

the United States all their lands on the east side of the Mississippi River.

By this cession the government acquired a title to a large tract of country situated within the present limits of the State of Wisconsin, and also of Minnesota, on the east side of the Mississippi. This treaty also provided for the payment of large annuities. There had been, for a number of years previous to 1837, trading-posts within this Territory among the Indians; and, after the treaty, these posts became the nucleus of settlements, until, in 1849, Congress organized a Territorial government, under the name of Minnesota, and Alexander Ramsey, of Pennsylvania, was appointed its first governor, and became, by virtue of his office, Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

After the territorial organization was effected, the augmentation of population was very rapid, and had spread out even on to the Indian lands, rendering new treaties with the tribes occupying those lands necessary to the preservation of amicable relations between the settlers and Indians.

Accordingly, in 1851, the President appointed Luke Lea a commissioner, to proceed to Minnesota, and, in conjunction with Governor Ramsey, to negotiate treaties with the tribes on the Mississippi and Minnesota for a cession of their lands to the United States.

23d day of July, 1851, these commissioners
treaty, at Traverse des Sioux, with the
the head men of the Wapeton and Siseton
e terms of which they ceded to the United
heir lands in the State of Iowa and in the
Minnesota, up to what is now the western

boundary of the State. At the same time, they were assigned a reservation on the upper waters of the Minnesota, on the extreme western portion of the ceded lands. This reservation lay upon both sides of said river, and was of an average width of ten miles on either side of the stream, and extended from the Hawk River on the north side, and the Yellow Medicine River on the south side, west to the head of Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse, a distance of about one hundred miles.

On the 5th day of August, of the same year, the same gentlemen concluded a treaty with the Medawakonton and Wapekuta bands, at Mendota, by the terms of which those tribes ceded to the Government all their right, title, and interest in or to any lands they then held or claimed in the State of Iowa or Territory of Minnesota.

Those tribes were also assigned a reservation on the ceded lands, commencing at the Little Rock River on the east, and a line running due south from opposite its mouth, and extending up the river west to the eastern line of the first-named reservation, at the Hawk and Yellow Medicine Rivers. This reservation had also an average width of ten miles on each side of the Minnesota.

Its length, from east to west, was about fifty miles. This treaty opened to settlement all the lands occupied by these tribes on the Minnesota River, and all the fine prairie country adjacent on the west. In fact, by these two treaties the Indian title to all the lands occupied by the Sioux tribes, within what is now the State of Minnesota, was extinguished, except what was com-

prised within the limits of the two reservations named and they were held, as all Indian lands are held, under treaty stipulations.

These treaties provided for a vast annuity fund, amounting, in the aggregate, to over three millions of dollars. Of this fund we shall treat more at length in another chapter. The ratification of these treaties was concluded in 1853; and, soon after, the Indians removed to their new homes on the Minnesota.

The Wapeton and Siseton tribes are frequently designated the "Upper Sioux," their reservation being the farthest up the river, and the Medawakontons and Wapekutas the "Lower Sioux." We may, for convenience, frequently, hereafter, refer to them in this work by those designations.

The principal villages of the lower bands were located at the east end and center of their reservation, on the south side of the Minnesota, the villages of Wabasha and Waucouta being the lower ones. Little Crow's village was four miles below the mouth of the Red Wood River, while that of Shakopee was at the mouth of that stream. A few of the lower Indians were on the Yellow Medicine, near its mouth. They were of those called civilized, and were known as "Jug's Band."

The villages of the upper bands were located as fol-
: The Wapetons occupied the eastern end of the
ation, and their villages were located, one near
ission Station of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson,
four miles above the mouth of the Yellow Medi-
nd one at or near the Mission Station of the
s, two miles further west. This Mis-

sion Station was called Hazlewood. Eighteen miles above the Yellow Medicine was the village of Red Iron, a noted chief, who was bitterly opposed to the making of the treaty of Traverse des Sioux, but who, since its ratification, has kept his faith with the whites inviolate, and, during the terrible days of the massacre of 1862, was in constant peril at the hands of his people, but remained faithful to the last. At Lac qui Parle was still another village.

The Sisetons had their villages about Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse, at the extreme western end of their reservation. Ever since their removal an agent has resided among them, on the reservation, who had the general supervision of the affairs of all four of the tribes; but while there was but one agent, there were two agencies. The agent resided at the upper agency, at Yellow Medicine. The lower agency was located at a point ten miles below the mouth of the Red Wood.

At these places were located the Government warehouses, the residences of the agent and employees of the Government, and various mechanic shops required by treaty stipulations. Here, too, were the stores of the traders who were located among them.

It was here that these bands were accustomed annually to assemble to receive their annuities, and to hold a "talk" with the superintendent and agent. In fact, at these two agencies all the business of the tribes with the Government was transacted.

A tide of immigration, unprecedented in the history of any western State, poured over the ceded lands, upon the removal of the Indians, and villages, towns, and *cities sprang up, as if by* magic, along the shores of

the Mississippi, Minnesota, and St. Croix, and the beautiful prairies of the new Territory became suddenly dotted with the white cabins of the settlers. Where, in former years, had stood the rude "tepees" of the natives of this lovely land, now arose the stately mansions and glittering spires of a cultivated and Christian race. The shady nooks and verdant vales where, in ages past, the grim warriors of a rude and savage race had "wooed and won their dusky mates," were now the trysting-places of another and a nobler type of man. The beetling, oak-crowned bluffs and grassy slopes that, in years gone by, had resounded with the wild war-song of the savage and the whoop of the bloody combat, now echoed to the mellow notes of the boatman's song, the Christian prayer, the hymn of praise, and all the happy voices of peace and industry.

The removal of the Indians rendered the establishment of a military post on the new frontier necessary, and, accordingly, the Government proceeded to erect Fort Ridgley. This post was located at a point near the eastern boundary of the lower reservation, on the north side of the Minnesota, and twelve miles from the agency. This gave to the few settlers then on the border a feeling of comparative security.

The tide of immigration rolled with a resistless sweep up the beautiful and fertile valley of the Minnesota, and far out over the magnificent prairies adjacent, until its restless waves were beating against the boundaries of the new reservation; and, indeed, some few claims were actually made upon the Indian lands.

*In 1858,* the chiefs and head men of these tribes, accompanied by their agent, Major Joseph R. Brown,

visited Washington. During this visit to their Great Father they entered into another treaty with the Government. By this treaty they relinquished their claim to the north half of their reservation, retaining only that portion on the south side of the Minnesota, the Government paying them for the land a specified sum per acre.

This treaty also elaborated a scheme for the civilization of the Indians. Provision was made for a "civilization" fund, to be taken from their annuities, and expended in improvements on the lands of such of them as should abandon their tribal relations, and adopt the habits and modes of life of the white race. To all such, lands were to be assigned in severalty, eighty acres to each head of a family. On these farms were to be erected the necessary farm-buildings, and farming implements and cattle were to be furnished them.

As a farther inducement to them to change their mode of life from the chase to the cultivation of the soil, they were to be paid for the labor they performed, and retain the crop they raised.

From that time the number of Indian farmers augmented very rapidly, until, at the time of the appalling outbreak of savage barbarity in 1862, the number who had availed themselves of the munificent provisions of the treaty were about one hundred and sixty, that number of farms having been opened, and dwellings erected upon them. A large number of these houses were of brick, neat, comfortable structures.

Among these *civilized* savages was Little Crow himself. Over one hundred of these farmer Indians [illegible] of the lower bands, many of them being of Little [illegible] *own band.*

The taking from the general fund of the tribe the money necessary to the carrying out of the civilization scheme was very distasteful to the "blanket Indians," and they inveighed bitterly against it. This was one of the great grievances of that portion of them who refused to abandon the chase and become tillers of the soil.

The efforts thus made to better the condition of these wards of the Government, it was universally believed, were gradually, but surely, lifting these rude children of the plains to the level of their more fortunate white neighbors. But this humane scheme for their benefit was, to a great degree, thwarted by the helpless condition of the blanket Indians during a great portion of the year, and by their persistent determination to remain followers of the chase and the war-path.

When the chase fails them, they resort at once to their more fortunate relatives, and, pitching their tepees around the houses of the farmer Indians, commence at once the process of eating them out of house and home. When the ruin is complete, the farmer Indian, driven by the laws of self-preservation, with his wife and children, leaves his home to seek such a subsistence as the uncertain fortunes of the chase may yield.

In the absence of the family from the house and fields thus deserted, the wandering blanket Indians commit whatever destruction of fences or tenements lesires or necessities may suggest, and, in the the disheartened farmer Indian returns to his e home, to prepare again for another crop, and hrough a similar eating-out process the coming

The presence of this indolent, thriftless, and wandering portion of the tribes has sadly retarded the peaceful and happy working of the civilization system among the Sioux, and, indeed will always be in the way of any attempt to civilize wild tribes of men.

The attempt to civilize these wanderers over the plains, sad experience seems to have proved an almost wasted work, when the fact is remembered that the leaders in the terrible scenes of which we are writing, and that the hands that were bloodiest and most active with the gleaming tomahawk and scalping-knife, and busiest with the flaming torch among the scattered dwellings of the hardy pioneers on the frontier of Minnesota, were from among those who had adopted the citizen's garb, and were known as *civilized* Indians.

This is not very flattering perhaps, to those who have spent twenty-five or thirty years among them in efforts for their elevation; but that is no fault of the historian. It is his business to record the facts, and leave the reader to arrive at conclusions, drawn from those facts.

The tract of country relinquished by the treaty of 1858 was one of the most attractive for settlement in the whole valley of the Minnesota. Putting into the river, from the north-west, through this tract, are Beaver Creek, Sacred Heart, Hawk, and Chippewa Rivers, and other lesser streams. On all of these there is timber, while, back of this timber, is some of the finest prairie in the State. On this, ten miles wide, was the scattered settlement of Birch Coolie, the settlement of Beaver Creek, that of Patterson's Rapids, on the





Sacred Heart, while above were scattered settlers, as far up as Hawk River, opposite the Upper Agency at Yellow Medicine, and a small Swedish settlement at or near the mouth of the Chippewa, opposite Red Iron's village. Between Sacred Heart and Hawk Rivers was the fine stone mansion of Major Joseph R. Brown.

These settlements were all in Renville County, and contained not less than five hundred inhabitants.

The county of Brown adjoined the reservation on the east, extending around on to the south side, and had quite a large population, mostly German. In this county was the flourishing town of New Ulm, and a thriving settlement, on the Big Cottonwood, of German and American pioneers, who had selected this lovely and fertile valley for their future homes.

On the Little Cottonwood, in the counties of Blue Earth and Brown, was the settlement of Butternut Valley, lovely as Wyoming, and fertile as the Garden of Eden. The county of Nicollet is north-east of the reservation, and adjoins it at Fort Ridgley, one corner of the county extending to the river at that point. This county contained a large population.

North of Renville are the counties of Kandiyohi and Monongalia, having a sparse population, engaged chiefly in agriculture.

Meeker, McLeod, and Sibley Counties also adjoin Renville on the north-east and north, with a population of several thousands.

South of the Minnesota, and some fifty miles from Yellow Medicine, was the settlement of Lake Shetek, in the county of Murray.

The counties of Cottonwood and Watonwan lie in this portion of the State, with a scattered population, few in number.

These were the portions of the State most exposed to the raid, and most devastated by the savages.

Portions of Sibley County were visited and ravaged, some few of the inhabitants being killed, and a large amount of property lost. The counties of Stearns and Wright, on the Mississippi, above the Falls of St. Anthony, as also the region of country about Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, were overrun by them, and, to some extent, ravaged, the loss of property, from destruction or abandonment, being very great.

They went, also, into the extreme south part of the State, as far down as Spirit Lake, in the county of Jackson, murdering the inhabitants, or driving them from the country, the details of which are given elsewhere. There were living, at the time of the outbreak, in those portions of the State which these monsters visited with torch and tomahawk, nearly forty thousand people. There were upon the reservations—employees of the Government and others—some two hundred white persons.

We have endeavored, in this chapter, to trace the Dakota tribes of Minnesota from an early day, when the white man first visited and explored these then unknown regions, to the present time. We have also given, in as concise a manner as possible within the limits we have allowed to ourselves, a synopsis of all the most important treaties between them and





Government, together with a brief description of the country adjacent to the reservations, the settlements made on the borders of the Indian lands, and an estimate of the number of inhabitants residing in those portions of the State ravaged by the savages.

## CHAPTER II.

**Complaints of the Indians—Treaties of Traverse des Sioux and Mendota—Objections to the Mode of Payment—Inkpaduta—Massacre at Spirit Lake—Proofs of a Conspiracy—Indian Councils.**

In the preceding chapter we have given the reader an idea of the location of the several bands of Sioux Indians, and their relation to the white settlements on the western border of the State. In this chapter we propose to show the antecedents of the massacre, with so much of the exciting causes as may properly and legitimately fall within the limits of authentic history. In doing this we shall wantonly assail no individual who, from the prominence of his position, may have acted some conspicuous part in the history of the times under consideration.

1. We shall, in the first place, consider some of the more prominent causes tending to dissatisfaction among the Indians themselves. By the treaty of Traverse des Sioux, dated July 23, 1851, between the United States and the Sisetons and Wapetons, $275,000 were to be paid to their chiefs, and a further sum of $30,000 was to be expended for their benefit in Indian improvements. And by the treaty of Mendota, dated August 5, 1861, the Medawakontons and Wapekutas were to receive the sum of $200,000, to be paid to their

chiefs, and, for an improvement fund, the further sum of $30,000. These several sums, amounting, in the aggregate, to $555,000, these Indians, to whom they were payable, claim have never been paid, except, perhaps, a small portion expended in improvements on their reservations.

Soon after the Indians had taken their new positions under the treaties of Traverse des Sioux and Mendota, set forth in the preceding chapter, the subject of the payments promised them became a theme of frequent conversation. The Indians were dissatisfied, and expressed their views freely in council with the agents of the Government. In 1857, the Indian Department at Washington sent out Major Kitzing Pritchette, a man of great experience, to inquire into the cause of this disaffection toward the Government. In his report of that year, made to the Indian Department, Major Pritchette says:

"The complaint which runs through all their councils points to the imperfect performance, or non-fulfillment of treaty stipulations. Whether these were well or ill founded, it is not my province to discuss. That such a belief prevails among them, impairing their confidence and good faith in the Government, can not be questioned."

In one of these councils Jagmani said:

"The Indians sold their lands at Traverse des Sioux. I say [illegible] we were told. For fifty years they were to be paid $50,000 annum. We were also promised $300,000 that we have not [illegible]."

Wahpiya Wicasta, (Cloud Man,) second chief of Jag[illegible], said:

"[illegible] of Traverse des Sioux, $275,000 were to be paid

them when they came upon their reservation; they desired to know what had become of it. Every white man knows that they have been for five years upon their reservation, and have yet heard nothing of it."

Our space will not allow further quotations from these speeches, made in council, on the subject of these payments. The foregoing are specimens, showing the nature of their grievances on this point. But the history of this matter would seem to lack completeness were we to leave the subject surrounded with the uncertainty in which these Indian complaints seem to involve it.

The Government at Washington took the matter in hand, and appointed Judge Young to investigate the charges made against the Governor of Minnesota Territory, then acting, *ex-officio*, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for that locality. One extract from that report will fully present the whole subject, and account for the disposition made of the money claimed by the Indians under the treaties alluded to. Judge Young, in his report, says:

"Governor Ramsey is next charged with having paid over the greater part of the money, appropriated under the fourth articles of the treaties of July 23 and August 5, 1851, to one Hugh Tyler, for payment or distribution to the 'traders' and 'half-breeds,' contrary to the wishes and remonstrances of the Indians, and in violation of law and the stipulations contained in said treaties; and also in violation of his own solemn pledges, previously made to them, in regard to said payments.

"Of the two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars ($275,000) stipulated to be paid under the *first* clause of the *fourth* article of the treaty of Traverse des Sioux, of July 24, 1851, the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($250,000) was delivered over to Hugh Tyler by Governor Ramsey, for distribu-

tion among the 'traders' and half-breeds,' according to the arrangement made by the schedule of the *Traders' Paper*. This payment or delivery of the money to the said Tyler was made on two powers of attorney, executed to him by the 'traders' and 'half-breeds'—the first at Traverse des Sioux, on December 1, 1852, and the second at Mendota, on December 11, 1852, both of which were predicated upon the authority of the *Traders' Paper*, dated at Traverse des Sioux, July 23, 1851.

"For this large sum of money Hugh Tyler executed two receipts to Governor Ramsey, as the attorney for the 'traders' and 'half-breeds;' the one, for two hundred and ten thousand dollars ($210,000) on account of the 'traders,' and the other for forty thousand dollars ($40,000) on account of the 'half-breeds;' the first dated at St. Paul, December 8, 1852, and the second at Mendota, December 11, 1852.

"And of the sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars, ($110,000,) stipulated to be paid to the Medawakonton bands, under the fourth article of the treaty of August 5, 1851, the sum of seventy thousand dollars ($70,000) was, in like manner, paid over to the said Tyler, on a power of attorney executed to him by the traders and claimants, under the said latter treaty, on December 11, 1852. The receipt of the said Tyler to Governor Ramsey for this money ($70,000) is dated at St. Paul, December 13, 1852, making together the sum of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars ($320,000). This has been shown to have been contrary to the wishes and remonstrances of a large majority of the Indians, in the first instance, many of whom still continue dissatisfied with the arrangements as they were made. It is also believed to be in violation of the treaty stipulations, as well as the law making the appropriations under them.

"The treaty stipulations required the money to be paid, for the several purposes specified, 'to the chiefs,' in such manner as they shall hereafter, in 'open council,' shall request, and as soon after the removal of said Indians to the homes set apart for them as the necessary appropriation therefor shall be made by Congress.

"The [illegible] referred to are similar in this respect, and [illegible] the holding of these 'councils' after the [illegible]fied. They also imply the right of the

Indians to settle their own affairs, and to comply with their present just engagements in their own way, as they might request, and also to exercise some control over the amounts to be set apart for their removal and subsistence.

"But, in these matters, they have not been consulted at all in 'open council,' after the ratification of the treaties, as was intended; but, on the contrary, arbitrary divisions and distributions have been made of the entire funds, and their right denied to direct the manner in which they should be appropriated. The appropriations for the fulfillment of these treaty stipulations will be found in the acts of Congress of August 30, 1852.

"The third section of that act provides that the appropriations herein made shall, in every case, be paid directly to the Indians themselves, to whom it shall be due, or to the tribe, or part of the tribe, *per capita*, unless the imperious interest of the Indians or some treaty stipulation shall require the payment to be made otherwise, under the direction of the President.

"That a large sum, amounting to fifty-five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, ($55,250,) was deducted and retained by Hugh Tyler, by way of discount of payments and percentage on the gross amounts of payments, which, it would seem, could not have been necessary for any reasonable or legitimate purpose, but which is not accounted for by the witnesses; and that these exactions were made both from 'traders' and 'half-breeds,' without any previous agreement, in many instances, and in such a way, in some, as to make the impression that unless they were submitted to no payments would be made to such claimants at all.

"And, finally, it is evident, from the testimony and the circumstances, that the money was not paid to the chiefs, either of the Siseton and Wapeton or Medawakonton bands, 'as they, in open council, requested,' according to the stipulations of the treaties and the law making the appropriations; but that Governor Ramsey steadily refused so to pay it, and threatened, if they would not consent to its payment to the traders, to take or send it back to Washington. That, by the withholding of their 'annuities,' and the use of other appliances, mentioned in the testimony, the Indians were, in the end, compelled to submit to the arrangements as they were made by him, although contrary to their wishes."

And although the Senate of the United States fully exculpated Governor Ramsey from any censure in the manner of disposing of these large amounts of moneys belonging to these Indians, the Indians themselves were never satisfied with the treatment they had received from the Government at the hands of its accredited agents.

2. Another cause of irritation among the Sioux Indians arose out of the massacre of 1857, at Spirit Lake. A short account of Inkpaduta, and his relation to this massacre, appears to be necessary to possess the reader with a proper idea of its consequences.

It would seem, from the most authentic testimony, collected by Major Prichette, that the family of Inkpaduta, in the fall of 1856, were residents on the reserve near the Sioux Agency; and although in the years 1855 and 1856 he received the annuities for eleven persons, he was not considered as identified with any band, but, from his known desperate character, was then allowed by the Wapekutas to receive these payments with them, as they say, from apprehension of revenge in case of their denial. He had slain the chief of the Wapekuta band, Tasagi, together with several of his relations, now some twenty years since, and had been declared an outlaw by that band, leading, ever since, a wandering and marauding life about the head-waters of Des Moines River. Here he supported himself alternately by hunting and plunder, the number of his adherents varying from time to time, as individuals of a similar desperate character from the several bands of Sioux joined or

ted him.

*paduta himself* was connected by family ties with

several of the bands, and similar ties existed with his followers, more or less, throughout the nation, extending even among the Yanktons, west of the James River.

Several aggressions by these Indians, and violent repulses by the settlers, are narrated as preceding the incidents generally accepted by both the Indians and the whites as the immediate cause which precipitated the catastrophe at Spirit Lake. The origin of this is said to be that the depredations of these Indians becoming insufferable, and the settlers finding themselves sufficiently strong, deprived them of their guns, and drove them from their neighborhood. Recovering some of their guns, or, by other accounts, digging up a few old ones which they had buried, they proceeded to the settlement at Spirit Lake and demanded food. This appears to have been given to a portion of the band which had first arrived, to the extent of the means of those applied to. Soon after, Inkpaduta, with the remainder of his followers, who, in all, numbered twelve men and two boys, with some women who had lingered behind, came in and demanded food also. The settler gave him to understand that he had no more to give; whereupon Inkpaduta spoke to his eldest son to the effect that it was disgraceful to ask these people for food which they ought to take themselves, and not to have it thrown to them like dogs. Thus assured, the son immediately shot the man, and the murder of the whole family followed. From thence they proceeded from house to house, until every family in the settlement, without warning of the fate of those previously slain, were all massacred, except four women, whom they *bore away prisoners*, and afterward violated, with

circumstances of brutality so abhorrent as to find no parallel in the annals of savage barbarity, if we except the massacre of 1862.

From Spirit Lake the murderers proceeded to Springfield, at the outlet of Shetek or Pelican Lake, near the head-waters of the Des Moines River, where they remained encamped for some days, trading with Mr. William Wood and his brother, who had a trading-post on the west side of the river, and holding daily intercourse with the settlers on the opposite side. Being warned by the Woods that the soldiers were in pursuit of them, the next day these Indians murdered both these traders, plundered and set fire to their post, and then fell upon the settlement on the opposite side of the river. Here they succeeded in killing seventeen, making in all forty-seven persons, when the men rallied, and, firing upon them, they retreated, and deserted that part of the country. Of the four women taken captives by Inkpaduta, Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Noble were killed by the Indians, and Mrs. Marble and Miss Gardner were rescued by the Wapeton Sioux, under a promise of reward from the Government, and for which the three Indians who brought in these captives received each one thousand dollars.

The Government had required of the Sioux the delivery of Inkpaduta and his band as the condition for the payment of their annuities. This was regarded by certain of the bands as a great wrong visited upon the innocent for the crimes of the guilty.

[illegible] their speakers, (Mazakuti Mani,) in a council [illegible] the Sisetons and Wapetons, August 10, 1857, [illegible] *Medicine*, said:

"The soldiers have appointed me to speak for them. The men who killed the white people did not belong to us, and we did not expect to be called to account for the people of another band. We have always tried to do as our Great Father tells us. One of our young men brought in a captive woman. I went out and brought in the other. The soldiers came up here, and our men assisted to kill one of Inkpaduta's sons at this place. Then you [Superintendent Cullen] spoke about our soldiers going after the rest. Wakeaska (White Lodge) said he would go, and the rest of us followed. The lower Indians did not get up the war-party for you; it was our Indians, the Wapetons and Sisetons. The soldiers here say that they were told by you that a thousand dollars would be paid for killing each of the murderers. Our Great Father does not expect to do these things without money, and I suppose it is for that the special agent [Major Pritchette] is come up. We, with the men who went out, want to be paid for what we have done. Three men were killed as we know. . . . All of us want our money very much. We have never seen our Great Father, but we have heard a great deal from him, and have always tried to do as he has told us. A man of another band has done wrong, and we are to suffer for it. Our old women and children are hungry for this. I have seen $10,000 sent here to pay for our going out. I wish our soldiers were paid for it. I suppose our Great Father has more money than this."

To a part of this speech Superintendent Cullen replied as follows:

"The money that man saw was the annuity moneys. I never promised a thousand dollars a head, or any other sum. I have never made an offer for the head of any man. I was willing to pay a thousand dollars out of my own pocket to the Indians if they went and did as their Great Father desired. I know what I say, and will always do as I say. I put my words down when I go home."

Major Pritchette, the Special Government Agent, thought it necessary to answer other points made by Mazakuti Mani, and spoke, in council, as follows:

"Your Great Father has sent me to see Superintendent Cullen, and to say to him he was well satisfied with his conduct, because he had acted according to his instructions. Your Great Father had heard that some of his white children had been cruelly and brutaliy murdered by some of the Sioux nation. The news was sent on the wings of the lightning, from the extreme north to the land of eternal summer, throughout which his children dwell. His young men wished to make war on the whole Sioux nation, and revenge the deaths of their brethren. But your Great Father is a just father, and wishes to treat all his children alike with justice. He wants no innocent man punished for the guilty. He punishes the guilty alone. He expected that those missionaries who have been here teaching you the laws of the Great Spirit had taught you this. Whenever a Sioux is injured by a white man your Great Father will punish him, and expects from the chiefs and warriors of the great Sioux nation that they will punish those Indians who injure the whites. He considers the Sioux as a part of his family; and, as friends and brothers, he expects them to do as the whites do to them. He knows that the Sioux nation is divided into bands; but he knows also how they can all band together for common protection. He expects the nation to punish those murderers, or to deliver them up. He expects this because they are his friends. As long as these murderers remain unpunished or not delivered up, they are not acting as friends of their Great Father. It is for this reason that he has withheld the annuity. He has instructed Superintendent Cullen so to say and so to act. . . . If you have determined not to punish them or deliver them up, your Great Father will send his own warriors to do so, and he wants no assistance from you. If your father [Superintendent Cullen] is satisfied that you will do nothing further, then the warriors of your Great Father will go out; and if the murderers do not hide in holes like foxes, your annuity will soon be paid. Your Great Father will have his white children protected; and all who have told you that your Great Father is not able to punish those who injure them, will find themselves bitterly mistaken. Your Great Father desires to do good to all his children, and will do all in his power to accomplish it; but he is firmly resolved to punish all who do wrong."

After this, another similar council, of September 1, 1857, was held with the Siseton and Wapeton bands of Upper Sioux, at Yellow Medicine. Agent Flandrau, in the meantime, had succeeded in organizing a band of warriors, made up of all the annuity bands, (seventeen of the Upper and eight of the Lower Sioux,) under Little Crow. This expedition numbered altogether one hundred and six, besides four half-breeds. This party went out after Inkpaduta on the 22d of July, 1857, starting from Yellow Medicine.

On the 5th of August, Major Pritchette reported to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs "That the party of Indians, representing the entire Sioux nation, under the nominal head of 'Little Crow,' returned yesterday from the expedition in search of Inkpaduta and his band," after an absence of thirteen days.

As this outlaw, Inkpaduta, has achieved an immortality of infamy, it may be allowable in the historian to record the names of his followers. Inkpaduta (Scarlet Point) heads the list, and the names of the eleven men are given by the wife of Tateyahe, who was killed by the party of Sioux under Little Crow, thus: Tateyahe, (Shifting Wind); Makpeahotoman, (Roaring Cloud,) son of Inkpaduta, killed at Yellow Medicine; Makpiopeta, (Fire Cloud,) twin-brother of Makpeahotoman; Tawachehawakan, (His Myster Feather,) killed in the late expedition; Bahata (O -ch-omon, (Putting on as he walks); Huh Kahadat, (Rattling,) son-in-law of I atanka, (Big Face); Tatelidashinksha makes crooked wind as he (His Great Gun); and the

paduta, not named. These were formerly of the Wapekuta band. Some twenty years ago they killed the chief of that band, Tasagi, (His Cane,) in consequence of which they were expelled from the band, and have remained roving outlaws on the Missouri River, and in its vicinity, until this time. Those who yet survive have the mark of Cain upon them.

After this band had been pursued by Little Crow into Lake Chouptyatanka, (Big Dry Wood,) distant twenty miles in a north-western direction from Skunk Lake, and three of them killed outright, wounding one, taking two women and a little child prisoners, the Indians argued that they had done sufficient to merit the payment of their annuities; and, on the 18th of August, 1857, Major Cullen telegraphed the following to the Hon. J. W. Denver, Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"If the Department concurs, I am of the opinion that the Sioux of the Mississippi, having done all in their power to punish or surrender Inkpaduta and his band, their annuities may with propriety be paid, as a signal to the military movements from Forts Ridgley and Randall. The special agent from the Department waits an answer to this dispatch at Dunleith, and for instructions in the premises."

In this opinion Major Pritchette, in a letter of the same date, concurred, for reasons therein stated, and transmitted to the Department. In this letter, among other things, the writer says:

"No encouragement was given to them that such a request would be granted. It is the opinion, however, of Superintendent Cullen, the late agent, Judge Flandrau, Governor Medary, and the general intelligent sentiment, that the annuities may now with propriety be paid, without a violation of the spirit of the

expressed determination of the Department to withhold them until the murderers at Spirit Lake should be surrendered or punished. It is argued that the present friendly disposition of the Indians is manifest, and should not be endangered by subjecting them to the wants incident to their condition during the coming winter, and the consequent temptation to depredation, to which the withholding their money would leave them exposed."

Notwithstanding the Major yields this point for the reasons stated, yet he continues:

"If not improper for me to express an opinion, I am satisfied that, without chastising the whole Sioux nation, it is impossible to enforce the surrender of Inkpaduta and the remainder of his band." . . . . "Nothing less than the entire extirpation of Inkpaduta's murderous outlaws will satisfy the justice and dignity of the Government, and vindicate outraged humanity."

We here leave the Inkpaduta massacre, remarking only that the Government paid the Indians their annuities, and made no further effort to bring to condign punishment the remnant who had escaped alive from the pursuit of Little Crow and his soldiers. This was a great error on the part of our Government. The Indians construed it either as an evidence of weakness, or that the whites were afraid to pursue the matter further, lest it might terminate in still more disastrous results to the infant settlements of the State bordering upon the Indian country. The result was, the Indians become more insolent than ever before. Little Crow and his adherents had found capital out of which to foment future difficulties in which the two races should become involved. He reasoned, that if one outlawed India- with eleven of his followers, could massacre w white settlements, and create a panic that should

thousands from their homes, and thus, for a time, depopulate vast portions of the State, and escape unpunished, that, by a concerted movement of the Sioux nation, numbering its warriors by thousands, the whole white population of the border counties could be massacred, and the other portions, by the panic that such a catastrophe would create, could, by one grand effort, be driven beyond the Mississippi. And it is now believed, and subsequent circumstances have greatly strengthened that belief, that Little Crow, from the time the Government ceased its efforts to punish Inkpaduta, began to agitate his great scheme of driving the whites from the State of Minnesota, which finally culminated in the ever-to-be-remembered massacre of August A. D. 1862.

3. The antecedent exciting causes of this massacre are numerous. Each individual who reflects superficially upon this great subject, finds a cause sufficient to satisfy him in the conclusions to which he arrives. The displaced agents and traders find the cause in the erroneous action of the Government, resulting in their removal from office. The statesman and the philosopher may unite in tracing the cause to improper theories as to the mode of acquiring the right to Indian lands. The former may locate the evil in our system of treaties, and the latter in our theories of government. The philanthropist may find the cause in the absence of justice which we exhibit in all our intercourse with the Indian races. The poet and the lovers of romance in human character find the true cause, as they believe, in the total absence of all appreciation of the noble, generous, confiding traits peculiar to the

native Indian. The Christian teacher finds apologies for acts of Indian atrocities in the deficient systems of mental and moral culture. Each of these different classes are satisfied that the great massacre of August 1862 had its origin in some way intimately connected with his favorite theory, and, were the question raised, What was the cause of the great Southern Rebellion? the answers would be perhaps quite as various. The exciting cause, or that seized upon as an excuse for action, is frequently far removed from the cause itself.

Let us, for a moment, look at the facts in relation to the two races who have come into close contact with each other, and, in the light of these facts, judge of the probable cause of this fearful collision. The white race, some two hundred years since, had entered upon the material conquest of the American continent, armed with all the appliances for its complete subjugation. An intellectual development here dawned for the first time, and, by the will of heaven, attended by a Christian culture hitherto possessed in so high a degree by no nation in ancient or modern times. On the shores of this prolific continent these new elements came in contact with a race of savages with many of the traits peculiar to a common humanity, yet, with these, exhibiting all, or nearly all, the vices of the most barbarous of savage races. The period of their occupancy of this broad, fertile land was lost in the depths of a remote antiquity. The culture of the soil, if ever understood, had been long neglected by this race, and the chase was their principal mode of gaining a scanty subsistence. It had lost all that ennobled man, and was alive only to all his degradation. The white man was





at once acknowledged, the Indian himself being judge, superior to the savage race with which he had come in contact.

Here, then, is the first cause, in accordance with a universal principle, in which the conflict of the two races had its origin. It is a conflict of knowledge with ignorance, of right with wrong. If this conflict were only mental, and the weapons of death had never been resorted to in a single instance, the result would have been the same. The inferior race must either recede before the superior, or sink into the common mass, and, like the rain-drop falling upon the bosom of the ocean, lose all traces of distinction. This warfare takes place the world over, on the principle of mental and material progress. The presence of the superior light eclipses the inferior, and causes it to retire. The moon, in queenly grace, may reign during the night, but when the full-orbed sun bursts the clouds of night and careers to his place in the heavens, the glory of the moon fades away and is lost in the brighter ocean of solar light. Precisely so in mental phenomena. Mind makes aggression upon mind, and the superior, sooner or later, overwhelms the inferior. This process may go on, with or without the conflict of physical organisms. The final result will be the same. It mattered not whether Galileo were imprisoned for asserting the fact in regard to the revolution of the globe, the truth itself was superior to all mental or physical opposition, and was destined to conquer.

Again we come to the great law of right. The white race stood upon this undeveloped continent ready and willing to execute the Divine injunction, to replenish

the earth and SUBDUE it. The savage races in possession, either refused or imperfectly obeyed this first law of the Creator. On the one side stood the white race in the command of God, armed with his law; on the other, the savage, resisting the execution of that law. The result could not be evaded by any human device. God's laws will ever triumph, even through the imperfect instrumentality of human agency. In the case before us, the Indian races were in the wrongful possession of a continent required by the superior right of the white man. This right, founded in the wisdom of God, eliminated by the ever-operative law of progress, will continue to assert its dominion, with varying success, contingent on the use of means employed, until all opposition is hushed in the perfect reign of the superior aggressive principle.

But it so happens, in our imperfect condition on this earth, that, to the conflict of mind, ever armed, on the one side or the other, with an underlying, ever-acting law, sure to conquer in the end, is not unfrequently added physical appliances, the offspring of intelligence or the result of ignorance, and the triumph of passion over reason and enlightened self-interest. The excuse for this resort to physical force is never wanting by those who are determined on a particular line of conduct. Some slight grievance, or some combination of real or pretended wrongs, are adroitly arrayed to arouse the passions to a necessary hight; and the intended blow falls, and the consequences, good or bad, follow as a necessary result.

With these seemingly necessary reflections we introduce the remarks of the Sioux Agent touching the

antecedents of the great massacre, unparalleled in the history of the conflict of races.

Major Thomas J. Galbraith, Sioux Agent, says:

"The radical, moving cause of the outbreak is, I am satisfied, the ingrained and fixed hostility of the savage barbarian to reform, change, and civilization. As in all barbarous communities in the history of the world, the same people have, for the most part, resisted the encroachments of civilization upon their 'ancient customs,' so it is in the case before us. Nor does it matter materially in what shape civilization makes its attack. It may be either by Christianity, pure and simple, through the messenger of the Cross, or by some of the resulting agencies or necessary accompaniments or harbingers of Christianity. Hostile, opposing forces meet in conflict, and a war of social elements is the result—civilization being aggressive, and barbarism stubbornly resistant. Sometimes, indeed, civilization has achieved a bloodless victory, but generally it has been otherwise. Christianity itself, the true basis of civilization, has, in most instances, waded to success through seas of blood. The Christian system was inaugurated by the shedding of the blood, not only of its Divine Founder, but of his disciples and successors, and that, too, at the hands of the savage, the barbarian, and worse Pharisaical bigot. Having stated thus much, I state, as a settled fact in my mind, that the encroachments of Christianity, and its handmaid civilization, upon the habits and customs of the Sioux Indians, is the cause of the late terrible Sioux outbreak. There were, it is true, many immediate *inciting causes*, which will be alluded to and stated hereafter, but they are subsidiary to, and developments of, or incident to, the great cause set forth. It may be said, and indeed it is true, that there is a wicked as well as a Christian civilization. That such civilization is only true civilization *perverted*, a counterfeit, a 'base coin,' which could not pass but for the credit given it by the original, will, it is believed, be admitted. And that the recent Sioux outbreak would have happened at any rate, as a result, a fair consequence of the cause here stated, I have no more doubt *than* I doubt that the existing great rebellion to overthrow our

Government would have occurred had Mr. Lincoln never been elected President of the United States.

"Now, as to the exciting or immediate causes of the outbreak. By my predecessor a new and radical system was inaugurated, practically, and, in its inauguration, he was aided by the Christian missionaries and by the Government. The treaties of 1858 were ostensibly made to carry this new system into effect. The theory, in substance, was to break up the community-system which obtained among the Sioux; weaken and destroy their tribal relations; individualize them, by giving each a separate home and having them subsist by industry—the sweat of their brows; till the soil; to make labor honorable and idleness dishonorable; or, as it was expressed in short, '*make white men of them*,' and have them adopt the habits and customs of white men. This system, once inaugurated, it is evident was at war with their 'ancient customs.' To be clear, '*the habits and customs of white men are at war with the habits and customs of the Indians.*' The former are civilization, industry, thrift, economy; the latter, idleness, superstition, and barbarism; and I have already stated with what tenacity these savages cling to their habits and customs.

"On the 1st day of June, A. D. 1861, when I entered upon the duties of my office, I found that the system had just been inaugurated. Some hundred families of the Annuity Sioux had become novitiates, and their relatives and friends seemed to be favorably disposed to the new order of things. But I also found that, against these, were arrayed over five thousand Annuity Sioux, besides at least three thousand Yanktonais, all inflamed by the most bitter, relentless, and devilish hostility.

"At the very outstart I thus found existing the war of the 'Scalp-locks' and 'Blankets' against the 'Cut-hair' and 'Breeches.' The 'Pantaloons' importuned me to have them protected, and the 'Blankets' to go with them and break up the new system. I saw, to some extent, the difficulty of the situation, but I determined to continue, if in my power, the civilization system. To favor it, to aid and build it up by every fair means, I advised, encouraged, and assisted these farmer novitiates; in short, I sustained the policy inaugurated by my predecessor, and, sustained and





mended by the Government, I soon discovered that the system could not be successful without a sufficient force to protect the farmer from the hostility of the blanket Indians.

"In addition to the natural hostility of the wild Indian to the 'white man,' I soon discovered that evilly-disposed white men, and half-breeds in their interest, were engaged in keeping up this hostility and in fomenting discontent. I found that, previous to my arrival, the Indians had been industriously told that on the arrival of the 'new agent,' the 'Dutchmen' (an opprobious name for the farmer Indians) would be '*cleaned out*,' and that the blanket Indians would be restored to special favor; that the 'new agent' would break up the new system, and restore the old order of things. This vile story had its effect. While the farmer Indians were satisfied with my course, the blanket Indians were disappointed, because, as they said, I did every thing for the 'Dutchmen.' Thus, in the start, an ill-feeling was engendered. Although my partiality for the 'white' party was looked upon with great jealousy, yet I kept on as I best could from the commencement until the outbreak, in aiding the work of civilization. During my term, and up to the time of the outbreak, about one hundred and seventy-five Indian men had their hair cut, and had adopted the habits and customs of white men.

"For a time, indeed, my hopes were strong that civilization would soon be in the ascendant. But the increase of the civilization party, and their evident prosperity, only tended to exasperate the Indians of the 'ancient customs,' and to widen the breach.

"Here, then, we had the hostile contending forces brought face to face—the farmer Indians, the Government, (represented by the agent and employees,) and missionaries on the one side, and the blanket Indians, and those who deemed it their interest to take sides with them, and their priests, medicine-men, and sorcerers on the other. The latter were for the 'ancient customs,' the former for diametrically the opposite system. In this shape the radical cause of the outbreak had been developing itself prior to the outbreak, from the day of its inauguration as a system until it exploded in the outbreak itself. These immediate, exciting causes, or rather off-shoots, incidents, results, *fruits* of the *great cause*, are many; indeed, their name is 'legion,' and such

as I can call into rank I shall enumerate. But while these are to be enumerated, it may be permitted me to hope that the radical cause will not be forgotten or overlooked; and I am bold to express this desire, because, ever since the outbreak, the public journals of the country, religious and secular, have teemed with editorials by, and communications from, 'reliable individuals,' politicians, philanthropists, philosophers, and hired 'penny-a-liners,' mostly mistaken, and sometimes willfully and grossly false, giving the cause of the Indian raid."

Major Galbraith enumerates a variety of other exciting causes of the massacre, which our limits will not allow us to insert in this volume. Among these causes he enumerates the stories told to the Indians, that their moneys were detained by the agents for purposes of speculation; that white men had cheated the Indians out of large amounts of money; that the treaty stipulations had not been carried out in good faith by the Government; that the United States was itself at war, and that Washington was taken by the negroes. All these several excitants among the Indians the Major found to interrupt the harmony that otherwise might have prevailed; but none of these were, in his opinion, the cause of the outbreak.

The Major then adds:

"Grievances such as have been related, and numberless others akin to them, were spoken of, recited, and chanted at their councils, dances, and feasts, to such an extent that, in their excitement, in June, 1862, a secret organization, known as a Soldiers' Lodge, was formed by the young men and soldiers of the Lower Sioux with the object, as far as I was able to learn through spies or informers, of preventing the 'traders' from going to th
as had been their custom. Since the outbreak, I
satisfied that the real object of this 'Lodge' was to
to '*clean out*' *all the white* people at the time of





4. We come now into a still closer connection with the great massacre that was soon to appall the stoutest hearts, and deluge the fairest portions of the State in the blood of the white race. Whatever may have been the cause of the fearful and bloody tragedy, it is certain that the manner of the execution of the infernal deed was a deep-laid CONSPIRACY, long cherished by Little Crow, taking form under the guise of the "Soldiers' Lodge," and matured in secret Indian councils. In all these secret movements Little Crow was the moving spirit. He was the counselor, orator, and acknowledged chief.

Now the opportune moment seemed to have come. Only thirty soldiers were stationed at Fort Ridgley. Some thirty were all that Fort Ripley could muster, and at Fort Abercrombie one company, under Captain Van Der Hork, was all the whites could depend upon to repel any attack in that quarter. The whole effective force for the defense of the entire frontier, from Pembina to the Iowa line, did not exceed two hundred men. The annuity money was daily expected, and no troops, except about one hundred men at Yellow Medicine, had been detailed, as usual, to attend the anticipated payment. Here was a glittering prize to be paraded before the minds of excited savages. The whites were weak; they were engaged in a terrible war among themselves; their attention was now directed toward the great struggle in the South. At such a time, offering so many chances for rapine and plunder, it would be easy to unite, at least, all the annuity Indians in one common movement. Little Crow, fertile *in expedients* and strategy, knew full well that the In-

dians could easily be made to believe that now was a favorable time to make a grand attack upon the border settlements. No one could turn all these circumstances to better purpose than the astute, cunning, yet ever treacherous Little Crow. All this he knew. Should the golden opportunity pass by unimproved? Little Crow, in view of all the favorable auspices now concurring, called a famous Indian council, which was fully attended by the "Soldiers' Lodge."

This memorable council convened at Little Crow's village, near the Lower Agency, it is believed, on Sunday night, precisely two weeks before the first massacres at Acton. Little Crow was the master-spirit of this council, and molded all its deliberations, exactly suited to the execution of his long-cherished purpose, to expel the whites from the valley of the Minnesota. Before him was a select audience, sworn to execute to the letter any and all decrees that might receive the sanction of its high authority. Here was a theme worthy of all the cunning of the fox, the wisdom of the serpent, the eloquence of an accredited orator, and the highest anticipations of the savage heart, thirsting for human blood. Little Crow was not found wanting in ability to meet the greatness of the occasion. The proceedings of this council, of course, were secret. Some of the results arrived at, however, have since come to the knowledge of the writer of these pages. The council matured the details of a conspiracy, which, for atrocity, has hitherto never found a place in recorded history, not excepting that of Cawnpore.

The evidence of that conspiracy comes to me from the *relation of one* who was present

mous council. Comparing the statement of the narrator with the known occurrences of the times, that council preceded the attack on the Government stores at the Upper Agency, an account of which will be particularly detailed in another chapter. The council convened on Sunday night, the attack on the Upper Agency took place on the next day, Monday, the 4th of August; and, on the same day, an attempt was made to take Fort Ridgley by stratagy. At this time no suspicion of the whites was aroused. Not the slightest danger was anticipated. Only thirty soldiers occupied the post at Fort Ridgley, and this was deemed amply sufficient in time of peace. But we will not longer detain the reader from the denouement of this horrible plot.

Our informant, than whom a more conscientiously truthful man lives not upon the earth, states the evidence of the decrees of the council of the 3d of August thus:

"I was looking toward the Agency and saw a large body of men coming toward the fort, and supposed them soldiers returning from the payment at Yellow Medicine. On a second look, I observed that they were mounted, and knowing, at this time, that they must be Indians, was surprised at seeing so large a body, as they were not expected. I resolved to go into the garrison to see what it meant, having, at the time, not the least suspicion that the Indians intended any hostile demonstration. When I arrived at the garrison I found Sergeant Jones at the entrance with a mounted howitzer, charged with shell and canister-shot, pointed toward the Indians, who were removed but a short distance from the guard house. I inquired of the sergeant what it meant? whether any danger was apprehended? He replied, indifferently, No, but that he thought it a good rule to observe, that a soldier should always be ready for any emergency.'

"These Indians had requested the privilege to dance in the

inclosure surrounding the fort. On this occasion that request was refused them. But I saw that, about sixty yards west of the guard-house, the Indians were making the necessary preparations for a dance. I thought nothing of it, as they had frequently done the same thing, but a little further removed from the fort, under somewhat different circumstances. I considered it a singular exhibition of Indian foolishness, and, at the solicitation of a few ladies, went out and was myself a spectator of the dance.

"When the dance was concluded, the Indians sought and obtained permission to encamp on some rising ground about a quarter of a mile west of the garrison. To this ground they soon repaired, and encamped for the night. The next morning, by 10 o'clock, all had left the vicinity of the garrison, departing in the direction of the Lower Agency. This whole matter of the dance was so conducted as to lead most, if not all, the residents in the garrison to believe that the Indians had paid them that visit for the purpose of dancing and obtaining provisions for a feast.

"Some things were observable that were unusual. The visitors were all warriors, ninety-six in number, all in undress, except a very few who wore calico shirts; and, in addition to this, they all carried arms, guns and tomahawks, with ammunition-pouches suspended around their shoulders. Previous to the dance, the war implements were deposited some two hundred yards distant, where they had left their ponies. But even this circumstance, so far as it was then known, excited no suspicion of danger or hostilities in the minds of the residents of the garrison. These residents were thirty-five men; thirty soldiers and five citizens, with a few women and children. The guard that day consisted of three soldiers; one was walking leisurely to and fro in front of the guard-house; the other two were off duty, passing about and taking their rest; and all entirely without apprehension of danger from Indians or any other foe. As the Indians left the garrison without doing any mischief, most of us supposed that no evil was meditated by them. But there was one man who acted on the supposition that there was always danger surrounding a garrison when visited by savages; that man was Sergeant Jones. From the time he took his position at the gun he never left it, but acted as he had said he believed *it best to do*, that was, to be always ready.





He not only remained at the gun himself, but retained two other men, whom he had previously trained as assistants to work the piece.

"Shortly before dark, without disclosing his intentions, Sergeant Jones said to his wife: 'I have a little business to attend to to-night; at bed-time I wish you to retire, and not to wait for me.' As he had frequently done this before, to discharge some official duty at the quarter-master's office, she thought it not singular, but did as he had requested, and retired at the usual hour. On awaking in the morning, however, she was surprised at finding that he was not there, and had not been in bed. In truth, this faithful soldier had stood by his gun throughout the entire night, ready to fire, if occasion required, at any moment during that time; nor could he be persuaded to leave that gun until all this party of Indians had entirely disappeared from the vicinity of the garrison.

"Some two weeks after this time, those same Indians, with others, attacked Fort Ridgley, and, after some ten days' siege, the garrison was relieved by the arrival of soldiers under Colonel H. H. Sibley. The second day after Colonel Sibley arrived, a man approached, who resided at the Lower Agency, a Frenchman of pure or mixed blood, whose name can not now be disclosed. He appeared before Sergeant Jones, in a very agitated manner, and intimated that he had some disclosures to make to him; but no sooner had he made this intimation than he became extremely and violently agitated, and seemed to be in a perfect agony of mental perturbation. Sergeant Jones said to him, 'If you have any thing to disclose, you ought, at once, to make it known.' This man repeated that he had disclosures to make, but that he did not dare to make them; and although Sergeant Jones urged him by every consideration in his power to tell what he knew, the man seemed to be so completely under the dominion of fear that he was unable to divulge the great secret. 'Why,' said he, 'they will kill me; they will kill me, sir; they will kill my wife and children.' Saying which he turned and walked away.

At this interview, this troubled man returned to his home; again the Sergeant urged him to disclose

what he knew; and promised him that if he would do so, that he, Jones, would keep his, the Frenchman's name, a profound secret forever; that if the information which he should disclose should lead to the detection and punishment of the guilty, the name of the informant should never be made known. Being thus assured, the Frenchman soon became more calm. Hesitating a moment, he inquired of Sergeant Jones if he remembered that, some two weeks ago, a party of Indians came down to the fort to have a dance? Sergeant Jones replied that he did. 'Why,' said the Frenchman, 'do you know that these Indians were all warriors of Little Crow, or some of the other lower bands? Sir, these Indians had all been selected for the purpose, and came down to Fort Ridgley by the express command of Little Crow and the other chiefs, to get permission to dance; and, when all suspicion should be completely lulled, in the midst of the dance, to seize their weapons, kill every person in the fort, then to seize the big guns, open the magazine, and secure the ammunition, when they should be joined by all the remaining warriors of the lower bands. Thus armed, and increased by numbers, they were to proceed together down the valley of the Minnesota. With this force and these weapons they were assured they could drive every white man beyond the Mississippi.'

"All this, the Frenchman informed Sergeant Jones, he had learned by being present at a council, and from conversations had with other Indians, who had told him that they had gone to the garrison for that very purpose. When he had concluded this revelation, Sergeant Jones inquired, 'Why did they not execute their purpose? Why did they not take the fort?' The Frenchman replied: 'Because they saw, during all their dance, and their stay at the fort, that big gun constantly pointed at them.'

"At other conversations, both then and afterward, this Frenchman made other disclosures implicating individuals by name as participating in that council, which it is not proper now to relate."

Interpreter Quinn, now dead, told the narrator of the foregoing incidents that Little Crow had said, repeatedly, *in their councils,* that the Indians could kill

all the white men in the Minnesota Valley. In this way, said he, we can get all our lands back; that the whites would want these lands, and that in this way they could get double annuities. Some of the councils at which these suggestions of Little Crow were made dated, he said, as far back as the summer of 1857, immediately after the Inkpaduta war.

On the 15th of August, three days before the outbreak, a half-breed Sioux informed William Mills that he had just returned from a war council, held with about one hundred and forty Sioux, and that the Indians were going to kill off the whites, particularly the traders. "But," said he, "they will not kill you." Seeing the half-breed was somewhat intoxicated, Mr. Mills paid little or no attention to the information thus obtained.

On the 17th day of August, 1862, Little Crow, Inkpaduta, and Little Priest, the latter one of the Winnebago chiefs, attended church at the Lower Agency, and seemed to listen attentively to the services, conducted by the Rev. J. D. Hinman. On the afternoon of that day Little Crow invited these Indians to his house, a short distance above the Agency. On the same day an Indian council was held at Rice Creek, sixteen miles above the Lower Agency, attended by the Soldiers' Lodge. Inkpaduta, it is believed, and Little Priest, with some thirteen Winnebago warriors, attended this council. Why this council was held, and
[redacted] object, can easily be imagined. The de-
one held two weeks before had not been
reason why the fort was not taken
ed. The other part of the same

scheme, the taking of the Agency at Yellow Medicine, on the same day the fort was to have fallen, will be alluded to in another chapter. It then became necessary for the conspirators to hold another council, to devise new plans for the execution of their nefarious designs upon the whites. The plan determined upon is easily traced in the streams of human blood that, on the very next day, issued from every settlement within a radius of some thirty miles from the place where it convened. The Acton tragedy, forty miles distant, had taken place but a few hours before this council was convened. But one other fact will forever settle this matter: On Monday, the 18th of August, these Acton murderers were seen at the mill on Crow River, six miles from Hutchinson, with the team taken from Acton; so that these Indians did not go to the Lower Agency, but remained in the country about Hutchinson. One of the number only returned to the Agency by the next morning. All that followed in the bloody drama, originated at this Council of Death, over which Little Crow presided, on Sunday afternoon, the 17th day of August, 1862. The general massacre of all white men was, by order of this council, to commence at the Agency, on the morning of the 18th, and at as many other points, simultaneously, as could be reached by the dawn of day, radiating from that point as a center. The advantage gained by the suddenness of the attack, and the known panic that would result, was to be followed up until every settlement was massacred, Fort Ridgley taken, both Agencies burned, New Ulm, Mankato, St. Peter, and all the towns on the river destroyed, the whole

country plundered and devastated, and as many of the inhabitants as were left alive were to be driven beyond the Mississippi River. The decree of this savage council, matured on a Christian Sabbath, by civilized Indians, after attentively listening to the gospel of peace, filled the full measure of the long-cherished conspiracy now matured by Little Crow, until it was full of the most hopeful results to his polluted and brutal nature. "Once an Indian, always an Indian," was here horribly demonstrated.

If the reader of these pages should fail to find in these antecedents of the great massacre enough to convince him that the awful tragedy was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy, then the facts, as here presented, will have failed to leave the same impression upon the mind of the reader as the writer himself has received from the multiplied evidences before him, unmistakably pointing to that conclusion. With these antecedents here presented we shall hasten to conduct the reader to the more immediate scenes of the dreadful tragedy.

## CHAPTER III.

**Change of Indian Officials—The New Superintendent and Agent—Semi-annual Gathering of Indians at the Agencies—Payment of 1861—Troops at Payment—Yanktonais—Crops of 1861—Report of Agent Galbraith—Destitute Condition of Indians in Winter of 1861 and 1862—Relief afforded them—Efforts for their Benefit—Agricultural Labors—Upper and Lower Bands—Estimates—Supplies—Lac qui Parle—Big Stone Lake—A. W. Huggins—Julia Laframbois—Little Crow—Crops—A Surplus—Hopes of Civilization of Indians—Complaints—Upper Bands at the Agency—Attack on the Warehouse—Renville Rangers—Return to Fort Ridgley—Painful Scenes on the Way—Flight of the People—Safe Arrival—Annuity Money at the Fort—False Statement of White Men to the Indians—Indian Statements not to be relied upon.**

THE change in the administration of the Government in 1861, resulting, as it did, in a general change in the minor offices throughout the country, carried into retirement Major William J. Cullen, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern Superintendency, and Major Joseph R. Brown, Agent for the Sioux, whose places were filled respectively by Colonel Clark W. Thompson and Major Thomas J. Galbraith. Colonel Thompson entered upon the duties of his office in May of that year, and Major Galbraith on the first day of June. In that month the new agent and many of the new employees, with their families, took up their residence on the reservations.

These employees, save a few young men who were employed as laborers, were, with two exceptions, men

of families, it being the policy of the Agent to employ among the Indians as few unmarried men as possible.

During that year nothing occurred among the tribes inhabiting the reservations of an unusual character to cause any apprehension of any thing more than the usual trouble with which the Agents had always to deal at every semi-annual gathering of the Indians at the Agencies. We say "semi-annual," because they came in the early summer to draw their annuities, and again in the autumn for their winter supplies of goods.

It has been usual, at the annual payment of annuities, to have a small force of troops at the Agencies, as a precautionary measure, to guard against any untoward event which might otherwise occur. The payment to the lower bands, in 1861, was made in the latter part of June, and, to the upper bands, about the middle of July. These payments were made by Superintendent Thompson in person.

The Siseton bands came down to the Agency at a very early day, as has always been their habit, long before the arrival of the Superintendent or of the money, bringing with them a large body of Yanktonais, (not Annuity Sioux,) who always came to the payments, evidently to breed trouble, claiming a right to a share of the annuities, and always *getting* a share of the *provisions* issued to the Indians.

These wild hunters of the plains were an unfailing element of trouble at the payments to the upper bands. At this last payment they were in force, and, by their conduct, caused a delay of some days in [illegible] of the payments. This was, however, no [illegible]rence, as they always came with a budget

of grievances, upon which they were wont to dilate in council. This remark is equally true of the Annuity Indians. Indeed, it would be very strange if a payment could be made without a demand, on the part of the "young men," for three or four times the amount of their annual dues.

These demands were always made, and often accompanied with overt threats of violence. They were made at this payment, with the usual violent demonstrations; but, after several days of delay, they accepted the amount which was due them, and quietly departed to their villages at Big Stone Lake, and thence to their annual buffalo hunt on the plains. After their departure, every thing settled down into its usual quiet course at the Agency.

They came down again in the fall, drew their accustomed supply of goods from the Agent, and, without any expressions of dissatisfaction, quietly returned to their villages.

The late day on which Major Galbraith entered upon the duties of his office rendered the getting in of a large crop for the Indians that year impossible, as the outgoing officials had done next to nothing toward it. The new Agent went energetically to work, and as much ground as it was possible, under these disadvantageous circumstances, was planted in corn, potatoes, and other crops; but the lateness of the planting, and the havoc of the cut-worm among the corn, rendered the crop in the fall a meager one. Want, in the coming winter, stared the Indians in the face.

As we desire to be accurate in our account of the

bloody and sanguinary episode in the history of our fair, young State, of which we are writing, as well as of the antecedent circumstances connected with it, we shall, in this chapter, quote largely from the *Official Report* of Agent Galbraith to the proper department, under date of January 27, 1863.

We shall confine ourselves, in our account of events transpiring on the reservations previous to the memorable and bloody 18th of August, 1862, chiefly to this report, knowing, as we do, from a residence on the reservation at the time, that it is truthful in every particular, and, coming from an official source, is entitled to peculiar weight.

We give these extracts for the purpose, also, of showing what efforts were being made by the Agents of the Government for the elevation and comfort of these tribes. In showing this it will, we think, clearly appear how utterly causeless was their terrible and bloody raid upon the innocent and defenseless settlers on the border.

"The autumn of 1861 closed upon us rather unfavorably. The crops were light; especially was this the case with the Upper Sioux; they had little or nothing. As heretofore communicated to the Department, the cut-worms destroyed all the corn of the Sisetons, and greatly injured the crops of the Wapetons, Medawakantons, and Wapekutas. For these latter I purchased on credit, in anticipation of the Agricultural and Civilization Funds, large quantities of pork and flour, at current rates, to support them during the winter.

"Early in the autumn, in view of the necessitous situation of the Sisetons, I made a requisition on the Department for the sum of $5,000, out of the special fund for the relief of 'poor and destitute Indians;' and, in anticipation of receiving this money, I

made arrangements to feed the old and infirm men, and the women and children of these people. I directed the Rev. S. R. Riggs to make the selection, and furnish me a list.

"He carefully did this, and we fed, in an economical, yea, even parsimonious way, about 1,500 of these people from the middle of December until nearly the first of April. We had hoped to get them off on their spring hunt earlier, but a tremendous and unprecedented snow-storm during the last days of February prevented.

"In response to my requisition, I received $3,000, and expended very nearly $5,000, leaving a deficiency not properly chargeable to the regular funds of about $2,000.

"These people, it is believed, must have perished had it not been for this scanty assistance. In addition to this, the regular issues were made to the farmer Indians in payment for their labor. . . . . .

"In the month of August, 1861, the superintendents of farms were directed to have ploughed 'in the fall,' in the old public and neglected private fields, a sufficient quantity of land to provide 'plantings' for such Indians as could not be provided with oxen and implements. In pursuance of this direction, there was ploughed, at rates ranging from $1.50 to $2.00 per acre, according to the nature of the work, by teams and men hired for the purpose, for the Lower Sioux, about 500 acres, and for the Upper Sioux, about 475 acres. There was, also, at the same time, ploughed by the farmer Indians and the department teams, about 250 acres for the Lower, and about 325 acres for the Upper Sioux. This fall ploughing was continued until the frost prevented its further prosecution. It was done to facilitate the work of the agricultural department, and to kill the worms which had proved so injurious the previous year. . . . . .

"The carpenter-shops at both Agencies were supplied with lumber for the manufacture and repair of sleds, wagons, and other farming utensils. Sheds were erected for the protection of the cattle and utensils of the Department, and the farmer Indians, assisted by the Department carpenters, erected stables, pens, and other out-houses for the protection of their cattle, horses, and utensils. . . . . Hay, grain, and other supplies were pro-

wise, and, in short, every thing was done which the means at command of the Agent would justify.

"The work of the autumn being thus closed, I set about making preparations for the work of the next spring and summer, and in directing the work of the winter. I made calculations to erect, during the summer and autumn of 1862, at least fifty dwelling-houses for Indian families, at an estimated average cost of $300 each, and also to aid the farmer Indians in erecting as many additional dwellings as possible, not to exceed thirty or forty; and to have planted for the Lower Sioux, at least twelve hundred acres, and for the Upper Sioux, at least thirteen hundred acres of crops, and to have all the land planted, except that at Big Stone Lake, inclosed by a fence.

"To carry out these calculations, early in the winter the superintendents of farms, the blacksmiths, the carpenters, and the superintendent of schools were directed to furnish estimates for the amount of agricultural implements, horses, oxen, wagons, carts, building material, iron, steel, tools, and supplies needed to carry on successfully their several departments for one year from the opening of navigation in the spring of 1862.

"These estimates were prepared and furnished me about the 1st of February. In accordance with these estimates, I proceeded to purchase, in *open market*, the articles and supplies recommended.

"I made the estimates for one year, and the purchases accordingly, in order to secure the benefit of transportation by water in the spring, and thus avoid the delays, vexations, and extra expense of transportation by land in the fall. The bulk of the purchases were made with the distinct understanding that payment would be made out of the funds belonging to the quarter in which the goods, implements, or supplies were expended."

The supplies thus purchased included a large quantity of farming implements, carts, wagons, oxen, cows, sheep, and a supply of seeds of all kinds for the spring plantings, as well as groceries and clothing for the Indians. Major Galbraith says:

> "It will be seen that, in the spring of 1862, there was on hand material sufficient to carry us through the

coming year. . . . Thus, to all appearance, the spring season opened propitiously. . . . . To carry out my original design of having as much as possible planted for the Indians at Big Stone Lake and Lac qui Parle as early in the month of May, 1862, as the condition of the swollen streams would permit, I visited Lac qui Parle and Big Stone Lake, going as far as North Island, in Lake Traverse, having with me Antoine Freniere, United States Interpreter, Dr. J. L. Wakefield, physician of the Upper Sioux, and Nelson Givens, assistant Agent. At Lac qui Parle I found the Indians willing and anxious to plant. I inquired into their condition and wants, and made arrangements to have them supplied with seeds and implements, and directed Amos W. Huggins, the school teacher there, to aid and instruct them in their work, and to make proper distribution of the seeds and implements furnished, and placed at his disposal an ox-team and wagon and two breaking-teams, with instructions to devote his whole time and attention to the superintendence and instruction of the resident Indians during the planting season, and until the crops were cultivated and safely harvested.

"I also found the Indians at Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse very anxious to plant, but without any means whatever so to do. I looked over their fields in order to see what could be done. After having inquired into the whole matter, I instructed Mr. Givens to remain at Big Stone Lake and superintend and direct the agricultural operations of the season, and to remain there until it was too late to plant any more. I placed at his disposal ten double plough-teams, with men to operate them, and ordered forward at once one hundred bushels of seed corn and five hundred bushels of seed potatoes, with pumpkin, squash, turnip, and other seeds, in reasonable proportion, together with a sufficient supply of ploughs, hoes, and other implements for the Indians, and a blacksmith to repair breakages; and directed him to see that every Indian, and every Indian horse or pony, did as much work as was possible. . . . .

"On my way down to the agency, I visited the plantings of Tahampih'da, (Rattling Moccasin,) Mazasha, (Red Iron,) Mahpiya Wicasta, (Cloud Man,) and Rattling Cloud, and found that the Superintendent of Farms for the Upper Sioux had, in accord-

ance with my instructions, been faithfully attending to the wants of these bands. He had supplied them with implements and seeds, and I left them at work. On my arrival at the Agency, I found that the farmer Indians residing thereabouts had, in my absence, been industriously at work, and had not only completed their plowing, but had planted very extensively. The next day after my arrival at the Agency, I visited each farmer Indian at the Yellow Medicine, and congratulated him on his prospect for a good crop, and spoke to him such words of encouragement as occurred to me.

"The next day I proceeded to the Lower Agency, and then taking with me Mr. A. H. Wagner, the Superintendent of Farms for the Lower Sioux, I went around to each planting, and, for the second time, visited each farmer Indian, and found that, in general, my instructions had been carried out. The plowing was generally completed in good order, and the planting nearly all done, and many of the farmer Indians were engaged in repairing old and making new fences. I was pleased and gratified, and so told the Indians—the prospect was so encouraging.

"About the first of July I visited all the plantings of both the Upper and Lower Sioux, except those at Big Stone Lake, and found, in nearly every instance, the prospect for good crops very hopeful indeed. The superintendents of farms, the male school teachers, and all the employees assisting them, had done their duty. About this time Mr. Givens returned from Big Stone Lake, and reported to me his success there. From all I knew and all I thus learned, I was led to believe that we would have no 'starving Indians' to feed the next winter, and little did I dream of the unfortunate and terrible outbreak which, in a short time, burst upon us. . . . .

"In the fall of 1861 a good and substantial school-room and dwelling, a store-house and blacksmith-shop were completed at Lac qui Parle; and, about the first of November, Mr. Amos W. Huggins and his family occupied the dwelling, and, assisted by Miss Julia La frambois, prepared the school-room, and devoted their whole time to teaching such Indian children as they could induce to attend the school.

"The store-house was supplied with provisions, which Mr. Hug-

gins was instructed to issue to the children and their parents at his discretion. Here it may be permitted me to remark, that Mr. Huggins, who was born and raised among the Sioux,* and Miss La frambois, who was a Sioux mixed-blood, were two persons entirely capable and in every respect qualified for the discharge of the duties of their situation, than whom the Indians had no more devoted friends. They lived among the Indians of choice, because they thought they could be beneficial to them. Mr. Huggins exercised nothing but kindness toward them. He fed them when hungry, clothed them when naked, attended them when sick, and advised and cheered them in all their difficulties. He was intelligent, energetic, industrious, and good, and yet he was one of the first victims of the outbreak, shot down like a dog by the very Indians whom he had so long and so well served. . . . .

"In the month of June, 1862, being well aware of the influence exerted by Little Crow over the blanket Indians, and, by his plausibility, led to believe that he intended to act in good faith, I promised to build him a good brick house provided that he would agree to aid me in bringing around the idle young men to habits of industry and civilization, and that he would abandon the leadership of the blanket Indians and become a 'white man.'

"This being well understood, as I thought, I directed Mr Nairn, the carpenter of the Lower Sioux, to make out the plan and estimates for Crow's house,† and to proceed at once to make the window and door frames, and to prepare the lumber necessary for the building, and ordered the teamsters to deliver the necessary amount of brick as soon as possible. Little Crow agreed to dig the cellar and haul the necessary lumber, both of which he had commenced. The carpenter had nearly completed his part of the work, and the brick were being promptly delivered at the time of the outbreak.

On the 15th day of August, only three days previous to the outbreak, I had an interview with Little Crow, and he seemed to be well pleased and satisfied. Little indeed did I suspect, at that

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* Born at Lac qui Parle.

† Crow was then living in a *frame* house as a "civilized" Indian.

time, that he would be the leader in the terrible outbreak of the 18th."

There were planted, according to the statement of Agent Galbraith in his report, on the lower reservation, one thousand and twenty-five acres of corn, two hundred and sixty acres of potatoes, sixty acres of turnips and ruta-bagas, and twelve acres of wheat, besides a large quantity of field and garden vegetables. These crops, at a low estimate, would have harvested, in the fall, 74,865 bushels. There were, on the lower reservation, less than three thousand Indians, all told. This crop, therefore, would have yielded full twenty-five bushels to each man, woman, and child, including the blanket as well as the farmer Indians.

There were, also, of growing crops, in fine condition, on the upper reservation, one thousand one hundred and ten acres of corn, three hundred acres of potatoes, ninety acres of turnips and ruta-bagas, and twelve acres of wheat, and field and garden vegetables in due proportion. These, at a low estimate, would have harvested 85,740 bushels. There were, on the upper reservation, a little over four thousand Annuity Sioux. This crop, therefore, would have harvested them about twenty-one bushels for each man, woman, and child, including, also, the blanket Indians.

Thus, it will been seen that, notwithstanding the persistent charges of wrong and outrage at the hands of the agents of the Government, in which they and [illegible] mistaken sympathizers indulged, under the beworkings of the humane policy of the Government inaugurated in 1858, they were fast becoming an independent people. Let it be borne in mind, how-

ever, that these results, so beneficial to the Indian, were accomplished only through the sleepless vigilance and untiring energy of those who had the welfare of these rude, and, as events have amply demonstrated, savage beings in their care. Had they been aught but savage men, they would have seen and appreciated the benefits to result to them from this change in their condition; but, apparently, they did not see it, and the reason may be stated in one short sentence: "They are Indians;" and it will require long years of isolation and rigid discipline to make them "*white men.*" Cutting their hair, and putting on them "standing collars" and "stove-pipe" hats, is not quite civilization.

Major Galbraith, after giving these statistics of the crops on the reservations, and the arrangements made for the gathering of hay, by the Indians, for their winter's use, says:

"I need hardly say that our hopes were high at the prospects before us, nor need I relate my chagrin and mortification when, in a moment, I found those high hopes blasted forever."

Such, then, was the condition, present and prospective, of the Annuity Sioux Indians, in the summer of 1862. No equal number of pioneer settlers on the border could, at that time, make a better showing than was exhibited on these reservations. They had in fair prospect a *surplus* over and above the wants of the entire tribes for the coming year. This had never before occurred in their history.

The sagacity and wise forethought of their Agent, and the unusually favorable season, had amply provided against the possibility of recurring want. The

coming winter would have found their granaries full to overflowing. Add to this the fact that they had a large cash annuity coming to them from the Government, as well as large amounts of goods, consisting of blankets, cloths, groceries, flour and meats, powder, shot, lead, etc.; and we confidently submit to the enlightened reader the whole question of their alleged grievances, confident that there can be but one verdict at their hands, and that, that the paternal care of the Government over them was good and just; nay, generous, and that those having the immediate supervision of their interests were performing their whole duty, honestly and nobly.

It must be remembered by the reader, that the vast crop growing on the reservations was not all cultivated by the labor of Indians. Large fields were being cultivated by the Department, designed, however, for distribution among such Indians as might be destitute, and for the next season's supply of seed. Thus it will be seen that the Agent was providing against all *possible* contingencies of want in the future, and laying a broad foundation for the future prosperity of this rude and uncultivated race. Through the benign workings of
[illegible] civilization policy, they were becoming self-sustain-
[illegible]or would soon have become so. And it was fondly
[illegible]ld by the friends of the Indians, that the blanket,
[illegible]rild portion of the tribes, seeing the prosperity of
[illegible]farmer Indians, would come forward and willingly
[illegible]mit to be shorn of the "scalp-lock," and take their
[illegible]ce with the more fortunate of their race, in the
[illegible] red men." The hopes of the philan-
[illegible]istian beat high. They believed the

day was not far distant when it could be said that the Sioux Indians, *as a race*, not only *could be* civilized, but that here were whole tribes who *were* civilized, and had abandoned the chase and the war-path for the cultivation of the soil and the arts of peace, and that the juggleries and sorcery of the medicine-men had been abandoned for the milder teachings of the missionaries of the Cross.

How these high hopes were dashed to the earth, extinguished in an ocean of blood, and their own bright prospects utterly destroyed, by their horrible and monstrous perfidy and unheard-of atrocities, it will be our work, in these pages, to show. We shall lay before the reader tales of horror that will freeze the blood, and scenes of desolation and woe will come before us for review, which no human pen can adequately depict, or human tongue describe.

We are now rapidly approaching the fatal and bloody *denouement*, the terrible 18th of August, the memory of which will linger in the minds of the survivors of its tragic scenes, and the succeeding days and weeks of horror and blood, till reason kindly ceases to perform its office, and blots out the fearful record in the oblivion of the grave.

Again we quote from the able report of Major Galbraith:

"About the 25th of June, 1862, a number of the chiefs and head men of the Sisetons and Wapetons visited the Agency and inquired about the payments; Whether they were going to *get any money*, (as they had been told, as they alleged, that they would not be paid,) and if so, how much, and when? I answered them that they would certainly be paid; exactly how much I could not say, *but that it would be nearly*, if not quite, a full payment;

that I did not know when the payment would be made, but that I felt sure it could not be made before the 20th of July. I advised them to go home, and admonished them not to come back again until I sent for them. I issued provisions, powder and shot and tobacco to them, and they departed.

"In a few days after I went to the Lower Agency, and spoke to the lower Indians in regard to their payments. As they all lived within a few miles of the Agency, little was said, as, when the money came, they could be called together in a day. I remained about one week there, visiting the farms and plantings, and issued to the Indians a good supply of pork, flour, powder, shot, and tobacco, and urged upon them the necessity of cutting and securing hay for the winter, and of watching and keeping the birds from their corn.

"I left them apparently satisfied, and arrived at Yellow Medicine on the 14th of July, and found, to my surprise, that nearly all the Upper Indians had arrived, and were encamped about the Agency. I inquired of them why they had come, and they answered, that they were afraid something was wrong; they feared they would not get their money, because *white men* had been telling them so.

"Being in daily expectation of the arrival of the money, I determined to make the best of it, and notified the Superintendent of Indian Affairs accordingly.

"How were over 4,000 Annuity, and over 1,000 Yanktonais Sioux, with nothing to eat, and entirely dependent on me for supplies, to be provided for? I supplied them as best I could; parsimoniously indeed, from necessity it was, still I did all in my power. Our stock was nearly used up, and still, on the 1st day of August, no money had come.

"The Indians complained of starvation. I held back, in order to save the provisions to the last moment. On the 4th of August, early in the morning, the young men and soldiers, to the number of four hundred mounted, and one hundred and [illegible] surprised and deceived the commander of the troops [illegible] surrounded the camp, and proceeded to the war- [illegible] sterous manner, and in sight of, and within one [illegible] few yards of one hundred armed men, with two

twelve-pound mountain howitzers, cut down the door of the warehouse, shot down the American flag, and entered the building, and, before they could be stopped, had carried over one hundred sacks of flour from the warehouse, and were evidently bent on a general 'clearing out.'

"The soldiers, now recovered from their panic, came gallantly to our aid, entered the warehouse, and took possession. The Indians all stood around, with their guns loaded, cocked, and leveled. I spoke to them, and they consented to a talk. The result was, that they agreed, if I would give them plenty of pork and flour, and issue to them the annuity *goods* the next day, they would go away. I told them to go away with enough to eat for *two days*, and to send the chiefs and head men for a council the next day, unarmed and peaceably, and I would answer them. They assented, and went to their camp. In the mean time I had sent for Captain Marsh, the commandant of Fort Ridgley, who promptly arrived early in the morning of the next day.

"I laid the whole case before him, and stated my plan. He agreed with me, and, in the afternoon, the Indians, unarmed, and apparently peaceably disposed, came in, and we had a 'talk,' and, in the presence of Captain Marsh, Rev. Mr. Rigga, and others, I agreed to issue the annuity goods and a fixed amount of provisions, provided the Indians would go home and watch their corn, and wait for the payment until they were sent for. They assented. I made, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of August, the issues as agreed upon, assisted by Captain Marsh, and, by the 9th of August, the Indians were all gone, and on the 12th I had definite information that the Sisetons, who had started on the 7th, had all arrived at Big Stone Lake, and that the men were preparing to go on a buffalo hunt, and that the women and children were to stay and guard the crops. Thus this threatening and disagreeable event passed off, but, as usual, without the punishment of a single Indian who had been engaged in the attack on the warehouse. They should have been punished, but they were not, and simply because we had not the power to punish them. And hence we had to adopt the same 'sugar-plum' policy which had been so often adopted before with the Indians, and especially at the time of the *Spirit Lake massacre*, in 1857."

About this time an event occurred which, if from no other cause, for its after relations to the outbreak, has acquired some prominence. We refer to the raising of a company of volunteers for the Union army on the reservations. The Indians had all gone to their homes, and it was believed by Agent Galbraith and others on the reservation that all danger of a collision had passed. No one acquainted with the Lower Sioux had, at any time, anticipated any trouble with those bands. The annuity money was expected daily, and it was believed that the payment could be made without any difficulty whatever.

About this time disaster had overtaken the National arms in Virginia, and the President had issued a call for volunteers. There were at the two Agencies a number of young men, many of whom were out of employment, or very soon would be, as their services were no longer needed by the Department. Indeed, many of them were not in Government employ, and never had been. Some of them were half-breed Sioux, and others were connected with the trading-posts near the Agencies. They were transient young men, with very few exceptions. These at once volunteered under the call of the President.

On the 12th day of August, thirty men (the writer among them) enlisted at Yellow Medicine; and, on the ompanied by the Agent, proceeded to the Lower where, on the 14th, they were joined by some more, making about fifty in all. On the after- the 15th we proceeded to Fort Ridgley, where mained until the morning of the 17th, when, hav- ished by Captain Marsh with transporta-

tion, accompanied by Lieutenant N. K. Culver, Sergeant McGrew, and four men of company B, 5th Minnesota Volunteers, we started for Fort Snelling, by the way of New Ulm and St. Peter, little dreaming of the terrible message which would reach us at the latter place the next day, and turn us back to the defense of that post and of the border.

On Monday morning, the 18th, at about 8 o'clock, we left New Ulm, and reached St. Peter at about 4 o'clock P. M. About 6 o'clock, Mr. J. C. Dickinson arrived from the Lower Agency, bringing us the startling news that the Indians had broken out, and, before he left, had commenced murdering the whites. He had seen two or three shot down on the street before he left, and had heard firing at the stores of the traders, when, with all his family, he made his escape to the fort.

We were incredulous; it was hard to believe so startling and horrible a tale. Nevertheless, we at once set about making preparations to return. There were in St. Peter some fifty old Harper's Ferry muskets; these we obtained, and, procuring ammunition, set about preparing cartridges, at which many of us worked all night, and, at sunrise on Tuesday morning, were on our way back, with heavy hearts and dark forebodings, toward the scene of trouble.

In the night Sergeant Sturgis, of Captain Marsh's company, had arrived, on his way to St. Paul, with dispatches to Governor Ramsey from Lieutenant Thomas Gere, then in command of Fort Ridgley, bringing the sad news of the destruction of Captain Marsh and the most of his *command at the ferry*, at the Lower Agency,

on Monday afternoon. We had but a slender hope of reaching the fort in safety, and still less of saving it from destruction, for we knew that there were not over twenty-five men left in it, Lieutenant Sheehan, with his company, having left for Fort Ripley on the 17th, at the same time that the "Renville Rangers" (the company from the Agencies) left for Fort Snelling. Our friends, too, were in the very heart of the Indian country. Some of us had left our wives and little ones at the Yellow Medicine, midway between the Lower Agency and the wild bands of the Sisetons and Yanktonais, who made the attack upon the warehouse at that Agency only two weeks before. Our hearts almost died within us as we thought of the dreadful fate awaiting them at the hands of those savage and blood-thirsty monsters. But we turned our faces toward the west, determined, if Fort Ridgley was yet untaken, to enter it, or die in the attempt.

Very soon after leaving St. Peter we began to meet long trains of flying fugitives, some on foot, some on [illegible] horseback, and some in wagons. On they came, whole [illegible] fragments of families, singly, and in companies, [illegible] faces blanched with terror, and voices wild with [illegible] and despair. Childless parents and fatherless [illegible] motherless children were in those long lines of [illegible] fugitives, fleeing like the "hunted hare from [illegible] mountain." The scene was heart-rending; no pen [illegible] describe it; and, wishing we could shut out from [illegible] the dreadful sights and sounds, we [illegible] about sundown, entered the fort, [illegible] as yet safe.

[illegible] sent after Lieutenant Sheehan,

who immediately turned back, and had entered the fort a few hours before us. There were in the fort, on our arrival, over two hundred and fifty refugees, principally women and children, and they continued to come in, until there were nearly three hundred.

Here we remained on duty, night and day, until the morning of the 28th, when reinforcements, under Colonel McPhail and Captains Anson Northrup and R. H. Chittenden arrived, as detailed in another chapter.

We now learned, for the first time, of the escape of our families and friends from Yellow Medicine, under the guidance of that noble Indian John Other Day, and of their safe arrival at Shakopee and St. Paul. In the mean time, the annuity money had arrived at St. Paul, and had been at once dispatched by Superintendent Thompson to the Agency, in charge of his clerk, Cyrus G. Wykoff, Esq., accompanied by E. A. C. Hatch, J. C. Ramsey, M. A. Daily, and one or two others, whose names we do not now recall.

On our arrival at the fort, on Tuesday night, Major Galbraith found these gentlemen there, they having reached that post on Monday noon, the very day of the outbreak. Had they been one day sooner they would have been at the Lower Agency, and their names would have been added, in all probability, to the long roll of the victims, at that devoted point, of Indian barbarity, and about $70,000 in gold would have fallen into the hands of the savages.

These gentlemen were in the fort during the siege which followed, and were among the bravest of its brave defenders. *Major Hatch*, now of "Hatch's Battalion,"

(cavalry,) was particularly conspicuous for his cool courage and undaunted bravery.

Thus it will be seen how utterly false was the information which the Indians said they had received from "*white men*," that they were to "get no money." There were upon the reservation, doubtless, some white men, whose schemes for getting possession of Indian moneys had been foiled, who were anxious to breed discontent among the Indians, and give the officers of the Government trouble, that they might get an opportunity to say "I told you so," and to talk wisely about the incompetency of agents and the dishonesty of Government officials, hoping thereby to obtain the accomplishment of their objects, infamous though they were; and if any white man ever told the Indians they would get none of their annuity money, it was one of this class of infamous wretches. But it is well to take even this statement with many grains of allowance. In the language of Agent Galbraith, it may be generally stated, "that 'confidence men' and '*Jeremy Diddlers*' are common among the Sioux; that, at least, some of them will *lie*, a few will cheat and steal, nearly all are beggars, and treachery is not unknown among them.'

## CHAPTER IV.

**Murders at Acton—The Indians not Drunk—Cox, the Insane Man—Mrs. Baker goes for Help—Burial Party from Forest City—They see Indians—Massacre at the Lower Agency—Philander Prescott—Rev. S. R. Riggs—Dr. Thomas S. Williamson—Agent Galbraith—Little Crow—Rev. J. D. Hinman—The work of Death begins—John Lamb—A. H. Wagner—J. C. Dickinson—Dr. Humphrey—Lynd—Myrick—Divoll—George H. Spencer—Wakinyatawa—Patrick McClellan—John Nairn—Alexander Hunter and Wife—Killing of Prescott—J. C. Whipple—C. B. Hewett—James Powell—Red Wood River—Joseph B. Reynolds and Family—William Landmeier—Legrand Davis—John Moore—Francis Patoile—Capture of Mattie Williams, Mary Anderson, and Mary Schwandt—Death of Mary Anderson—Murder of George Gleason—Capture of Mrs. Wakefield and Children.**

"Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed."

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

We come now to the massacre itself, the terrible blow which fell, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, with such appalling force and suddenness, upon the unarmed and defenseless border, crimsoning its fair fields with the blood of its murdered people, and lighting up the midnight sky with the lurid blaze of burning dwellings, by the light of which the affrighted survivors fled from the nameless terrors that beset their path, before the advancing gleam of the uplifted tomahawk, many *of them only* to fall victims to

the Indian bullet, while vainly seeking a place of security.

The first blow fell upon the town of Acton, thirty-five miles north-east of the Lower Sioux Agency, in the county of Meeker. At this place a Mr. Robinson Jones kept a public house. On Sunday, August 17, 1862, at about one o'clock P. M., six Sioux Indians, said to be of Shakopee's band of Lower Annuity Sioux, came to the house of Jones, and demanded food. It was refused them, as Mrs. Jones was absent, at the house of Mr. Howard Baker, a son-in-law, three-fourths of a mile distant. They became angry and boisterous, and, fearing violence at their hands, he took his children, a boy and a girl, and went himself to Baker's, leaving at the house a girl from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and a boy of twelve—brother and sister—who lived with him. The Indians soon followed on over to Baker's. At Baker's were a Mr. Webster and his wife, who had recently arrived there from Wisconsin, Baker and wife and infant child, and Jones and his wife and two children.

Soon after reaching the house, the Indians proposed to the three men to join them in target-shooting. They acceded to the proposition, and all discharged their guns at the target. Mr. Baker then traded guns with one of them, the savage giving him three dollars as the difference in the value of the guns. Then they all commenced loading again. The Indians got the charges into their guns first, and immediately turned and shot Jones. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Baker were standing in the door. When one of the savages *ed his gun* at Mrs. Baker, her husband saw the

movement, and sprang between them, receiving the bullet intended for his wife in his own body. At the same time they shot Webster and Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Baker, who had her infant in her arms, seeing her husband fall, fainted, and fell backward into the cellar (a trap-door being open) and thus escaped. Mrs. Webster was lying in their wagon, from which the goods were not yet unloaded, and escaped unhurt. The children of Mr. Jones were in the house, and were not molested. They then returned to the house of Jones, and killed and scalped the girl. The boy was lying on the bed, and was undiscovered, but was a silent witness of the tragic fate of his sister.

After killing the girl, the savages left without disturbing any thing, and, going directly to the house of a settler, whose name we have not learned, took from the stable a span of horses, already in harness, and, while the family were at dinner, hastily hitched them to a wagon standing near, and, without molesting any one, drove off in the direction of the Beaver Creek settlement and the Lower Agency, leaving Acton at about three o'clock in the afternoon. This span of horses, harness, and wagon were the only property taken from the neighborhood by them.

The boy at Jones's, who escaped massacre at their hands, and who was at the house during the entire time that they were there, avers that they obtained no liquor there that day, but that even when they came back and murdered his sister, the bottles upon the shelf were untouched by them. They obtained none on their first visit, before going over to Baker's. It would *seem, therefore, that* the very general belief,

that these first murders at Acton, on the 17th, were the result of drunkenness, is a mistake.

Mrs. Baker, who was unhurt by the fall, remained in the cellar until after the Indians were gone, when, taking the children, she started for a neighboring settlement, to give the alarm. Before she left, an Irishman, calling himself Cox, came to the house, whom she asked to go with her, and carry her child. Cox laughed, saying, "the men were not dead, but drunk, and that, falling down, they had hurt their noses, and made them bleed," and refusing to go with Mrs. Baker, went off in the direction taken by the Indians. It is proper for us to remark here, that we had frequently seen this man Cox at the Upper Agency, and that he was generally supposed to be an insane man, who was wandering friendless over the country. It has been since supposed by many that he was in league with the Indians. We have only to say, if he was, he counterfeited insanity remarkably well.

Mrs. Baker reached the settlement in safety, and on the next day (Monday) a company of citizens of Forest City, the county-seat of Meeker County, went out to Acton to bury the dead. Forest City is twelve miles north of that place. The party who went out on Monday saw Indians on horseback, and chased them, but failed to get near enough to them to get a shot, and they escaped.

As related in a preceding chapter, a council was held
Rice Creek on Sunday, at which it was decided that
fearful tragedy should commence on the next morn-
It is very doubtful whether the Acton murders
*then known* to these conspirators, as this council

assembled in the afternoon, and the savages who committed those murders had some forty miles to travel, after three o'clock in the afternoon, to reach the place of council. It would seem, therefore, that those murders could have had no influence in precipitating this council, as they could not, at that time, have been known to Little Crow and his co-conspirators.

The final decision of these worse than fiends must have been made as early as sundown, for by early dawn almost the entire force of the warriors of the lower tribes were ready for the work of slaughter, armed, and painted, and dispersed through the scattered settlements, over a region at least forty miles in extent, and were rapidly gathering in the vicinity of the Lower Agency, until some two hundred and fifty were collected at that point, and surrounded the houses and stores of the traders, while the inmates were either at their morning meal, or asleep in their beds in fancied security, all unconscious of the dreadful fate that awaited them. What a bewildering shock the residents and strangers at this Agency experienced can be more easily imagined than described. In the language of Adjutant-General Malmros:

"Since the formation of our General Government, no State or Territory of the Republic has received so severe a blow at the hands of the savages, or witnessed within its borders a parallel scene of murder, butchery, and rapine."

Philander Prescott, the aged Government Interpreter at that Agency, who had resided among the Sioux for forty-five years, having a wife and children allied to them by ties of blood, and who knew their language, and spoke it better than *any man of* their own race, and

who seemed to understand every Indian impulse, had not the slightest intimation or conception of such a catastrophe as was about to fall upon the country. The Rev. S. R. Riggs, in a letter to a St. Paul paper, under date of August 13, writes that "all is quiet and orderly at the place of the forthcoming payment." This gentleman had been a missionary among these people for over a quarter of a century. His intimate acquaintance with their character and language were of such a nature as to enable him to know and detect the first symptoms of any intention of committing any depredations upon the whites, and had not the greatest secrecy been observed by them, the knowledge of their designs would undoubtedly have been communicated to either Mr. Prescott, Mr. Riggs, or Dr. Williamson, who had also been among them almost thirty years. Such was the position of these gentlemen that, had they discovered or suspected any lurking signs of a conspiracy, such as after developments satisfy us actually existed, and had failed to communicate it to the authorities and the people, they would have laid themselves open to the horrible charge of complicity with the murderers. But whatever may be the public judgment upon the course afterward pursued by the two last-named gentlemen, in their efforts to shield the guilty wretches from that punishment their awful crimes so justly merited, no one who knows them would for a moment harbor a belief that they had any suspicion of the coming storm until it burst upon them.

A still stronger proof of the feeling of security of those upon the reservation, and the belief that the *recent demonstrations* were only such as were of yearly

occurrence, and that all danger was passed, is to be found in the fact that, as late as the 15th of August, the substance of a dispatch was published in the daily papers of St. Paul, from Major Galbraith, agreeing fully with the views of Mr. Riggs, as to the quiet and orderly conduct of the Indians. This opinion is accompanied by the very highest evidence of human sincerity. Under the belief of their peaceable disposition, he had, on the 16th day of August, sent his wife and children from Fort Ridgley to Yellow Medicine, where they arrived on Sunday, the 17th, the very day of the murders at Acton, and on the very day, also, that the council at Rice Creek had decided that the white race in Minnesota must either perish or be driven back east of the Mississippi. Early on this fatal Monday morning Mr. Prescott was standing in his door, observing the unusual gathering of painted warriors about the stores and houses, when Little Crow coming down the street, he accosted him, and inquired what was going on; he was answered—"Go into your house and stay there;" and the blood-thirsty chief passed on toward the residence of the Rev. J. D. Hinman, Episcopal missionary. Mr. Hinman, who had also observed the unusual stir among the Indians, inquired of him what was the matter. Little Crow, who had heretofore been quite familiar with him, made no reply, but, with averted face, and eyes bent upon the ground, walked away. The awful truth now for the first time burst upon him, and he knew that the storm of savage wrath was gathering, and about to break upon their devoted heads, and that the only safety now was in instant flight.

The first crack of the Indian guns that fell on his

...formerly, then at Farib
...s of the family escaped with
... slaughter at the Agency
... John Lamb, a teamster in Govern
... was shot down, near the house of Mr.
... as he was leaving the stable, just as that
... and his family were starting on their per
... of escape. At the same time some In
... the stable, and were taking therefrom
... belonging to the Government. Mr. A.
... Superintendent of Farms at that Agency
... to prevent them, and was, by ord
... instantly shot down. Mr. Hinman w
... more, but fled toward the f
... the Minnesota River between himsel
... fatally wounding behind him.
... same time. Mr. J. C. Dickinson,
... boarding-house, with all his
... who were working for

All but one, the eldest, a boy of about twelve years of age, were killed upon the road, under the following circumstances. They had gone about four miles, when Mrs. Humphrey became so much exhausted as to be unable to proceed further, and they went into the house of a Mr. Magner, which had been deserted by its inmates, they having gone to the fort. Mrs. Humphrey was placed on the bed; the son was sent to the spring, in a ravine near by, for some water for his mother, while the husband and father watched at the door over the dear ones within (his wife and two small children). While at the spring, the boy heard the wild war-whoop of the savage break upon the stillness of the air, and, in the next moment, the ominous crack of their guns, which told the fate of his family, and left him its sole survivor. Fleeing hastily toward Fort Ridgley, about eight miles distant, he met the command of Captain Marsh on their way toward the Agency. The young hero turned back with them to the ferry. As they passed Magner's house, they saw the Doctor lying near the door, dead; but the house itself was a heap of smoldering ruins, and this brave boy was thus compelled to look upon the funeral pyre of his mother, and his little brother and sister. A burial party afterward found their charred remains amid the blackened ruins, and gave them Christian sepulture. It is supposed the savage monsters burned them *alive!* In the charred hands of the little girl was found her china doll, with which she refused to part even in death. The boy went on to the ferry, and in that disastrous conflict, of which we give an account elsewhere, escaped unharmed, and finally made *his way into* the fort.





In the mean time the work of death went on. The whites, taken by surprise, were utterly defenseless, and so great had been the feeling of security, that many of them were actually unarmed, although living in the very midst of the savages. At the store of Nathan Myrick, Hon. James W. Lynd, formerly a member of the State Senate, Andrew J. Myrick, and G. W. Divoll were among the first victims. Lynd and Divoll were shot near the door. Mr. Myrick escaped from a back window, and fled toward the river, but was overtaken and killed in a ravine near by. In the store of William H. Forbes were some five or six persons, among them Mr. George H. Spencer, jr. Hearing the yelling of the savages outside, these men ran to the door to ascertain its cause, when they were instantly fired upon, killing four of their number, and severely wounding Mr. Spencer. Spencer and his uninjured companion hastily sought a temporary place of safety in the chamber of the building.

Mr. Spencer, in giving an account of this opening scene of the awful tragedy, says:

"When I reached the foot of the stairs, I turned and beheld the store filling with Indians. One had followed me nearly to the stairs, when he took deliberate aim at my body, but, providentially, both barrels of his gun missed fire, and I succeeded in getting above without further injury. Not expecting to live a great while, I threw myself upon a bed, and, while lying there, could hear them opening cases of goods, and carrying them out, and threatening to burn the building. I did not relish the idea of being burned to death very well, so I arose very quietly, and taking a bed-cord, I made fast one end to the bed-post, and carried the other to a window which I raised. I intended, in case they fired the building, *myself down* from the window, and take the chances of

ning shot again, rather than to remain where I was and burn. The man who went up-stairs with me, seeing a good opportunity to escape, rushed down through the crowd and ran for life; he was fired upon, and two charges of buckshot struck him, but he succeeded in making his escape. I had been up-stairs probably an hour when I heard the voice of an Indian inquiring for me. I recognized his voice, and felt that I was safe. Upon being told that I was up-stairs, he rushed up, followed by ten or a dozen others, and approaching my bed, asked if I was mortally wounded. I told him I did not know, but that I was badly hurt. Some of the others came up and took me by the hand, and appeared to be sorry that I had been hurt. They then asked me where the guns were. I pointed to them, when my comrade assisted me in getting down stairs.

"The name of this Indian is Wakinyatawa, or, in English, 'His Thunder.' He was, up to the time of the outbreak, the head soldier of Little Crow, and, some four or five years ago, went to Washington with that chief to see their Great Father. He is a fine-looking Indian, and has always been noted for his bravery in fighting the Chippewas. When we reached the foot of the stairs, some of the Indians cried out 'Kill him!' 'Spare no Americans!' 'Show mercy to none!' My friend, who was unarmed, seized a hatchet that was lying near by, and declared that he would cut down the first one that should attempt to do me any further harm. Said he, 'If you had killed him before I saw him, it would have been all right; but we have been friends and comrades for ten years, and now that I have seen him, I will protect him or die with him.' They then made way for us, and we passed out; he procured a wagon, and gave me over to a couple of squaws to take me to his lodge. On the way we were stopped two or three times by armed Indians on horseback, who inquired of the squaws 'What that meant?' Upon being answered that 'This is Wakinyatawa's friend, and he has saved his life,' they suffered us to pass on. His lodge was about four miles above the Agency, at Little Crow's village. My friend soon came home, and washed me, and dressed my wounds with roots. Some few white men succeeded in making their escape to the fort. There were no other white men taken *prisoners*."

The relation of "comrade," which existed between Mr. Spencer and this Indian, is a species of Freemasonry which is in existence among the Sioux, and probably is also common to other Indian tribes.

The store of Louis Robert was, in like manner, attacked. Patrick McClellan, one of the clerks in charge of the store, was killed. There were at this store several other persons; some of them were killed, and some made their escape. Mr. John Nairn, the Government carpenter at the Lower Sioux Agency, seeing the attack upon the stores and other places, seized his children, four in number, and, with his wife, started out on the prairie, making their way toward the fort. They were accompanied by Mr. Alexander Hunter, an attached personal friend, and his young wife. (Mr. Hunter had been married only about a month.) Mr. Nairn had been among them, in the employ of the Government, some eight years, and had, by his urbane manners and strict attention to their interests, secured the personal friendship of many of the tribe. Hunter, too, was a favorite with many of them, and his wife was an educated and highly accomplished young lady of mixed Sioux blood. When some miles from the Agency, on the New Ulm road, they were met by a number of armed Indians, and gave up all for lost. But these were evidently well disposed toward the fugitives, as they came up to them and talked with them, advising them to keep in the timber, avoid the prairie and the roads, and go to the fort, and then left them. This advice was followed, and Mr. Nairn and his family reached the fort in safety that afternoon. Mr. Hunter had, some years *before, frozen* his feet so badly as to lose the toes, and

being lame, walked with great difficulty. When near an Indian village below the Agency, they were met by an Indian, who urged Hunter to go to the village, promising to get them a horse and wagon with which to make their escape. Nairn went on with his family, and soon afterward Mr. J. B. Reynolds and his wife, fleeing from his place at Red Wood River, ten miles above the Agency, overtook them in a buggy, and, although thereby lessening the chances of their own escape, kindly took two of Mr. Nairn's children and drove on. Mr. Hunter and his wife went to the Indian village, believing their Indian friend would redeem his promise; but, from inability or some other reason, he did not do so; and, fearing to remain, and unable to walk to the fort—obliged as they were to cross the Minnesota River—they went to the woods, where they remained all night, and, in the morning, started for Fort Ridgley on foot. They had gone but a short distance, however, when they met an Indian, who, without a word of warning, shot poor Hunter dead, and led his distracted young wife away into captivity.

What may have been the feelings of that young wife, who, on the morning before, looked out into the bright sunlight with buoyant hope and bounding heart, believing that before her extended a long vista of happiness and peace, secure in the fond affection of a devoted husband, and now beheld him stretched a mangled and lifeless corpse at her feet, the reader can, perhaps, imagine. They must have been such as we can not describe.

We now return once more to the scene of blood and conflagration at *the Agency*. The white-haired

interpreter, Philander Prescott, (now verging upon seventy years of age), alarmed, hastily left his house soon after his meeting with Little Crow, and fled toward Fort Ridgley. The other members of the family remained behind, knowing that their relation to the tribe would save them. Mr. Prescott had gone several miles, when he was overtaken, and most brutally murdered in cold blood. His murderers came and talked with him, and he reasoned with them, saying: "I am an old man; I have lived with you now forty-five years, almost half a century; my wife and children are among you, and are of your own blood; I have never done you any harm, and have been your true friend in all your troubles; why should you wish to kill me?" Their only reply was: "We would save your life if we could, but the *white man must die;* we can not spare your life; our orders are to kill all white men: *you are a white man;* we can not save you."

Seeing that all remonstrance was vain and hopeless, and that his hour had come, the aged man, with a firm step and noble bearing, such as became one who had done no wrong, sadly turned away from the deaf ear and iron heart of the savage, and with dignity and composure received the fatal messenger of death.

Thus perished Philander Prescott, the true, tried, and faithful friend of the Indian, by the hands of that perfidious race, whom he had so long and so faithfully labored to benefit to so little purpose. This touching incident was gathered from conversations among the Indians, heard by some of those who were captives among them.

[redacted] were others, whose names we do not know,

who shared the fate of those already named at this place, whose bones are moldering in unmarked and nameless graves, or are bleaching upon the prairie.

The number of persons who reached Fort Ridgley from the Agency was, according to a table in the report of Adjutant-General Malmros, forty-one. Some are known to have reached other places of safety, many of them after suffering incredible hardships, without food, nearly denuded of raiment, hiding by day in the tall prairie-grass, in bogs and sloughs, or under the trunks of prostrate trees, and crawling stealthily by night to avoid the lurking and wily foe, who, with the keen scent of the blood-hound, and the savage ferocity of the tiger, was following on their trail, thirsting for their blood.

Among those who escaped into the fort were Mr. J. C. Whipple, of Faribault, whose valuable services in the defense of that post are mentioned elsewhere, and Mr. Charles B. Hewett, of New Jersey, who also rendered valuable aid in its defense. The services of Mr. Whipple have been recognized and rewarded by the Government with a first-lieutenant's commission in the volunteer artillery service. With the single exception of George W. Spencer, all the men (except the half-breeds) who did not escape were most inhumanly butchered, and the women and children captured and held as prisoners.

James Powell, a young man residing at St. Peter, was at the Agency, herding cattle for Wright, Clark & Dunning, Government contractors. He had just turned the cattle out of the yard, saddled and mounted his mule, as the work of death commenced. Seeing

Lamb and Wagner shot down near him, he turned to flee, when Lamb called to him for help; but, at that moment, two shots were fired at him, and, putting spurs to his mule, he turned toward the ferry, passing close to an Indian, who leveled his gun and fired at him; but the caps exploded, when the savage, evidently surprised that he had failed to kill him, waved his hand toward the river, and exclaimed "*Puckachee! puckachee!*" This, although not a Dakota word, is much used by them in their intercourse with the whites. It is equivalent to "*leave*," or "*go away.*" Powell did not wait for a second warning, which might come in a more unwelcome form, but slipped at once from the back of his animal, dashed down the bluff, through the brush, and reached the ferry just as the boat was leaving the shore. Looking over his shoulder as he ran, he saw an Indian dashing down the hill, in full pursuit, on the very mule he had, a moment before, abandoned.

All that day the work of sack and plunder went on; and when the stores and dwellings and the warehouses of the Government had been emptied of their contents, the torch was applied to the various buildings, and the little village was soon a heap of smoldering ruins. The steam saw-mill, three small log-houses, and the blackened walls of the stone warehouse were alone left standing, to mark the spot where the Lower Sioux Agency had been.

The bodies of their slain victims were left to fester in the sun where they fell, or were consumed in the buildings, from which they had been unable to effect their escape.

e was the surprise, and so sudden and un-

expected the terrible blow, that not a single one of all that host of naked savages was slain. In thirty minutes from the time the first gun was fired, not a white person was left alive. All were either weltering in their gore or had fled in fear and terror from the dreadful scene.

### Red Wood River.

At the Red Wood River, ten miles above the Agency, on the road to Yellow Medicine, resided Mr. Joseph B. Reynolds. He was in the employment of the Government as a teacher. His house was within one mile of Shakopee's village. His family consisted of his wife, a niece—Miss Mattie Williams, of Painesville, Ohio—Mary Anderson, and Mary Schwandt, hired girls, and William Landmeier, a hired man. Legrand Davis, a young man from Shakopee, was also stopping with them, temporarily.

On the morning of the 18th of August, at about six o'clock, John Moore, a half-breed trader, residing near them, came to the house and informed them that there was an outbreak among the Indians, and that they had better leave at once. Mr. Reynolds immediately got out his horse and buggy, and, taking his wife, started off across the prairie in such a direction as to avoid the Agency. At the same time Davis and the three girls got into the wagon of a Mr. Patoile, a trader at Yellow Medicine, who had just arrived there on his way to New Ulm, and they also started out on the prairie. William, the hired man, would not leave, but remained behind until he had been twice warned by Moore that his life was *in* danger. He then went

down to the river bottom, and, following the Minnesota River, started for the fort. When some distance on his way, he came upon some Indians who were gathering up cattle. They saw him, and there was no way of escape. They came to him, and told him if he would assist them in driving the cattle, they would not kill him. Making a merit of necessity, he complied, and went on with them till they were near the Lower Agency, when the Indians, hearing the firing at the ferry, suddenly left him, and hastened on to take part in the battle then progressing between Captain Marsh and their friends. William wisely concluded that, in his case, "discretion was the better part of valor," and hastily fled in an opposite direction, and that night entered Fort Ridgley. In the mean time Mr. Reynolds was making his way, by a circuitous route, toward New Ulm. He had lost sight of Patoile soon after leaving the house. As mentioned in another place, he overtook Mr. Nairn and family on the road, and took two of the children into his buggy. They were often in sight of Indians; and, at one time, an Indian or half-breed rode for a long time at their side, with his gun leveled upon their pursuers, till they turned back from their intended victims, when their preserver also left them.

At another time they ran the gauntlet through a body of Indians, but, strange to say, were not hurt, some of them telling them to "Go on, they did not wish to kill them;" and they, too, reached the fort in safety, crossing the Minnesota at a point opposite. A minute account of their flight and hair-breadth escapes will be found among the "Personal Narratives," in another part of *this work.*

We return now to Patoile and his party, whom we left at the house of Reynolds. After crossing the Red Wood near its mouth, he drove some distance up that stream, and, turning to the left, struck across the prairie toward New Ulm, keeping behind a swell in the prairie which ran parallel with the Minnesota, some three miles south of that stream. He thus avoided the Indians, who were then engaged at the Agency in murdering the people and destroying the place.

They had, unpursued, and apparently unobserved, reached a point within about ten miles of New Ulm, and nearly opposite Fort Ridgley, when they were suddenly assailed by Indians, who killed Patoile and Davis, and severely wounded Mary Anderson, as she was endeavoring to escape to the woods. Miss Williams and Mary Schwandt were captured unhurt. Taking possession of the team, they drove back, with the three captive girls, to Waucouta's village.

The poor, injured young woman survived her wound and the brutal and fiendish violation of her person, to which she was subjected by these *devils incarnate*, but a few days, when death, in mercy, came to her relief, and ended her sufferings in the quiet of the grave. Poor girl! hers was a sad and fearful fate; and yet her surviving companions in suffering would have gladly exchanged their own dreary and terrible future, so full to them of nameless horror, for the sweet, calm quiet of the tomb.

Mattie Williams and Mary Schwandt were afterward restored to their friends by General Sibley's expedition, at Camp Release. We say "restored to their friends." This was hardly true of Mary Schwandt, who,

when release came, found alive, of all her father's family, only one, a little brother; and he had witnessed the fiendish slaughter of all the rest, accompanied by circumstances of infernal barbarity (narrated elsewhere) that have no parallel in the history of savage brutality.

On Sunday, the 17th, George Gleason, Government store-keeper at the Lower Agency, accompanied the family of Agent Galbraith to Yellow Medicine, and on Monday afternoon, ignorant of the terrible tragedy enacting below, started to return. He was accompanied by the wife and two children of Dr. J. L. Wakefield, physician to the Upper Sioux. When about two miles above the mouth of the Red Wood, they met two armed Indians on the road. Gleason, who was well acquainted with them, greeted them with the usual salutation of "Ho!" accompanied with the inquiry, in Sioux, as he passed, "Where are you going?" They returned the salutation, and, all unsuspicious of danger, Gleason continued on, but had gone but a very short distance, when the sharp crack of a gun behind him bore to his ear the first intimation of the death in store for him. The bullet entered and passed through his body, and he fell from the wagon to the ground. At the same moment Chaska, the Indian who had not fired, sprang into the wagon, by the side of Mrs. Wakefield, and driving a short distance, returned. Poor Gleason was lying upon the ground, still alive, writhing in mortal agony, when the savage monster completed his hellish work, by placing his gun at his breast, and shooting him again. Such was the sad end of the life of George Gleason. We knew him well; gay, jocund, genial, and *generous, a* true friend, he was the life of every circle.

His pleasant face was seen, and his mellow voice was heard in song, at almost every social gathering on that rude frontier. He had a smile and pleasant word for all; and yet he fell, in his manly strength, by the hands of these bloody monsters, whom he had never wronged in word or deed. Some weeks afterward, his mutilated remains were found by the troops under Colonel Sibley, and buried where he fell. They were subsequently removed by his friends to Shakopee, where they received the rites of Christian sepulture.

Mrs. Wakefield and children were held as prisoners, and were reclaimed with the other captives at Camp Release.

## CHAPTER V.

**Massacre on the north side of the Minnesota—Indians seen in large numbers, all through the settlements—The people at Beaver Creek attempt to escape—Burning of Mrs. Henderson and two children—Escape of J. W. Earle and others—German settlement—Indians appear under Shakopee—The Settlers nearly all killed—Escape of Peter Bjorkman—Escape of Mrs. Lateau—Story of Mary Hayden—La Croix Creek—Statement of Kearn Horan—Murders near Birch Coolie—Patterson's Rapids—The Settlers endeavor to escape—Murder of the Schwandt family—A scene of awful horror—Indian duplicity—Wholesale Massacre—Upper Agency—The people warned by Joseph Laframbois and Other Day—Shooting of S. B. Garvie—Escape of D. R. Kennedy and J. D. Boardman—Escape of Peter Patoile—Escape of the Whites from Yellow Medicine—The people at the Missions warned by friendly Indians and half-breeds, and escape—Settlement on the Chippewa—Murder of James W. Lindsay and his comrade.**

EARLY on the morning of the 18th, the settlers on the north side of the Minnesota River, adjoining the reservation, were surprised to see a large number of Indians in their immediate neighborhood. They were seen soon after the people arose, simultaneously, all along the river from Birch Coolie to Beaver Creek, and beyond, on the west, apparently intent on gathering up the horses and cattle. When interrogated, they said they were after Chippewas. At about six or seven o'clock they suddenly began to repair to the various houses of the settlers, and then the flight of the inhabitants and the work of death began.

In the immediate vicinity of Beaver Creek, the neighbors, to the number of about twenty-eight, men, women,




*CUT NOSE,*

OR, *IN THE MASSACRE, MURDERED EIGHTEEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND FIVE MEN.*

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and children, assembled at the house of Jonathan W. Earle, and, with several teams, started for Fort Ridgley, having with them the sick wife of S. R. Henderson, her children, and the family of N. D. White, who had gone to the Blue Earth Valley, for the parents of Mrs. Henderson, who was not expected to live, and the wife and two children of James Carrothers, who was also absent in Steele County.

There were, also, David Carrothers and family, Earle and family, Henderson, and a German named Wedge, besides four sons of White and Earle; the rest were women and children. They had gone but a short distance when they were surrounded by Indians. When asked, by some of the party who could speak their language, what they wanted, they answered, "We are going to kill you." When asked why they were to be killed, they consented to let them go, with one team and the buggy with Mrs. Henderson, if they would give up the rest. They did so, and started on again, but had gone but a short distance when they were again stopped by the savages, and the remaining team taken. Again they moved on, drawing the buggy and the sick woman by hand, but had gone but a few rods further, when the Indians began to fire upon them. The men were with the buggy; the women and children had gone on ahead, as well as the boys and Carrothers.

Mr. Earle, seeing that the savages were determined to kill them, and knowing that they could not now save Mrs. Henderson, hastened on and came up with the fleeing fugitives ahead. Mr. Henderson held up a white cloth to *them, when they* shot off his fingers,

and, at the same time, killed Wedge. Henderson now ran, seeing that he could not save his wife and children, and made his escape. They came up with the buggy, and, taking out the helpless woman and children, threw them on the prairie, and placing the bed over them, set it on fire, and hastened on after the fleeing fugitives.

The burned and blackened remains of both the mother and her two children were afterward found by a burial party, and interred.

Coming up with the escaping women and children, they were all captured but two children of David Carrothers. These they had shot in the chase after Carrothers, Earle, and the sons of Earle and White. They killed, also, during this chase and running fight, Eugene White, a son of N. D. White, and Radner, son of Jonathan W. Earle.

Carrothers escaped to Crow River, and thence to St. Paul. Mr. Earle and two of his sons, and one son of Mr. White, after incredible hardships, escaped to Cedar City, and subsequently made their way back to St. Peter and Fort Ridgley. All the captives taken at this time were carried to Crow's village, and, with the exception of Mrs. James Carrothers and her children, were recovered at Camp Release. For full and minute particulars of the adventures of these parties, we refer the reader to the personal narratives of Jonathan W. Earle and Mrs. Helen Carrothers, in another portion of this work.

After they had captured the women and children, returned to the houses of the settlers, and plun- *l them of* their contents, carrying off what they

could, and breaking up and destroying the balance. They then gathered up the stock and drove it to their village, taking the captives with them.

Some two or three miles above the neighborhood of Earle and White was a settlement of German emigrants, numbering some forty persons, quiet, industrious, and enterprising. Early on the morning of the 18th, these had all assembled at the house of John Meyer. Very soon after they had assembled here, some fifty Indians, led by Shakopee, appeared in sight. The people all fled, with the exception of Meyer and his family, going into the grass and bushes. Peter Bjorkman (pronounced Birkman) ran toward his own house. Shakopee, whom he well knew, saw him, and exclaimed, "There is Bjorkman; kill him!" but, entering the house and passing out at the back-door, keeping the building between him and the savages, he plunged into a slough and concealed himself. Being in his shirt-sleeves, and that garment white, he removed it, fearing it might be the means of revealing his whereabouts to the lurking savages. Here he lay, from early morning, until the darkness of night enabled him to leave with safety—suffering unutterable torments, the mosquitoes literally *swarming* upon his naked person, and the hot sun scorching him to the bone.

They immediately attacked the house of Meyer, killing his wife and all his children. Seeing his family all butchered, and having no means of defense, Meyer effected his escape, and reached Fort Ridgley. After killing this family, they proceeded to plunder and sack the deserted houses. In the mean time the affrighted people had *got together again* at the house of a Mr.

Sitzton, near Bjorkman's, to the number of about thirty, men, women, and children. Bjorkman dared not leave his place of concealment, as he had discovered an Indian on the opposite side of the slough, evidently watching for him. He did not even dare to fight the mosquitoes that were fairly eating him alive, lest a motion might reveal him to his watchful enemy.

In the afternoon the savages returned to the house of Sitzton, and attacked it, killing every person there but one woman, Mrs. Wilhelmina Eindenfield, and her child. These were captured, and afterward found at Camp Release, and restored to their friends; but the husband and father was among the slain. From his place of concealment, Mr. Bjorkman witnessed this attack and wholesale massacre of almost an entire neighborhood. After dark he came out of the slough, and, going to his house, obtained some food and a bundle of clothing, as his house was not yet plundered, fed his dog and calf, and went over to the house of Meyer; here he found the windows all broken in, but did not enter the house. He then went to the house of Sitzton. The silence of the grave was there; and, in the darkness, his nerves were not equal to the task of entering that charnel-house of death, and he turned away, sick and faint. As he passed the yard, he let down the bars, and turned out some cattle that the Indians had not yet taken away, and, turning into a path leading in that direction, hastened toward Fort Ridgley. When some distance on the road, he overtook a woman and two children, one an infant of six months, the wife and children of John Lateau, who had been killed. Taking one of the children in his arms, these companions

[redacted] misfortune and suffering hurried on together over the prairie, avoiding as much as possible the traveled road. Mrs. Lateau was nearly naked, and without either shoes or stockings. The rough prairie grass lacerated her naked feet and limbs terribly, and she was about giving out in despair. Bjorkman took from his bundle a shirt, and tearing it in parts, she wound it about the bleeding members, and proceeded on.

At about daylight they came in sight of the house of Magner, eight miles above the fort. Here they saw some eight or ten Indians, and, turning aside from the road, dropped down into the grass, where they remained until nearly noon, when, the Indians having disappeared, they again moved toward the fort, but slowly and cautiously, as they did not reach it until about midnight. It rained during the afternoon, and Bjorkman put a coat from his bundle upon Mrs. Lateau and one upon the eldest child. Upon reaching the fort, Mrs. Lateau found two sons, aged ten and twelve years respectively, who had effected their escape, and reached there before her.

Mrs. Mary, widow of Patrick Hayden, who resided about one and a halt miles from the house of J. W. Earle, near Beaver Creek, in Renville County, says:

"On the morning of the 18th of August, Mr. Hayden started to go over to the house of Mr. J. B. Reynolds, at the Red Wood River, on the reservation, and met Thomas Robinson, a half-breed, who told him to go home, get his family, and leave as soon as possible, for the Indians were coming over to kill all the whites. He came immediately home, and we commenced making preparations to leave, but in a very few minutes we saw some three or four Indians coming on horseback. We then went over to the house of a *neighbor, Benedict* Eune, and found them all

[illegible] [illegible] of Mr. Lamb's people and my own men had been killed. We thought the Indians would not kill us on an Indian reservation. I saw that some provisions if they were left [illegible] here and I did again.

We had gone about four miles when we saw a man lying dead in the road. An Indian was watching by his side.

We drove on till we came to the house of David Faribault in the edge of the Big Woods on the east side, about one and a half miles from the Agency house. When we got near, two Indians came out of Faribault's house and stopped the teams and Mr. Zimmerman, who was driving, and in two cases I sprang out of the wagon, and with my rifle in my arms ran into the bushes and was soon on the road toward the fort. When I came near the house of Mr. Eastman I saw it [illegible] throwing furniture out of the door and then [illegible] into the flames again, on the lower side of the house. [illegible] [illegible] smoke.

When I had got somewhat [illegible] I saw the Indians taking the roof off the warehouse and saw the buildings burning at the Agency. I also heard the firing during the battle at the ferry, where Myrick and his men were killed.

I then went to near the fort road and sitting down under a tree waited till dark, and then started for Fort Ridgley, carrying my rifle all the way. I arrived at the fort at about one o'clock A. M. The distance from our place to Ridgley was seventeen miles.

On Tuesday morning I saw John Magner, who told me that when he [illegible] went up to the Agency the day before, he saw [illegible] lying in the road near David Faribault's house. [illegible] Mrs. Hayden [illegible] by them, who lived with us, was found [illegible] in a Creek. They had got up the oxen, and were [illegible] the house of Mr. Eisenrich to the fort, when they were [illegible] by Indians. Eisenrich was killed, and his wife and [illegible] children were taken prisoners.

Mrs. Zimmerman, who was blind, and her remaining children, and Mrs. Lamb and her children, five in number, were captured and taken into the house of David Faribault, where they were kept and guarded, the savages torturing them by telling them that they were going to fasten them in the house and burn them

alive; but at night, for some inexplicable reason, let them go, and they, too, reached the fort in safety. Mr. Eune, who, with one of his boys, eleven years old, remained behind to drive in his cattle, was met by them on the road and killed. The boy was captured, and, with the other prisoners, recovered at Camp Release."

The neighborhoods in the vicinity of La Croix Creek, and between that and Fort Ridgley, were also visited on Monday forenoon, and the people either massacred, driven away, or made prisoners. As stated by Mrs. Hayden, Edward Magner, living eight miles above the fort, was killed. His wife and children had gone to the fort, and he had returned to look after his cattle, when he was shot. Patrick Kelley and David O'Conner, both single men, were killed at or near Magner's.

Kearn Horan makes the following statement:

"I lived four miles from the Lower Sioux Agency, on the fort road. On the 18th of August, Patrick Horan, my brother, came early from the Agency, and told us that the Indians were murdering the whites. He heard the wounded and captive whites hallooing for help all around him before he left. He escaped alone, and crossed the ferry, and, with some Frenchmen, was on his way to the fort. They came to me about half a mile from my house, and wanted me to go with them; but I did not believe it was so bad as they reported, and went toward my own house to look after my things. My brother and William and Thomas Smith went with me. We had not gone far, when we saw Indians in the road near Magner's. Thomas Smith went to them, thinking they were white men, and I saw them kill him. This awakened me to a sense of my danger. We then turned to flee, and, at the same time, we saw men escaping with teams along the road, and we all fled toward the fort together, the Indians firing upon us as we ran, but hitting no one. The teams were oxen, and the Indians were gaining on us, when one of the men in his excitement dropped his gun. The savages came up to it, and picking it up,

all stopped and gathered around to examine it, and the men in the wagons whipped the oxen into a run. This delay enabled us to elude them.

"As we passed the house of Ole Sampson, Mrs. Sampson was crying at the door for help. Her three children were with her. We told her to go into the brush and hide, for we could not help her. We ran into a ravine, and hid in the grass. We had a dog with us, which endangered us very much, but it did not bark. After the Indians had hunted some time for us, they came along the side of the ravine, and called to us, in good English, saying, 'Come out, boys; what are you afraid of? We don't want to hurt you.'—[They must have been half-breeds.—EDITOR.] We did not go. After they left us we crawled out, and made our way to the fort, where we arrived at about four o'clock P. M. My family had gone there before me. Mrs. Sampson did not go to the brush, but hid in the wagon in which they had recently come from Waseca County. It was what we call a "prairie schooner," covered with cloth, a genuine emigrant wagon. They then took her babe from her, and, throwing it down upon the grass, put hay under the wagon, set fire to it, and went away. Mrs. Sampson got out of the wagon, badly burned, and, taking her infant from the ground, made her way to the fort. Two of her children were burned to death in the wagon. Mr. Sampson had been previously killed, about eighty rods from the house."

In the neighborhood of La Croix Creek, or Birch Coolie, Peter Pereau, Frederick Closen, —— Piguar, Andrew Bahlke, Henry Keartner, old Mr. Closen, and Mrs. William Vitt, and several others, whose names we could not learn, were killed. Mrs. Maria Frorip, an aged German woman, was wounded four different times with small shot, but escaped to the fort. The wife of Henry Keartner also escaped and reached the fort. The wife and child of a Mr. Cardenelle were taken prisoners, as were also the wife and children of Frederick Closen, whose interesting account of her adven-

tures and captivity will be found among the "Personal Narratives" elsewhere.

William Vitt came into Fort Ridgley, but not until he had, with his own hands, and all alone, performed the last sad rites of sepulture for his murdered wife, and had also buried Mr. Piguar. The dwellings of the inhabitants were plundered and sacked, every thing of value being either carried off or destroyed.

A flourishing German settlement had sprung up near Patterson's Rapids, on the Sacred Heart, twelve miles below Yellow Medicine.

Word came to this neighborhood, about sundown of the 18th, that the Indians had broken out, and were murdering the whites. This news was brought to them by two men who had started for the Lower Agency, and had seen the lifeless and mutilated remains of the murdered victims of savage brutality lying upon the road, and in their sacked and plundered dwellings, below their settlement, toward Beaver Creek. The whole neighborhood, with the exception of one family, that of Mr. Schwandt, soon assembled at the house of Paul Kitzman, with their oxen and wagons, and prepared to start for Fort Ridgley.

A messenger was sent to the house of Schwandt; but the Indian rifle and tomahawk had been before them, and done their fearful work. Of all that family but two survived; one, a boy, who was a witness of the awful scene of butchery, and was then on his way, covered with blood, toward Fort Ridgley; the other, a young girl of about seventeen years of age, then residing at Red Wood, who was captured, as previously stated.

This boy saw *his sister*, a young married woman,

ripped open by one of the fiends, while alive, and her unborn babe taken, yet struggling, from her person, and nailed to a tree before the glazing eyes of the dying mother. A full account of this fearful tragedy will be found in the narrative of Mrs. Kreiger, which we publish elsewhere.

This party started in the evening to make their escape, going north-west, so as to avoid the settlements below, and the traveled roads, striking across the prairie toward the head of Beaver Creek, taking some provisions with them.

They traveled in this way all night, and, in the morning, changed their course somewhat toward the Minnesota River, to go to Fort Ridgley. They continued on in this direction until the sun was some two hours high, when they were met by eight Sioux Indians, who told them that the murders were committed by *Chippewas*, and that they had come over to protect them, and punish the murderers of the whites, and induced them to turn back toward their homes. One of the savages spoke English well. He was acquainted with some of the company, having often hunted with Paul Kitzman. He kissed Kitzman, telling him he was a good man; and they shook hands with all the party. These simple-hearted Germans believed them, gave them of their food, distributed some money among them, and, gratefully receiving their assurances of friendship and protection, turned back.

They traveled on toward their deserted homes till noon, when they again halted, and again gave their pretended protectors food. The Indians went away by *themselves to eat.* The suspicions of the fugitives were

now somewhat aroused, but they felt that they were, to a great extent, in the power of the wretches. They soon came back, and ordered them to go on, taking their position on each side of the train. Soon after they went on and disappeared. The train kept on toward home; and when within a few rods of a house, where they thought they could defend themselves, as they had guns with them, they were suddenly surrounded by some fourteen Indians, who instantly fired upon them, killing eight (all but three of the men) at the first discharge. At the next fire they killed two of the remaining men and six of the women, leaving only one man, Frederick Kreiger, alive. His wife was also, as yet, unhurt. They soon dispatched Kreiger, and, at the same time, began beating out the brains of the screaming children with the butts of their guns. Mrs. Kreiger was standing in the wagon, and, when her husband fell, attempted to spring from it to the ground, but was shot from behind, and fell back in the wagon-box, although not dead, or entirely unconscious. She was roughly seized and dragged to the ground, and the teams were driven off. She now became insensible. A few of the children, during this awful scene, escaped to the timber near by; and a few also, maimed and mangled by these horrible monsters, and left for dead, survived, and, after enduring incredible hardships, got to Fort Ridgley. The writer saw one woman, Mrs. Zable, and five children, horribly mangled, and almost naked, enter the fort, eleven days afterward, from that terrible field of death. Mrs. Kreiger also survived her unheard-of sufferings. In another part of this work will be found her own narrative of *her sad* experience. It is a tale of

awful horror. Some forty-odd bodies were afterward found and buried on that fatal field of slaughter. Thus perished, by the hands of these terrible scourges of the border, almost an entire neighborhood. Quiet, sober, and industrious, they had come hither from the vine-clad hills of their fatherland, by the green shores and gliding waters of the majestic Rhine, and had built for themselves homes, where they had fondly hoped, in peace and quiet, to spend yet long years, under the fair, blue sky, and in the sunny clime of Minnesota, when suddenly, and in one short hour, by the hand of the savage, they were doomed to one common annihilation.

During all the fatal 18th of August, the people at the Upper Agency, in utter ignorance of the tragic events transpiring below, with a feeling of perfect security, continued their usual avocations. In the absence of Major Galbraith, the assistant Agent, Judge Givens, was conducting the affairs of the Agency. As night approached, an unusual gathering of Indians was observed on the hill just west of the Agency, and between it and the house of John Other Day. Judge Givens and Charles Crawford, then acting as interpreter, in the absence of Freniere, went out to them, and sought to learn why they were there in council, but could get no satisfactory reply. Soon after this, Other Day came to them with the news of the outbreak below, as did also Joseph Laframbois, a half-breed Sioux. The families there were soon all gathered together in the warehouse and dwelling of the Agent, who resided in the same building, and, with the guns they had, they prepared themselves as *best they could*, and awaited an attack, determined to

sell their lives as dearly as possible. There were gathered here sixty-two persons, men, women, and children.

Other Day, and several other Indians, who came to them, told them they would stand by them to the last. These men visited the council outside, several times during the night; but when they were most needed, one only, the noble and heroic Other Day, remained faithful. All the others disappeared, one after another, during the night. About one or two o'clock in the morning, Stewart B. Garvie, connected with the traders' store, known as Myrick's, came to the warehouse, and was admitted, badly wounded, a charge of buckshot having entered his bowels. Garvie was standing in the door of his store when he was fired upon and wounded. He ran up stairs, and jumping from the window into the garden, crawled away, and reached the Agency without further molestation. At about this time Joseph Laframbois went to the store of Daily & Pratt, and awakened the two men in charge there, Duncan R. Kennedy and J. D. Boardman, and told them to flee for their lives. They hastily dressed and left the store, but had not gone ten rods, when they saw in the path before them three Indians. They stepped down from the path, which ran along the edge of a rise in the ground of some feet, and crouching in the grass, the Indians passed within eight feet of them. Kennedy went on toward Fort Ridgley, determined to reach that post if possible, and Boardman went to the warehouse. At the store of William H. Forbes, Constans, book-keeper, a native of France, was killed. At the store of Patoile, Peter *Patoile, clerk,* and nephew of the pro-

prietor, was shot just outside the store, the ball entering at the back and coming out near the nipple, passing through his lungs. An Indian came to him after he fell, turned him over, and saying "He is dead," left him.

They then turned their attention to the stores. The clerks in the store of Louis Robert had effected their escape, so that there were now no white men left, and when they had become absorbed in the work of plunder, Patoile crawled off into the bushes on the bank of the Yellow Medicine, and concealed himself. Here he remained all day Tuesday, in sight of the stores, which the savages were plundering, and at which they were engaged during the entire day. After dark he got up and started for a place of safety. Ascending the bluff, out of the Yellow Medicine bottom, he passed the Government warehouse and dwellings of the employees, half a mile distant from the trading-post. They had already been plundered and sacked. Patoile dragged himself a mile and a half further that night, to the Minnesota, at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine. Wading the Minnesota, he entered the house of Louis Labelle, a settler on the opposite side at the ford. It was deserted. Finding a bed in the house, he lay down upon it, and was soon asleep, and did not awake until morning, when two half-breeds, Joseph Laframbois and Narces Freniere, and an Indian, Makacaga, entered the house, and finding him there, awoke him, telling him there were hostile Indians about, and that he must go into a ravine near by and hide. They gave him a blanket to disguise himself, and going with him to the ravine, concealed him in the grass and left him, promising to return, as soon as it was safe to do so,

bring him food, and guide him away to the prairie. He lay in this ravine until toward night, when his friends, true to their promise, returned, bringing some crackers, tripe, and onions. They went with him some distance out on the prairie, and enjoining upon him not to attempt to go to Fort Ridgley, and giving him the best directions they could as to the course he should take, shook hands with him and left him. Their names should be inscribed upon tablets more enduring than brass. That night he slept on the prairie, and the next day resumed his wanderings, over an unknown region, without an inhabitant. After wandering for days without food or drink, his little stock of crackers and tripe being exhausted, he came to a deserted house, which he did not know. Here he remained all night, and obtained two raw potatoes and three ears of green corn. These he ate raw. It was all the food he had for eight days. Wandering, and unknowing whither to go, on the twelfth day out from Labelle's house, he heard the barking of dogs, and creeping nearer to them, still fearing there might be Indians about, he was overjoyed at seeing white men. Soon making himself and his condition known, he was taken and kindly cared for by these men, who had some days before deserted their farms, and had now returned to look after their crops and cattle. He now learned for the first time where he was. He had struck a settlement far up the Sauk Valley, some forty miles above St. Cloud. He must have wandered, in those twelve days of suffering, not less than two hundred miles, including deviations from a direct course.

He was taken by these men, in a wagon, to St. C[illegible] where his wound was dressed for the first time. [illegible]

St. Cloud the stage took him to St. Anthony, where he took the cars to St. Paul. The writer was well acquainted with him at Yellow Medicine, and met him in St. Paul, about an hour after his arrival in that city, as one risen from the dead. A case of equal suffering and equal endurance is scarcely to be found on record. With a bullet-wound through the lungs, he walked twelve days, not over a smooth and easy road, but across a trackless prairie, covered with rank grass, wading sloughs and streams on his way, almost without food, and for days without water, before he saw the face of a man, and then traveled, by wagon, stage, and cars, over one hundred miles.

His recovery was rapid, and he soon enlisted in the 1st Regiment Minnesota Mounted Rangers, under General Sibley, in the expedition against the Sioux. Patoile was in the battles on the Missouri in the summer of 1863, where his company—that of Captain Joseph Anderson—is mentioned as having fought with great bravery.

We now return to the warehouse at Yellow Medicine, which we left to follow the strange fortunes of young Patoile. Matters began to wear a serious aspect when Garvie came to them, mortally wounded. They laid him upon a lounge in Major Galbraith's parlor, and did all for him that the circumstances admitted. Other Day constantly on the watch outside, and reported the ess of affairs, keeping those within constantly d. Toward daylight every friendly Indian but had deserted them, and they then felt that their well-nigh hopeless, and began seriously to question of flight. The demoniac yells of

the savages came distinctly to their ears from the trading-post below, half a mile distant. They were absorbed in the work of plunder. The chances of escape were sadly against them, even if they made the attempt. To remain was certain destruction. They decided to make the attempt. Other Day knew every foot of the country over which they must pass, and would be their guide.

The teams were hastily harnessed to the wagons and driven to the door. A bed was placed in one of them; Garvie was laid upon it. The women and children provided a few loaves of bread, hastily taken; and, just as day dawned, the *cortège* started on its perilous way. Most of the men were compelled to walk. This party consisted of the family of Major Galbraith, wife, and three children; Nelson Givens, wife, and wife's mother, and three children; Noah Sinks, wife, and two children; Henry Eschele, wife, and five children; John Fadden, wife, and three children; Mr. German and wife; Frederick Patoile, wife, and two children; Mrs. Jane K. Murch, Miss Mary Charles, Miss Lizzie Sawyer, Miss Mary Daly, Miss Mary Hays, Mrs. Eleanor Warner, Mrs. John Other Day and one child, Mrs. Hanrahan, N. A. Miller, Edward Cramsie, Z. Hawkins, Oscar Canfil, Mr. Hill, an artist of St. Paul, J. D. Boardman, Parker Pierce, Dr. J. L. Wakefield, and several others, mostly young men, whose names we do not know.

They crossed the Minnesota at Labelle's farm, and soon turned into the timber on the Hawk River, crossed that stream at some distance above its mouth, and ascended from *the narrow valley* through which it runs

to the open prairie beyond, and followed down the Minnesota, keeping back on the prairie as far as the farm of Major J. R. Brown, eight miles below the Yellow Medicine. Mr. Fadden and Other Day visited the house, and found it deserted. A consultation then took place, for the purpose of deciding where they should go. Some of them wished to go to Fort Ridgley; others, to some town away from the frontier. Other Day told them that if they attempted to go to the fort they would all be killed, as the Indians would either be lying in ambush on that road for them, or would follow them, believing they would attempt to go there. His counsel prevailed, and they turned to the left, across the prairie, in the direction of the Kandiyohi Lakes and Glencoe. They traveled all day over the prairie without seeing a house, and, at night, prepared to bivouac on the prairie, when one of the party mounted a horse and rode forward, and found a house about a mile ahead. They hastened forward, and reached it in time to escape a furious storm which raged that night. They were kindly received by the only person about the premises, a man, whose family were away. Here they remained until the next morning. Soon after crossing Hawk River they were joined by Louis Labelle and Gertong, his son-in-law, who remained with them all that day.

On Wednesday morning they left the house of the friendly settler, and that night reached Cedar City, eleven miles from Hutchinson, in the county of McLeod. T[illegible] bitants had deserted the town, and gone to an Cedar Lake, and had erected a rude shelter. [illegible] shallow water, at one point, from the main- [illegible]*is* island. Through this water our escaping

party drove, guided by one of the citizens of Cedar City, and were cordially welcomed by the people assembled there.

That night it rained, and all were drenched to the skin. Poor Garvie was laid under a rude shed, upon his bed, and all was done for him that they could do; but, in the morning, it was evident that he could go no further, and he was taken to the house of a Mr. Peck, and left. He died there, a day or two afterward. Some of the company, who were so worn out as to be unable to go on beyond Hutchinson, returned to Cedar City, and saw that he was decently interred.

On Thursday they went on, by way of Hutchinson and Glencoe, to Carver, and thence to Shakopee and St. Paul. But for the unflinching devotion of Other Day (Ampatutokicha) and his wise guidance, they would all have been lost, as it has been since learned that Indians were on the fort road, who would undoubtedly have destroyed the entire party. Major Galbraith, in a report to the Department, says of this escape:

"Led by the noble Other Day, they struck out on the naked prairie, literally placing their lives in this faithful creature's hands, and guided by him, and *him alone*. After intense suffering and privation, they reached Shakopee, on Friday, the 22d of August, Other Day never leaving them for an instant; and this Other Day is a *pure, full-blooded Indian*, and was, not long since, one of the wildest and fiercest of his race. Poor, noble fellow! must he, too, be ostracized for the sins of his nation? I commend him to the care of a just God and a liberal government; and not only him, but all others who did likewise."

After a knowledge of the designs of the Indians

reached the people at the Agency, it was impossible for them to more than merely communicate with the two families at the saw-mill, three miles above, and with the families at the Mission. They were, therefore, reluctantly left to their fate. Early in the evening of Monday, two civilized Indians, Chaskada and Tankanxaceye, went to the house of Dr. Williamson, and warned them of their danger, informing them of what had occured below; and two half-breeds, Michael and Gabriel Renville, and two Christian Indians, Paul Mazakuta Mani and Simon Anaga Mani, went to the house of Mr. Riggs, the missionary, at Hazelwood, and gave them warning of the danger impending over them.

There were at this place, at that time, the family of the Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, Mr. H. D. Cunningham and family, Mr. D. W. Moore and his wife, (who reside in New Jersey), and Jonas Pettijohn and family. Mr. Pettijohn and wife were in charge of the Government school at Red Iron's village, and were now at Mr. Riggs's. They got up a team, and these friendly Indians went with them to an island in the Minnesota, about three miles from the Mission. Here they remained till Tuesday evening. In the afternoon of Tuesday, Andrew Hunter, a son-in-law of Dr. Williamson, came to them with the information that the family of himself and the Doctor were secreted below. The families at the saw-mill had been informed by the Renvilles, and were with the party of Dr. Williamson. At night they formed a junction on the north side of the Minnesota, and commenced their perilous journey. A thunder-storm effectually obliterated their tracks, so that the savages could not follow them. They started out on the prairie in a north-east-

erly direction, and, on Wednesday morning, changed their course south-easterly, till they struck the Lac qui Parle road, and then made directly for Fort Ridgley. On Wednesday they were joined by three Germans, who had escaped from Yellow Medicine. On Wednesday night they found themselves in the vicinity of the Upper Agency, and turned to the north again, keeping out on the prairie. On Friday they were in the neighborhood of Beaver Creek, when Dr. Williamson, who, with his wife and sister, had remained behind, overtook them in an ox-cart, having left about twenty-four hours later. They now determined to go to Fort Ridgley. When within a few miles of that post, just at night, they were discovered by two Indians on horseback, who rode along parallel with the train for awhile, and then turned and galloped away, and the fugitives hastened on, momentarily expecting an attack. Near the Three-Mile Creek they passed a dead body lying by the road-side. They drove on, passing the creek, and, turning to the left, passed out on the prairie, and halted a mile and a half from the fort. It was now late at night; they had heard firing, and had seen Indians in the vicinity. They were in doubt what to do. It was at length decided that Andrew Hunter should endeavor to enter the fort and ascertain its condition, and learn, if possible, whether they could get in. Hunter went, and, although it was well-nigh surrounded by savages (they had been besieging it all the afternoon), succeeded in crawling in on his hands and knees. He was told that it would be almost impossible for so large a party, forty-odd, to get through the Indian lines, and that he had better return and tell them to push on

toward the towns below. He left as he had entered, crawling out into the prairie, and reached his friends in safety. It seemed very hard, to be so near a place of fancied security, and obliged to turn away from it, and, weary and hungry, press on. Perils beset their path on every hand; dangers, seen and unseen, were around them; but commending themselves to the care of Him who "sufferеth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice," they resumed their weary march. They knew that all around them the work of death and desolation was going on, for the midnight sky, on every side, was red with the lurid flame of burning habitations. Strange sounds, as of voices of human beings in distress, greeted their ears, and turned the warm life-current, chilled and freezing, back upon their sinking hearts. They heard clearly, from out the gloom, the tramp of horses' feet, hurrying past them in the darkness; but they still pressed on. Soon their wearied animals gave out. Unhitching them from the vehicles, they were turned out to graze, and the well-nigh exhausted fugitives, again commending themselves to the fatherly care of a loving God, bivouacked for the night. With the early dawn, they were again upon the move. They were now some eight miles from the fort, in the direction of Henderson. Here, four men, the three Germans who had joined them on Wednesday, and a young man named Gilligan, left them. [illegible]nt off in the direction of New Ulm. They [illegible]ted with in vain, and had gone scarcely [illegible]r a swell in the prairie, when guns were [illegible] direction. The bodies of these unfortu- [illegible] afterward found, and buried there,

They traveled on in the direction of Henderson, slowly and painfully, for their teams, as well as themselves, were nearly exhausted. That day the savages were beleaguering New Ulm, and the sounds of the conflict were borne faintly to their ears upon the breeze. They had flour with them, but no means of cooking it, and were, consequently, much of the time without proper food. On the afternoon of this day they came to a deserted house, on the road from Fort Ridgley to Henderson, the house of Michael Cummings, where they found a stove, cooking utensils, and a jar of cream. Obtaining some ears of corn from the field or garden near by, and "confiscating" the cream, they prepared themselves the first good meal they had had since leaving their homes so hastily on Monday night.

After refreshing themselves and their worn animals at this place for some hours, their journey was again resumed. That night they slept in a forsaken house on the prairie, and, on Sabbath morning early, were again on their way. As they proceeded, they met some of the settlers returning to their deserted farms, and calling a halt at a deserted house, where they found a large company of people, they concluded to remain until Monday, and recuperate themselves and teams, as well as to observe in a proper manner the holy Sabbath. On Monday morning they separated, part going to Henderson and part to St. Peter, all feeling that the All-seeing Eye that never slumbers or sleeps had watched over them, and that the loving hand of God had guided them safely through the dangers, seen and unseen, that had beset their path.

Mr. Jonas Pettijohn, one of this party, relates an

occurrence which, if it does not conclusively prove, yet is very strong presumptive evidence of, the existence of a conspiracy which extended to the Upper Sioux. Mr. P. was removing to the vicinity of St. Peter, and, on Monday, the 18th of August, had employed some Indians of Red Iron's band to take some of his goods down to the Hazelwood Mission. An old chief of one of the bands near his place had loaned him a pony to take his wife down, and he had started on his way, when he met a son of Mr. Riggs, on the way up after him. He gave Mrs. Pettijohn in charge of young Riggs, and himself turned back for the rest of his goods; this was nearly fifty miles above the Lower Agency, where such bloody scenes were being enacted. Two Indians of Red Iron's band got into the wagon, and rode with him. They told him that the whites below were all being killed that day, and that the Indians were going to fight very hard. Mr. Pettijohn did not believe the story, and jocularly inquired if *they* were going to fight. They replied that they did not know.

When on the way down, two others, armed with guns, got into his wagon, and rode down with him. When asked why they were going below, they replied, "We are hungry for tobacco, and are going down to get some." About nine o'clock, when one and a half miles from the Mission, he met the two Indians who had been down with his goods returning. It was dark, and, as the teams approached, Pettijohn distinctly heard the rascals, who were sitting in the wagon behind him, cock their guns, and say, in a whisper, "There comes some one."

The two with the oxen, who had been down with the goods, came up, and, taking the horses by their heads, ordered Pettijohn to get out. When he remonstrated, and inquired what they meant, they replied: "Get out, and keep quiet, or we will kill you; the whites are all to be killed, and we want these horses and this wagon." Making a merit of necessity, he obeyed. They gave him the chief's pony, which they were taking back with them, told him to take a by-road to the Mission, or he would be killed; and all four of the Indians left. Arriving at the house of Mr. Riggs, he learned that they had already been informed of the state of affairs below. About one o'clock that night they all went on the island. Mr. Pettijohn had resided among the Sioux for a long time, and, doubtless, owes his life to some feeling of personal friendship on the part of these Indians.

In the region of the State above the Upper Agency there were but few white inhabitants. Of all those residing on the Chippewa River, near its mouth, we can hear of but one who escaped, and he was wounded, while his comrade, who lived with him, was killed. This man joined the party of the missionaries, and got away with them.

On the Yellow Medicine, above the Agency about twelve miles, was a settler named James W. Lindsay. He was unmarried, and another single man was "baching it" with him. They were both killed. Their nearest white neighbors were at the Agency, and they could not be warned of their danger, and knew nothing of it until the savages were upon them.

## CHAPTER VI.

Leopold Wohler and Wife—Major Brown's family—Charles Blair—Capture of the party from Brown's—Escape of Blair from Little Crow's village to Fort Ridgley—The Ingalls family—Sad fate of the two little boys—The Frace family—Leavenworth—Murder of the Blum family—Death of Philetus Jackson—Statement of Mrs. Mary J. Covill—Escape of Charles Smith and others—Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Hill, and Mr. Henshaw—Murder of Henshaw—Escape of the two women—Adventures of John Jackson—Story of Mrs. Laura Whiton—Elijah Whiton—He meets William J. Duly, of Lake Shetek—Killing of Whiton and escape of Duly—Adventures of Mrs. Harrington—Killing of the Heyen family—Fiendish barbarity—Milford—The Massipost family—The Haaleys—Bastian Mey and family—Adolph Shilling and his Daughter killed—The Zeller and Zettle families all killed—Jacob Keck and others—Charles Zierke—The Browns—Nicollet County—William Mills—Lieutenant Sheehan—West Newton—Lafayette—Courtland—Swan Lake—Partial list of the killed in Nicollet County—Charles Nelson—Extract of letter from Captain Chittenden—Death of Jacob Mauerle—Murder of Felix Smith—Indians scouring the country—A scouting party seen at St. Peter.

THE news of the murders below reached Leopold Wohler at the "lime-kiln," three miles below Yellow Medicine, on Monday afternoon. Taking his wife, he crossed the Minnesota River, and went to the house of Major Joseph R. Brown.

Major Brown's family consisted of his wife and nine children; Angus Brown and wife, and Charles Blair, [illegible]-in-law, his wife, and two children. The Major [illegible]lf was away from home. Including Wohler and [illegible]ife, there were then at their house, on the even[illegible]he 18th of August, eighteen persons.

They started, early on the morning of the 19th, to make their escape, with one or two others of their neighbors, Charles Holmes, a single man, residing on a claim above them, being of the party. They were overtaken or met that morning, down toward Beaver Creek, by Indians, and all of the Brown family captured, as well as Mr. Blair and his family, and Mrs. Wohler, and taken at once to Little Crow's village. Messrs. Wohler and Holmes escaped. Major Brown's family were of mixed Indian blood, his wife being a Sioux woman. This fact, probably, accounts for their saving the life of Blair, who was a white man.

Crow told him to go away, as his young men were going to kill him; and he made his escape to Fort Ridgley, being out some five days and nights without food. When he entered that post, he was completely exhausted, and yet Lieutenant Sheehan, then in command, immediately arrested and confined him, charging him with being a spy, because he had a wife of mixed blood, and came from the camp of Little Crow. Mr. Blair was in poor health. The hardships he endured were too much for his already shattered constitution; and, although he escaped the tomahawk and scalping-knife, he was soon numbered among the victims of the massacre.

J. H. Ingalls, a Scotchman, who resided in this neighborhood, and his wife, were killed, and their four children taken into captivity. Two of them, young girls, aged twelve and fourteen years, were rescued at Camp Release, and the two little boys were taken away by Little Crow. Poor little fellows! their fate is still shrouded in mystery. A Mr. Frace, residing near

Brown's place, was also killed. His wife and two children were found at Camp Release.

The town of Leavenworth was situated on the Cottonwood, in the county of Brown. Word was brought to some of the settlers in that town, on Monday afternoon, that the Indians had broken out and were killing the inhabitants on the Minnesota. They immediately began to make preparations to leave. Mr. William Carroll started at once for New Ulm alone, to learn the facts of the rumored outbreak. The most of the inhabitants, alarmed by these rumors, fled that night toward New Ulm. Some of them reached that town in safety, and some were waylaid and massacred upon the road.

The family of a Mr. Blum, a worthy German citizen, were all, except a small boy, killed while endeavoring to escape. On Tuesday morning, Mr. Philetus Jackson was killed, while on the way to town with his wife and son. Mrs. Jackson and the young man escaped.

We insert here the statements of two ladies, who escaped from this neighborhood, as they detail very fully the events of several days in that locality. Mrs. Mary J. Covill, wife of George W. Covill, says:

"On Monday, the 18th of August, messengers came to the house of Luther Whiton, from both above and below, with a report of an outbreak of the Indians. My husband was at Mr. Whiton's, stacking grain. He came home about four o'clock P. M., and told me about it, and then went back to Whiton's, [illegible] a mile away, to get a Mr. Riant, who had recently come from the State of Maine, to take his team and escape. I [illegible] a trunk with clothing, and hid it in the grass, and then myself to Whiton's, as I was afraid to remain at the house. [illegible]*iant got up his* team, and taking his two trunks—one of

them containing over two thousand dollars in gold—took us all with him. There was a family at Mr. Whiton's from Tennessee, and a young child of theirs had died that day. The poor woman took her dead child in her arms, and we all started across the prairie, avoiding the road, for Mankato. We camped that night about three miles from home, on the prairie; and seeing no fires, as of burning buildings, returned to the house of our neighbor, Van Guilder, and found that the settlers had nearly all left. Mr. Van Guilder and family, Edward Allen and wife, Charles Smith and family, and Mrs. Carroll, were all we knew of, that remained.

"We started on, thinking that we would overtake the Leavenworth party, who had been gone about an hour. We had gone about two and a half miles, when we saw, ahead of us, a team, with two men in the wagon, who drove toward us until they got into a hollow, and then got out and went behind a knoll. We drove quite near them, when Mr. Covill discovered them to be Indians. Riant turned his horses round and fled, when they jumped up out of the grass, whooped, and fired at us. They then jumped into their wagon and followed. Mr. Covill had the only gun in the party that could be used, and kept it pointed at the Indians as we retreated. They fired at us some half-dozen times, but, fortunately, without injuring any one.

"We drove hastily back to the house of Mr. Van Guilder, and entered it as quickly as possible, the savages firing upon us all the time. Mr. Van Guilder had just started away, with his family, as we came back, and returned to the house with us. A shot from the Indians broke the arm of his mother, an aged lady, soon after we got into the house, as she was passing a window. In our haste, we had not stopped to hitch the horses, and they soon started off, and the Indians followed. As they were going over a hill near the house, they shook a white cloth at us, and, whooping, disappeared. There were in this company—after Riant was gone, who left us, and hid in a slough—fifteen persons. We immediately started out on the prairie again. We had now only the ox-team of Van Guilder, and the most of us were compelled to walk. His mother, some small children, and some trunks, made a wagon-load. The dead child, which the mother had brought back to the *house* with her, was left lying upon the

table. It was afterward found, *with its head severed from its body* by the fiends. S. L. Wait and Luther Whiton, who had concealed themselves in the grass when they saw the Indians coming, joined us. Mrs. A. B. Hough and infant child were with the family of Van Guilder. These made our number up to fifteen. We traveled across the prairie all day without seeing any Indians, and, at night, camped on the Little Cottonwood. We waded the stream, and made our camp on the opposite side, in the tall grass and reeds. We reached this spot on Tuesday night, and remained there till Friday afternoon, without food, save a little raw flour, which we did not dare to cook, for fear the smoke would reveal our whereabouts to the savages, when a company from New Ulm rescued us.

"On Wednesday night, after dark, Covill and Wait started for New Ulm, to get a party to come out to our aid, saying they would be back the next day. That night, and nearly all the next day, it rained. At about daylight the next day, when just across the Big Cottonwood, five miles from New Ulm, they heard an Indian whooping in their rear, and turned aside into some hazel-bushes, where they lay all day. At the place where they crossed the river they found a fish-rack in the water, and in it caught a fish. Part of this they ate raw that day. It was now Thursday, and they had eaten nothing since Monday noon. They started again at dark, for New Ulm. When near the graveyard, two miles from the town, an Indian, with grass tied about his head, arose from the ground and attempted to head them off. They succeeded in evading him, and got in about ten o'clock. When about entering the place, they were fired upon by the pickets, which alarmed the town, and when they got in, all was in commotion, to meet an expected attack.

"The next morning, one hundred and fifty men, under Captain Tousley, of Le Sueur, and S. A. Buell, of St. Peter, started to our relief, reaching our place of concealment about two o'clock. [illegible] us food, of which our famished party eagerly par- were accompanied by Dr. A. W. Daniels, of St. [illegible] Mayo, of Le Sueur. They went on toward Lea- ding to remain there all night, bury the dead, found, the next day, rescue any who might remain

alive, and then return. They buried the Blum family of six persons that afternoon, and then concluded to return that night. We reached New Ulm before midnight. Mr. Van Guilder's mother died soon after we got into town, from the effects of her wound and the exposure to which she had been subjected.

"At about the same time that we returned to the house of Mr. Van Guilder, on Tuesday, Charles Smith and family, Edward Allen and wife, and Mrs. Carroll, had left it, and reached New Ulm, without seeing Indians, about half an hour before the place was attacked. The same day, William Carroll, with a party of men, came to the house for us, found Mr. Riant, who was concealed in a slough, and started back toward New Ulm. But few of them reached the town alive."

An account of the adventures of this company, and its fate, will be found elsewhere, in the statement of Ralph Thomas, one of the party.

On Monday, the 18th of August, two women, Mrs. Harrington and Mrs. Hill, residing on the Cottonwood, below Leavenworth, heard of the outbreak, and prevailed upon a Mr. Henshaw, a single man, living near them, to harness up his team and take them away, as their husbands were absent from home. Mrs. Harrington had two children; Mrs. Hill none. They had gone but a short distance when they were overtaken by Indians. Mr. Henshaw was killed, and Mrs. Harrington was badly wounded, the ball passing through her shoulder. She had just sprung to the ground with her youngest child in her arms; one of its arms was thrown over her shoulder, and the ball passed through its little hand, lacerating it dreadfully. The Indians were intent upon securing the team, and the women were not followed, and escaped. Securing the horses, they drove *away in an opposite* direction.

Mrs. Harrington soon became faint, from the loss of blood; and Mrs. Hill, concealing her near a slough, took the eldest child and started for New Ulm. Before reaching that place, she met John Jackson and William Carroll, who resided on the Cottonwood, above them; and, telling them what had happened, they put her on one of their horses, and turned back with her to the town.

On the next day, Tuesday, Mr. Jackson was one of the party with Carroll, heretofore mentioned, that went out to Leavenworth, and visited the house of Van Guilder, in search of their families. When that party turned back to New Ulm, Jackson did not go with them, but went to his own house to look for his wife, who had already left. He visited the houses of most of his neighbors, and, finding no one, started back alone. When near the house of Mr. Hill, between Leavenworth and New Ulm, on the river, he saw what he supposed were white men at the house, but, when within a few rods of them, discovered that they were Indians. The moment he made this discovery he turned to flee to the woods near by. They fired upon him, and gave chase, but he outran them, and reached the timber unharmed. Here he remained concealed until late at night, when he made his way back to town, where he found his wife, who, with others of their neighbors, had fled on the first alarm, and reached the village in safety. Mrs. Laura Whiton, widow of Elijah Whiton, of Leavenworth, Brown County, makes the following statement:

"*We had* resided on our claim, in Leavenworth, a little over *years. There* were in our family, on the 18th of August,

1862, four persons—Mr. Whiton, myself, and two children—a son of sixteen years, and a daughter nine years of age. On Monday evening, the 18th of August, a neighbor, Mr. Jackson, and his son, a young boy, who resided three miles from our place, came to our house in search of their horses, and told us that the Indians had murdered a family on the Minnesota River, and went away. We saw no one, and heard nothing more until Thursday afternoon following, about four o'clock, when about a dozen Indians were seen coming from the direction of the house of a neighbor named Heydrick, whom they were chasing. Heydrick jumped off a bridge across a ravine, and, running down the ravine, concealed himself under a log, where he remained until eight o'clock, when he came out, and made his escape into New Ulm.

"The savages had already slain all his family, consisting of his wife and two children. Mr. Whiton, who was at work near the door at the time, came into the house, but even then did not believe there was any thing serious, supposing Heydrick was unnecessarily frightened. But when he saw them leveling their guns at him, he came to the conclusion that we had better leave. He loaded his double-barreled gun, and we all started for the timber. After reaching the woods, Mr. Whiton left us to go to the house of his brother Luther, a single man, to see what had become of him, telling us to remain where we were until he came back. We never saw him again. After he left us, not daring to remain where we were, we forded the river, (Cottonwood,) and hid in the timber, on the opposite side, where we remained until about eight o'clock, when we started for New Ulm.

"While we lay concealed in the woods, we heard the Indians driving up our oxen, and yoking them up. They hitched them to our wagon, loaded it up with our trunks, bedding, etc., and drove away. We went out on the prairie, and walked all night and all the next day, arriving at New Ulm at about dark on Friday, the 22d. About midnight, on Thursday night, as we were fleeing along the road, we passed the bodies of the family of our neighbor, Blum, lying dead by the road-side. They had started to make their escape to town, but were overtaken by the savages upon the road, and all but a little boy most brutally murdered.

"Mr. Whiton returned home, from his visit to the house of

his brother, which he found deserted, and found that our house had already been plundered. He then went to the woods to search for us. He remained in the timber, prosecuting his search, until Saturday, without food; and, failing to find us, he came to the conclusion that we were either killed or in captivity, and then himself started for New Ulm. On Saturday night, when traveling across the prairie, he came suddenly upon a camp of Indians, but they did not see him, and he beat as hasty a retreat as possible from their vicinity.

"When near the Lone Cottonwood Tree, on Sunday morning, he fell in with William J. Duly, who had made his escape from Lake Shetek. They traveled along together till they came to the house of Mr. Henry Thomas, six miles from our farm, in the town of Milford. This house had evidently been deserted by the family in great haste, for the table was spread for a meal, and the food remained untouched upon it. Here they sat down to eat, neither of them having had any food for a long time. While seated at the table, two Indians came to the house; and, as Mr. Whiton arose and stepped to the stove for some water, they came into the door, one of them saying, '*Da mea tepee.*' [This is my house.] There was no way of escape, and Mr. Whiton, thinking to propitiate him, said 'Come in.' Mr. Duly was sitting partly behind the door, and was, probably, unobserved. The savage made no answer, but instantly raised his gun, and shot him through the heart. They then both went into the corn. Duly was unarmed; and, when Mr. Whiton was killed, took his gun and ran out of the house, and concealed himself in the bushes near by.

"While lying here he could hear the Indians yelling and firing their guns in close proximity to his place of concealment. After awhile he ventured out. Being too much exhausted to carry it he threw away the gun, and that night arrived at New Ulm, without again encountering Indians."

We now return to Mrs. Harrington, whom, the reader will remember, we left badly wounded, concealed near a slough. We regret our inability to obtain a full narrative of her wanderings during the eight succeeding

days and nights she spent alone upon the prairie, carrying her wounded child. We can only state, in general terms, that, after wandering for eight weary days and nights, without food or shelter, unknowing whither, early on the morning of Tuesday, the 26th, before daylight, she found herself at Crisp's farm, midway between New Ulm and Mankato. The forces under Judge Flandrau had evacuated the first-named town on Monday morning, and were then encamped at Crisp's place. As she approached the pickets in the darkness, she mistook them for Indians, and, when hailed by them, was so frightened as not to recognize the English language, and, intent only on saving her life, told them she was a Sioux. Two guns were instantly leveled at her, but, providentially, both missed fire, when an exclamation from her led them to think she was *white*, and a woman, and they went out to her. Finding the impression correct, she was taken into the camp, and all done for her by Judge Flandrau and his men that could be done. They took her to Mankato, and soon after she was reunited with her husband, who was below at the time of the outbreak, and also found the child which Mrs. Hil. took with her to New Ulm. As soon thereafter as Mrs. Harrington was able to travel, the whole family, utterly destitute, left the State, and went to their friends in Wisconsin.

Six miles from New Ulm there lived, on the Cottonwood, in the county of Brown, a German family, of the name of Heyers, consisting of the father, mother, and two sons, both young men. A burial party that went out from New Ulm on Friday, the 22d, found them all murdered, and buried them near where they were killed.

They were probably killed on Monday or Tuesday, as decomposition was far advanced when they were found. The poor woman had been most horribly and shockingly outraged and mutilated by the infernal devils, who, not content with the violation of her person and the taking of her life, superadded an act of fiendishness of a most dreadful, but *nameless* character.

The town of Milford, Brown County, adjoins New Ulm on the west, and is contiguous to the reservation. It was a farming community, composed entirely of Germans. A quiet, sober, industrious, and enterprising class of emigrants had here made their homes, and the prairie wilderness around them began to "bud and blossom like the rose." Industry and thrift had brought their sure reward, and peace, contentment, and happiness filled the breasts of this simple-hearted people. The noble and classic Rhine and the vine-clad hills of Fatherland were almost forgotten, or, if not forgotten, were now remembered without regret, in these fair prairie homes, beneath the glowing and genial sky of Minnesota. It was a picture, this peaceful German community, worthy the pencil of a Hogarth or the pen of a Bryant—a picture which, once seen, is forever mirrored on the heart.

When the sun arose on the morning of the 18th of August, 1862, it looked down upon this scene in all its glowing beauty; but its declining rays fell upon a field of carnage and horror too fearful to describe. The council at Rice Creek, on Sunday night, had decided upon the details of the work of death, and the warriors of the lower bands were early on the trail, thirsting for blood. Early in the forenoon of Monday

they appeared in large numbers in this neighborhood, and the work of slaughter began. The first house visited was that of Wilson Massipost, a prominent and influential citizen, who was a widower. Mr. Massipost had two daughters, young ladies, intelligent and accomplished. These the savages murdered most brutally. The head of one of them was afterward found, severed from the body, attached to a fish-hook, and hung upon a nail. His son, a young man of twenty-four years, was also killed. Mr. Massipost and a son of eight years escaped to New Ulm. The house of Anton Hanley was likewise visited. Mr. Hanley was absent. The children, four in number, were beaten with tomahawks on the head and person, inflicting fearful wounds. Two of them were killed outright, and one, an infant, recovered; the other, a young boy, was taken by the parents, at night, to New Ulm, thence to St. Paul, where he died of his wounds. After killing these children, they proceeded to the field near by, where Mrs. Hanley, her father, Anton Mesmer, his wife, son Joseph, and daughter, were at work harvesting wheat, and instantly shot them all but Mrs. Hanley, who escaped to the woods and secreted herself till night, when her husband came home, and they took their two wounded children and made their escape. At the house of Agrenatz Hanley they also killed all the children. The parents escaped.

Bastian Mey, wife, and two children were massacred in their house, and three children terribly mutilated, who afterward recovered.

Adolph Shilling and his daughter were killed; badly wounded, escaped with his mother. Tw

lies, those of a Mr. Zeller and a Mr. Bettle, were completely annihilated; not a soul was left to tell the tale of their sudden destruction. Jacob Keck, Max Fink, and a Mr. Belzer were also victims of savage barbarity at this place. There were, doubtless, others, whose names we could not obtain, who shared the same terrible fate. After killing the inhabitants, they plundered and sacked the houses, destroying all the property they could not carry away, driving away all the horses and cattle, and when night closed over the dreadful scene, desolation and death reigned supreme.

There resided, on the Big Cottonwood, between New Ulm and Lake Shetek, a German named Charles Zierke, familiarly known throughout all that region as "Dutch Charley." On the same road resided an old gentleman, and his son and daughter, named Brown. These adventurous pioneers lived many miles from any other human habitation, and kept houses of entertainment on that lonely road. This last-named house was known as "Brown's place." It is not known to us when the savages came to these isolated dwellings. We only know that the mutilated bodies of all three of the Brown family were found, and buried, some miles from their house. Zierke and his family made their escape toward New Ulm, and, when near that town, were pursued and overtaken by the Indians on the prairie. By sharp running, Zierke escaped to the town, but his wife and children, together with his team, were taken by them. Returning afterward with a party of men, the savages abandoned the captured team, woman, and ren, and they were recovered, and all taken into Ulm in safety. It will be noticed by the reader

of the personal narratives in this work, that these two places are referred to by Mrs. Eastlick and Mrs. Hurd. It was at Brown's that the soldiers found them.

The frontier of Nicollet County contiguous to the reservation was not generally visited by the savages until Tuesday, the 19th, and the succeeding days of that week. The people had, generally, in the mean time, sought safety in flight, and were principally in the town of St. Peter. A few, however, remained at their homes, in isolated localities, where the news of the awful scenes enacting around them did not reach them; or, who, having removed their families to places of safety, returned to look after their property. These generally fell victims to the rifle and tomahawk of the savage. The destruction of life in this county was, however, trifling, compared with her sister counties of Brown and Renville; but the loss of property was immense. The entire west half of the county was, of necessity, abandoned and completely desolated. The ripened grain-crop was, much of it, uncut and wasted in the field, while horses and cattle and sheep and hogs roamed unrestrained, at will, over the unharvested fields. And, to render the ruin complete, the savage hordes swept over this portion of the county, gathering up horses and cattle, shooting swine and sheep, and all other stock that they could not catch; finishing the work of ruin by applying the torch to the stacks of hay and grain, and, in some instances, to the dwellings of the settlers.

William Mills kept a public house in the town of West Newton, four miles from Fort Ridgley, on the St. Peter road. Mr. Mills heard of the outbreak of the Sioux on Monday, and at once took the necessary steps

to secure the safety of his family, by sending them across the prairie, to a secluded spot, at a slough, some three miles from his house. Leaving a span of horses and a wagon with them, he instructed them, if it should seem necessary to their safety, to drive as rapidly as possible to Henderson. He then went to Fort Ridgley, to possess himself, if possible, of the exact state of affairs. At night he visited his house, to obtain some articles of clothing for his family, and carried them out to their place of concealment, and went again to the fort, where he remained until Tuesday morning, when he started out to his family, thinking he would send them to Henderson, and return and assist in the defense of that post. Soon after leaving the fort, he met Lieutenant T. J. Sheehan and his company, on their way back to that post. Sheehan roughly demanded of him where he was going. He replied that he was going to send his family to a place of safety, and return. The *brave* lieutenant, with an oath, wrested from him his gun, the only weapon of defense he had, and took it away with him, thus leaving him defenseless. Left thus unarmed and powerless, he took his family and hastened to Henderson, arriving there that day in safety.

A few Indians were seen in the neighborhood of West Newton on Monday afternoon, on horseback, but at a distance on the prairie. The most of the inhabitants fled to the fort on that day; a few remained at their homes, and some fled to St. Peter and Henderson. The town of Lafayette was, in like manner, deserted on Monday and Monday night, the inhabitants by making for St. Peter. Courtland Township, near New Ulm, caught the contagion, and her

people, too, fled—the women and children going to St. Peter, while many of her brave sons rushed to the defense of New Ulm, and, in that terrible siege, bore a conspicuous and honorable part.

As the *cortège* of panic-stricken fugitives poured along the various roads leading to the towns below, on Monday night and Tuesday, indescribable terror seized the inhabitants; and the rapidly-accumulating human tide, gathering force and numbers as it moved across the prairie, rolled an overwhelming flood into and through the towns along the river. Swan Lake, and, indeed, the entire county of Nicollet outside of St. Peter, was depopulated, and their crops and herds left by the inhabitants to destruction. The Indians followed closely on the heels of the flying fugitives, desolating the country as they went, and murdering any who had unwisely remained behind, or returned to their homes to look after their property. There were killed in all, in this county, some thirty persons.

The following is a partial list of the victims: Christian Richter, Max Hack, Frederick Gotleib Gerboth, John Schwartz, Christopher Applebaum, John Applebaum, August Nierenz, William Sonenburg, Felix Smith, John Summers, Jacob Mauerle, and —— Richter. Four persons, names not known, were killed near Fort Ridgley. Three—an old man named John Schartz, his wife Anna Maria, and daughter Catharine, escaping from Lafayette—were killed on the road, at the house of the Applebaums. The wife of Charles Nelson, a Norwegian, was killed at Norwegian Grove. They were at home, when the savages came upon them and murdered *Mrs. Nelson*. The boys ran into the

corn and hid, and Nelson made his escape to Henderson, supposing his family were all killed.

On the arrival of a force of mounted men, under Captains Anson Northrup, of Minneapolis, and R. H. Chittenden, of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, at Henderson, on the way to Fort Ridgley—the same men who so gallantly relieved that post—they found the country in great alarm, and the place full of refugees. They met Charles Nelson here, and, on consultation, decided to proceed to St. Peter, where they were to report to Colonel Sibley, by the way of Norwegian Grove. Securing the services of Nelson, John Fadden, and one or two others, familiar with the country, they set out for the grove.

Captain Chittenden, in a letter to the New Haven *Palladium*, written soon after, says:

"The prairie was magnificent, but quite deserted. Sometimes a dog stared at us as we passed; but even the brutes seemed conscious of a terrible calamity. At two o'clock we reached the Grove, which surrounded a lake. The farms were in a fine state of cultivation; and, strange to say, although the houses were in ruins, the grain-stacks were untouched. Reapers stood in the field as the men had left them. Cows wandered over the prairie in search of their masters. Nelson led the way to the spot where he had been overtaken in attempting to escape with his wife and children. We found his wagon; the ground was strewn with articles of apparel, his wife's bonnet, boxes, yarn, in fact every thing they had hastily gathered up. But the wife and boys were gone. Her he had seen them murder, but the children had run into the corn-field. He had also secreted a woman and child under a hay-stack. We went and turned it over; they were gone. I then so arranged the troops that, by marching abreast, we made a thorough search of the corn-field. No clue to his boys could be found. Passing *still-burning* embers of his neighbors' dwellings, we came to

**Nelson's own, the only one still standing. . . . . The heart-broken man closed the gate, and turned away without a tear; then simply asked Sergeant Thompson when he thought it would be safe to return. I must confess that, accustomed as I am to scenes of horror, the tears would come."**

The troops, taking Nelson with them, proceeded to St. Peter, where he found the dead body of his wife, which had been carried there by some of his neighbors, and his children, *alive*. They had fled through the corn, and escaped from their savage pursuers.

Jacob Mauerle had taken his family down to St. Peter, and returned on Friday to his house, in West Newton, to look after his crops and cattle. The house was, as yet, undisturbed; and he had tied some clothing in a bundle, and started for the fort, when he was shot and scalped, some eighty rods from the house. The bundle was found by his side, undisturbed.

The two Applebaums were evidently fleeing to St. Peter when overtaken by the Indians and killed. One of them was found within five miles of that town, on or near the New Ulm road; and the other within some eight miles, on the Fort Ridgley road.

Felix Smith had escaped to Fort Ridgley, and, on Wednesday forenoon, went out to his house, some three miles away. The Indians attacked the fort that afternoon, and he was killed in endeavoring to get back into that post, when within half a mile of it. A man, whose name we are unable to give, was with him, and shared his fate. Both were subsequently found, and buried where they fell.

Small parties of Indians scoured the country between Fort Ridgley, St. Peter, and Henderson, during the first

week of the massacre, driving away cattle and burning buildings, within twelve miles of the first-named place. The Swan Lake House was laid in ashes. A scouting party of six savages were seen by General M. B. Stone, upon the bluff, in sight of the town of St. Peter, on Friday, the 22d day of August, the very day they were making their most furious and determined assault upon Fort Ridgley.

This scouting party had, doubtless, been detached from the main force then besieging that post, and sent forward, under the delusion that the fort *must* fall into their hands, to reconnoiter, and report to Little Crow the condition of the place, and the ability of the people to defend themselves. But they failed to take Fort Ridgley, and, on the 22d, their scouts saw a large body of troops, under Colonel Sibley, enter St. Peter.

## CHAPTER VII.

**Big Stone Lake—The Whites killed—Wonderful escape of Baptiste Gubeau—Anton Manderfeld—Lake Shetek—Names of the Settlers—Population of Murray County—Mrs. Alomina Hurd escapes with her two children—Mrs. Koch: her Woman's Wit: she secures the Friendship of a Squaw, and together they escape—The Settlers assemble at the house of John Wright—They start for the Settlements on the Minnesota, and are overtaken by the Indians—The Battle—The Whites defeated, and many of them killed—Mrs. Julia A. Wright, Mrs. Koch and Mrs. Duly, and their children, captured—Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Duly taken to the Missouri: subsequently ransomed by Major Galpin—The brothers Burns—Spirit Lake—Massacre in Jackson County—Dakota Territory—Statement of Henry Masters—Murders at Sioux Falls—The Mail-carrier—Depopulation of the Country—Destruction of Property.**

THERE were at Big Stone Lake, at the time of the outbreak, four trading-houses, belonging to Louis Robert, William H. Forbes, Dailys, Pratt & Co., and Nathan Myrick. The men in charge of these houses, in the heart of the Indian country, are usually either the old French *habitués* of the Indian trading-posts, or half-breed natives of the country.

The store of Dailys, Pratt & Co. was in charge of Mr. Ryder, of St. Paul. The others were in the care of some Frenchmen and half-breeds, in whom the proprietors had the fullest confidence, having employed them for years.

Major Galbraith had contracted with George Loth to erect some buildings, burn some coal, and cut hay, at this point, *for the Government*. Mr. Loth, with four

men, was at work, under his contract, at the time the massacre.

On Thursday, the 21st of August, while these n were quietly at work, utterly unsuspicious of dan they were suddenly fallen upon and mercilessly but ered, one only—Anton Manderfeld—escaping. clerks and others at the stores were, in like mann attacked, and all killed but one, a half-breed, nam Baptiste Gubeau. Him they took prisoner, and, ty his hands behind him with strings of raw-hide, setting him in the midst of them, danced wildly arou their victim, telling him they had killed all his co rades, and that when the sun should disappear in west, he must follow them on their trail of blood, the land of the "Great Spirit."

Gubeau was born among them; he knew all th ways, and he knew, too, his own powers. So he mained calm and cool, in the midst of their sav orgies, watching, with the eye of a lynx, their ev movement. His opportunity came at last. His sav captors were off their guard. He was lithe of li and fleet of foot, and, bound as he was, at a sin spring he cleared the ring of yelling demons, and, fore they had recovered from their astonishment, beyond their grasp, fleeing over the prairie with speed of the hunted stag. In another moment whole pack of painted devils were yelling on his tra On they came: shot after shot was sent after hi but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for they histled harmlessly past him, and he still sped sweet boon of *life* was before, and death, by *horrible* tortures that Indian ingenuity could

vent, was behind him. Baptiste was running directly toward the lake, on the margin of which was a thick growth of tall reeds and grass. In these he felt that he would be comparatively safe, and he was straining every nerve to reach the water. The savages divined his intent, and, dividing, sought to head him off. The race became a close and desperate one. The Indians were pushing out, right and left, to get ahead of him; but Gubeau knew that his life depended upon reaching the water first, and, summoning to his aid his utmost powers, flew over the plain like the flight of an arrow, and reaching the shore of the lake before his pursuers gained the overhanging bank above and below him, dashed into the thick reeds, and was hidden from their sight, just as their yell of rage and disappointment burst upon his ear, close behind him. Wading noiselessly out into the water, until his head alone was above the surface, he remained perfectly still for some time. The water soon rendered the dry strings of rawhide on his wrists soft and pliable, and they were easily removed. The Indians sought for him in vain. He could hear them all round him; but, as the shades of night began to gather, they abandoned the search, and returned to their villages. Gubeau then came out of his hiding-place, and, crossing the foot of the lake, struck out into the prairie in the direction of the Upper Mississippi. After wandering over the prairie, without food, for several days, he came in sight of the town of St. Cloud, and began to feel that he was safe. But he had scarcely entered the place when he found himself seized by an infuriated crowd of people, and threatened with instant *death* as an Indian spy. In vain he

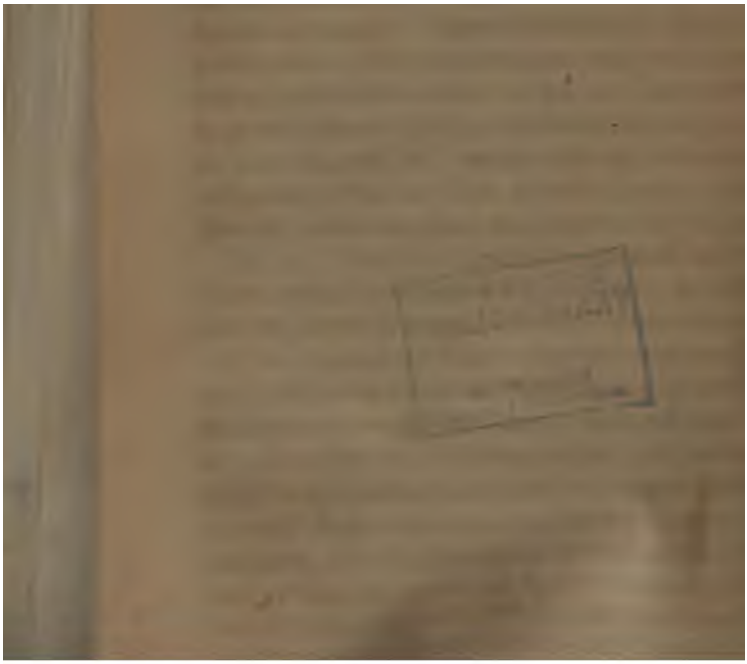
told them the story of his escape, and, (which was true), how, on the way, he had guided a German family toward a place of safety. They would not believe him. The blood of the Sioux race ran in his veins, and he must die. He was finally saved from their blind fury by the interposition of a gentleman who knew him.

We return now to the lake. When the attack was made upon the stores and employees of the traders, several men in the employ of Robert were cutting hay. It was here that Gubeau escaped. The names of the persons in the employ of Mr. R., killed here, were as follows: Patnode, Laundre, and Pashette, all Frenchmen. We could not learn their first names. In the employ of either Forbes or Myrick was a Frenchman named Alexis Dubuque, who was killed. Mr. Ryder, at the store of Daileys, Pratt & Co., was among the victims of that day's sanguinary work. Of the five persons at work for the Department at this place, four—Mr. Loth and three of his men—were slain. Manderfeld, while they were killing his comrades, fled to the bushes, and, lying down in them, remained there until night, when he swam the Minnesota River, near the foot of the lake, and started down that stream on the north side. When near Lac qui Parle, he was met by Joseph Laframbois, who had gone up to that place to obtain his sister Julia, then a captive there. He gave him directions necessary to his safety, enjoining upon him to strike across the prairie north, and not to follow the river down toward the fort, shook hands with him, and left him. Manderfeld followed, *as well as he could*, the directions given, and reached Fort Ridgley in safety.*

* See Narrative of Anton Manderfeld.



MERTON HASTINGS, CARRYING HIS BROTHER JOHNNY FROM LAKE SHETER TO DUTCH CHARLEY'S.



Thus it will be seen that, at this isolated trading-post, one hundred and sixty miles above New Ulm, nine men are known to have been murdered in cold blood, by these Indian Thugs. It is probable that there were others, of whom we have no knowledge, who were employed at the other stores. Indeed, we think there must have been some three or four others killed here. There were no white women or children at Big Stone Lake, as no persons employed there had ever taken their families with them. In fact, the men in the employ of the traders at this post were, generally, either single men, or men who had intermarried with the tribe, and had squaw wives.

Lake Shetek, in the county of Murray, is a beautiful sheet of water, some six miles long, and two broad. It is about seventy miles west from New Ulm.

A company of adventurous pioneers had selected this beautiful spot for their future homes, and some ten or twelve families had settled around that lovely lake. It was a secluded spot, and this little community of forty or fifty persons were all the inhabitants there were in the county. The nearest settlement to them was that on the Big Cottonwood, with which the reader has already been made acquainted. The families located here were those of John Eastlick, Charles Hatch, Phineas B. Hurd, John Wright, William J. Duly, L. W. Smith, Aaron Myers, Mr. Everett, Thomas Leland, and Andrew Koch, and six single men, William James, Edgar Bently, John Voight, E. G. Koch, and two brothers, Scotchmen, named John F. and Daniel Burns, who resided alone on a claim at Walnut Grove, some distance from the lake. These constituted the

entire population of Murray County. On the second day of June, Hurd and Jones left the settlement for the Missouri River, intending to be absent about a month. Mr. Hurd left his wife and two children at home, and the farm in charge of Mr. Voight, taking with him his horses and wagon. They had not returned on the 20th of August. Early on the morning of that day, while Mrs. Hurd was milking her cows, some twenty Sioux Indians rode up to the house and dismounted. One of the horses in their possession was one of the span with which Mr. Hurd left the lake on the 2d day of June. His dog was also along with them.

These Indians had frequently visited the settlement before; and, during a residence of three years, Mrs. Hurd had become well acquainted with them. Among them was one half-breed, who spoke English, whom she well knew. Ten of them entered the house, seated themselves, and, as is their usual custom, commenced to smoke their pipes, conversing familiarly with Mrs. Hurd while she was preparing breakfast. Mr. Voight was present, waiting for his morning meal. The babe awoke and cried, and Mr. Voight took it up and went with it into the yard. As he left the house, an Indian took his gun, and deliberately shot him dead near the door. Mrs. Hurd, amazed at the hellish deed—as these Indians had always been regarded as friendly, had been kindly treated by them, and often fed at her table—ran out to raise Voight up, and see if her child was killed. One of the miscreants intercepted her, telling her to leave and go to the settlements across the prairie.

The shooting of Voight was the signal for the appearance of others who were concealed near by, and some

ten or fifteen men and squaws immediately rushed into the house, and commenced an indiscriminate destruction of every thing in it. Mrs. Hurd was refused the poor privilege of dressing her naked children, and was compelled to turn from her ruined home, to commence her wanderings over an almost trackless waste, without food, and almost without raiment, for either herself or little ones. We refer the reader to the personal narratives elsewhere, for a full account of the terrible sufferings and sublime endurance of this heroic mother.

They proceeded from the house of Hurd to that of Mr. Andrew Koch, whom they at once shot, plundering the house of its contents, and destroying what they could not remove. Mrs. Koch was compelled to get up the oxen of her husband and of Mr. Voight, yoke and hitch them to a wagon, and drive them, under the direction of her captors, into the Indian country. They traveled ten days, during which time Mrs. Koch was compelled to act as teamster.

She was the captive of White Lodge, an old and very ugly chief of one of the upper bands. He was going off, at one time, toward the Missouri River, and she refused to go. The old wretch threatened to shoot her if she did not drive on. Making a merit of necessity, she obeyed. Soon after she was required to carry the vagabond's gun. A bright thought struck her, which she at once proceeded to put in execution. Watching her opportunity, she destroyed the explosive quality of the cap, and wet the powder in the tube, leaving the gun apparently all right. Soon afterward she again refused to go any further in that direction. Again the *old scoundrel* threatened her with death.

She instantly bared her bosom, and dared him to shoot. He leveled his gun at her breast and essayed to fire; but it refused to perform its part in the work of death. The keen, shrewd woman had compassed her design. The superstitious savage believed she bore a charmed life, and, lowering his gun, asked her which way she wished to go: she pointed in the direction of the settlements. The teams were headed north, and were driven in the direction of the Yellow Medicine River. They reached the neighborhood of the Upper Agency in ten days after leaving Lake Shetek, about the time of the arrival of Colonel Sibley in the vicinity of Wood Lake and Yellow Medicine. White Lodge left for the Coteau, and a *hiding-place*. Mrs. Koch had secured the friendship of a squaw, and together they arranged a plan of escape. Leaving the Indian camp, they made their way to the Minnesota River, crossed that stream, and making their way toward the mouth of the Chippewa, after wading or swimming the Minnesota ten different times to elude pursuit, reached the friendly camp, at the point which has since become historic as Camp Release. Here she was rescued by the troops under Colonel Sibley.

The news that the Indians were murdering their neighbors was conveyed to the family of Mr. Eastlick by Charles Hatch, when, seizing his gun and taking his family, Mr. Eastlick hastened to the house of his neighbor Smith. Mrs. Eastlick was barefooted, and the youngest child, Johnny, fifteen months old, was in his night-dress. Arriving at the house, they found no one there, and hastened on to the house of John Wright. The neighbors were soon all collected here, and pre-

ared for defense. There were near the house, when they arrived, four tepees of Indians, who pretended to be friendly. Soon they saw the savages who had been at the houses of Hurd and Koch coming from Smith's place, which they had already plundered. Three of the Indians at the house went out and talked with those, and returned to the house, while the others went back toward Smith's. They seemed very much frightened, saying that there were a great many Indians coming, and that they would burn the house. The whites soon left the house, and were hurrying over the prairie. Two of the men took a span of horses and went over to Mr. Everett's for a wagon. They soon came back, and overtaking the party, took the women and children in, and then hastened on. The Indians soon followed them. As they approached the wagon, the women and children abandoned it, and hurried along on foot. They unhitched the horses, stripped off the harness, mounted them, and followed the fugitives, firing upon them all the while. The whites returned their fire as they ran.

They then retired to a slough near by, and the fight was continued. Mrs. Eastlick was wounded in the heel; Mr. Duly's oldest son and daughter were shot through the shoulder, and Mrs. Ireland's youngest child was shot through the leg, while running to the slough. In this contest Mr. Hatch, Mr. Everett, Mr. Eastlick, Mrs. Eastlick, Mrs. Everett, and several children, were shot. After awhile the Indians came within speaking distance, and told the women that they would not kill them the children if they would come out. They *went them* with the children, when they shot Mrs. E

Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Ireland dead, and killed some of the children. Mrs. Eastlick was shot, and left on the field, but finally effected her escape. The intensely interesting narrative of her wanderings over the trackless prairie, of her sufferings, and the destruction of the little settlement at the lake, and of her final rescue, written by herself, will be found elsewhere. Mrs. Julia A. Wright, Mrs. Koch, and Mrs. Duly, and the two children of Mrs. Wright, and two of the children of Mrs. Duly, were taken captive. Of the fate of Mrs. Koch we have already acquainted the reader. One of the children of Mrs. Wright was found at Camp Release; but Mrs. Duly, Mrs. Wright, and the rest of their children were taken by the followers of Little Crow to the Missouri, and were subsequently ransomed, at Fort Pierre, by Major Galpin. All the men but Mr. Eastlick being only wounded, subsequently escaped to the settlements. The remainder of the party are still unaccounted for, and are, doubtless, all numbered among the victims of this terrible outbreak of savage ferocity.

Mr. Koch, one of the unmarried men residing in the settlement, was, at the time of the massacre at the lake, away at Mankato. The brothers Burns were on their claim, some eight or ten miles from Shetek. The savages did not go to their place, and they knew nothing of the outbreak for a long time, and remained quietly at home. After they heard of the terrible calamity that had fallen upon the border, they became more watchful, but still remained where they were. At one time they saw two Indians prowling in their *vicinity,* and one of the sneaking miscreants paid the

penalty of his temerity with his life. They were not molested, and are now (1863) the only residents of Murray County.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the destruction of this quiet, industrious, and secluded agricultural community involved in its ruin a total loss to the few survivers of the dreadful blow, of their earthly all. Nearly naked, and utterly penniless, they were thrown upon the cold charities of the world; and Lake Shetek, lovely as a bewildering dream of paradise, is now a scene of utter and mournful desolation.

On or about the 25th day of August, the Annanty Sioux Indians made their appearance at Spirit Lake, the scene of the terrible Inkpaduta massacre of 1857. This lake is situated upon the extreme southern border of the State, the south half of the lake being in Iowa. The north end is in the county of Jackson, Minnesota. They massacred in this county, as near as can be ascertained, thirteen persons. The inhabitants fled in dismay from their homes, and the savages, after plundering the dwellings of the settlers, completed their fiendish work by setting fire to the country, in the early part of September. Many of the people were hiding in the sloughs and ravines; and as the desolating prairie-fires, lighted by savage hands, swept over the plains, devouring every living thing along its burning track, numbers of these wanderers fell victims to its destroying march, and their charred and blackened remains, subsequently found, told the sad story of their awful death.

Among the victims of the Indian torch was a
the third wife of a Norwegian named Oleso
whom had met a tragic end. The first wife

a mountain-side in Norway and was killed; the second committed suicide by drowning, in Wisconsin; and the third was consumed by the destroying element.

In this, as in all other portions of the State visited by these savage monsters, the destruction of property was almost total and complete. Of a population of three hundred, not one was left in the whole county.

### Dakota Territory.

Henry Masters, of Dakota, makes the following statement respecting the massacre in that Territory:

"The first intimation the settlers at this place (Sioux Falls City) had of the Sioux outbreak was the killing of Mr. Joseph R. Amidon and Mr. M. Amidon, his son, under the following circumstances:

"They were farming some distance from their house, on the 25th of August, and not returning at night as usual, Mrs. Amidon became alarmed and search was made that night and the next morning, when they were found dead in a corn-field, near which they had been working.

"They were shot with both balls and arrows: the father with both only several arrows. They lay some ten rods apart.

"About sixty men were stationed at Sioux Falls, and, on the morning of the 26th, after the finding of the bodies of the Amidons, all but about a dozen of them started out on an expedition in search of the murderers. Soon after they left, about fifteen Indians, supposed to be Sioux, attacked the camp. As the scouting party returned to camp the savages retreated, were pursued, but eluded our men and escaped.

"On the 28th, orders were received from Governor Jayne by Lieutenant Bacon, directing him to remove the troops and people from the place, if he deemed it insecure, to the Missouri River. The [illegible] point was Yankton, the capital, sixty-five miles dis[illegible]er was received about four o'clock P. M., and the [illegible]ified to be ready in one hour, as the troops would

to move. There were some ten families in all. They were all within a mile and a half of the camp. Night came on, and it was extremely dark, and the march was delayed until the next morning, at daylight, when the whole *cortège* moved for Yankton. The mail-carrier had left for New Ulm, on the Friday previous, the 22d, before any news had been received of the murders at Shetek and other places on the route."

It will be remembered by the reader that this mail-carrier found Mrs. Eastlick on the prairie, and carried her to the house of Brown, on the Cottonwood, and being unable to reach New Ulm, returned to Sioux Falls. See Mrs. Eastlick's narrative.

"When he returned, the place was deserted. He procured some provisions here, and made his way to Vermilion, twenty-eight miles below Yankton, on the Missouri River. He had left his horse between the Falls and Vermilion, entirely worn out, and unable to travel any further.

"The soldiers remained at Yankton some time. This company of cavalry was the only protection for the whole region of country from Fort Randall to the Big Sioux, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, a portion of which was well settled, on the Big Sioux, and on the Missouri slope. In one week after the murders at the Falls, one-half of the inhabitants of the Missouri slope had fled to Sioux City, Iowa, six miles below the mouth of Big Sioux."

We have heard of no other murders in this Territory than the two men at Sioux Falls. The town was most of it burned, and the effects of the inhabitants carried away or destroyed, and they, like their neighbors of the Minnesota border, were left by the merciless wretches despoiled of all their earthly goods.

As we have stated in a previous chapter, Amos W. Huggins resided with his family and Miss Julia Laframbois, at Lac qui Parle.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 19th of August, some I
Hans. of Red Iron's band, came to the house and
quired for Mr. Huggins. The women informed th
that he was at work in the field—when they went o
and sat down by the side of the house, and waited un
he returned. He had scarcely reached the premis
when he was instantly shot down by one of the m
Indians, who had probably known him from childhoo
His family and Miss Larambois were made captives
Mrs. Huggins and her children were given
to a Christian Indian, by whom they were kind
conducted and were soon restored to their friends on the a
arrival of our troops under Sibley to Camp Releas
Miss Larambois, being of mixed blood, was taken
by her friends, and she also was delivered t
camp.

There were no other white persons residing at th
time. Mr. Huggins's house was plundered of its co
contents, and afterward burned, and his widow and orpha
children sent forth into the world utterly penniless.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Occurrences previous to the Attack on the Town of New Ulm—Recruiting Party attacked, and several killed—The Country People flee to the Town—The Panic—Crowded condition of the Citizens and Refugees in the Town—The Attack by Indians—Burning the Buildings—Reinforcements from Nicollet and St. Peter—The Contest becomes Fierce—Arrival of Judge Flandrau with Reinforcements—Arrival of a Company under Captain Bierbauer—The Fight Continues—Lieutenant Huey, and seventy-five Men under him, sent over the River—Cut off from Retreat—Their Escape—Death of William B. Dodd—Heroic conduct of J. B. Trogdon and others—Firing from the Windmill—Post-office—Captain E. St. Julien Cox and Company arrive—The Enemy retire—Evacuation of New Ulm—Incidents.

On Monday morning, the 18th of August, a party of men, citizens of New Ulm, left that place to recruit for volunteers, under the call of the President of the United States, for the Union army in the South. When some seven or eight miles west of New Ulm, they came across several dead bodies of white persons lying in the road. Becoming satisfied that it was the work of Indians, they turned to retrace their steps. While on their way back to the town, and while yet some miles out, a party of Indians fired upon them from an ambush by the road-side, killing several of the party, and two of their horses. Those not killed made their escape to the village and gave the alarm. At about the same time, Frederick Belisle, a Frenchman, in the employment of the Government at the Upper Agency, accompanied by two other young men, had left New Ulm,

with a two-horse team, for the Lower Agency. With them was a man with a one-horse wagon. When near the "Traveler's Home," seven miles above New Ulm, about fifty Indians were observed near the road, and, as Belisle, who was ahead, came opposite to them, they fired, killing all three of the men. The man in the other wagon turned and fled back to New Ulm, reaching there at about the same time that the remnant of the recruiting party from toward the Cottonwood returned. As he fled along the road, he saw the Indians shoot a man on a stack of grain, and, at the same time, he saw them pursue and kill the men who were gathering grain in the field.

The people from the surrounding country soon began to pour into and through the place, fleeing for their lives, and bringing the news of a general massacre in the country above, and back of that point, many of them leaving portions of their families murdered, or in the hands of the savages. Some stopped in the town; others fled to St. Peter and points below. An indescribable panic at once seized upon the inhabitants of this hitherto quiet German town. Many of them immediately sent their women and children to St. Peter for safety; and, at about midnight, the stream of frightened fugitives were filling that place.

During all that night and the next day the Indians overran the country around, murdering the inhabitants, burning the buildings and stacks of the farmers, and driving off their horses and cattle; and, at about four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, a party of mounted Indians appeared on the outskirts of the town, in the rear of the first table-land, lying parallel with the Minnesota

River, and, dismounting, advanced at once upon the place. The people were gathered together in the buildings, in the center of the village, perfectly panic-stricken, and nearly helpless. Their arms were most of them unfit for use in a fight, and they were in a seemingly hopeless condition. Fortunately for them, a party of eighteen men, well armed, from Nicollet and St. Peter, had reached the town, at about one o'clock that day. Their names were as follows: T. B. Thompson, James Hughes, Charles Wetherell, Samuel Coffin, Merrick Dickinson, H. Caywood, A. M. Bean, James Parker, Andrew Friend, Henry and Frederick Otto, C. A. Stein, E. G. Corey, Frank Kennedy, Thomas and Griffin Williams, and the Hon. Henry A. Swift, now (July, 1863,) Governor of Minnesota, and William G. Hayden.

These men organized themselves into a company, by the election of A. M. Bean as captain, and Samuel Coffin as lieutenant. They at once advanced upon the Indians, who were posted behind some houses. Reaching a house on the edge of the table-land, they were enabled from it to effectually return the fire of the savages, holding them in check until a few of their number gained a more advanced position, from which they began to drop them at every shot. But the firing of the enemy was too hot for them, and they retired to their old position. At this time L. M. Boardman, J. B. Trogdon, J. K. Moore, Horace Austin, P. M. Bean, James Horner, Jacob and Phillip Stelzer, William Wilkinson, Lewis Patch, S. A. Buell, and Henry Snyder, from St. Peter, all mounted, as well as a few from the surrounding country, entered the town. By the time these reinforcements had arrived, the savages had re-

tired, having, during the battle, fired and burned five buildings on the outskirts of the place. The battle lasted between two and three hours, and resulted in the killing of several persons, residents of the place, one being a Miss Pauli, a young lady, who was standing on the sidewalk opposite the Dakota House. The loss of the enemy is not known, as they always carry away their dead and wounded when not too hard pressed to do so.

On the same evening, the Hon. Charles E. Flandrau, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, at the head of about one hundred and twenty-five men, volunteer citizens, from St. Peter and vicinity, entered the town; and reinforcements continued to arrive from Mankato, Le Sueur, and other points, until Thursday, the 21st, when they had about three hundred and twenty-five armed men, all volunteer citizens, under command of Judge Flandrau.

A volunteer company from Mankato, gathered from Blue Earth County, under Captain H. Bierbauer, numbering about one hundred men, arrived and participated in the defense of the place. This company did not, however, reach New Ulm until Wednesday evening, but did good service during the remainder of the siege.

Some rude barricades had been constructed around a few of the buildings in the center of the village, composed of wagons, boxes, and boards.

On Saturday morning, the 23d, fires were seen on the opposite side of the river, in the direction of Lafayette, evidently burning buildings and stacks. The commandant here made the mistake of detailing seventy-

five of his men, who were well armed, under First Lieutenant William Huey, of Traverse des Sioux, to go across the river and ascertain the location and extent of these fires, and, if possible, to hold the enemy in check. Soon after getting across the river, Lieutenant Huey discovered a large body of Indians in advance of him, and deemed it advisable to return to New Ulm. He immediately attempted to do so, but found himself foiled in his attempt, by the cutting of the ferry-rope, which set the boat adrift. At the same time, a large force of Indians appeared on the New Ulm side of the river, who fired upon them, killing one man and wounding another. Some thirty of the company broke and ran at the first fire. Those men who ran were, most of them, from the vicinity of Lafayette. The remaining forty-five, unable to cross the river, retreated to Nicollet, where they met and united with the company of Captain E. St. Julien Cox, who, with one hundred men from St. Peter, was on his way to the relief of New Ulm.

At about half-past nine o'clock A. M., the Indians, supposed to be about five hundred in number, appeared at the edge of the timber above the town, in the direction of the Lower Agency; and, at about ten o'clock, began their advance, in a body, upon our forces, who had been posted by the commandant on the prairie outside the village. The movement is thus described by Judge Flandrau:

"Their advance upon the sloping prairie, in the bright sunlight, was a very fine spectacle, and, to such inexperienced soldiers as we all were, intensely exciting. When within about one mile and a half *of us, the mass* began to expand, like a fan, and

increase in the velocity of its approach, and continued this i
ment until within about double rifle-shot, when it covered
entire front. Then the savages uttered a terrific yell, and
down upon us like the wind. I had stationed myself at a
in the rear, where communication could be had with me e
and awaited the first discharge with great anxiety, as it se
to me that, to yield, was certain destruction, as the enemy v
rush into the town and drive all before them. The yell unse
the men a little; and, just before the rifles began to crack,
fell back along the whole line, and committed the error of
ing the outer houses without taking possession of them, a mi
which the Indians immediately took advantage of, by thems
occupying them in squads of two, three, and up to ten.
poured into us a sharp and rapid fire, as we fell back, and op
from the houses in every direction. Several of us rode u
hill, endeavoring to rally the men, and with good effect, as
gave three cheers, and sallied out of the various houses they
retreated to, and checked the advance effectually. The firing
both sides then became general, sharp, and rapid, and it got t
a regular Indian skirmish, in which every man did his own
after his own fashion. The Indians had now got into the
of our men, and nearly on all sides of them, and the fire o
enemy was becoming very galling, as they had possession
large number of buildings."

A party of our men, consisting of the Rev. B.
Coffin, of Mankato, George B. Stewart, of Le Su
and J. B. Trogdon, of Nicollet, and thirteen oth
fought their way to the wind-mill, a narrow four-s
building, near the first table-land in the rear of
town. This they held during the battle, their unerr
shots telling fearfully upon the savages, and fin
forcing them to retire. At night these brave men
fire to the building, and then retreated within the
ricades, in the vicinity of the Dakota House. Du
firing from the wind-mill, a most determined

obstinate fight was kept up from the brick post-office, where Governor Swift was stationed, which told most fatally upon the foe; and, from this point, many an Indian fell before the deadly aim of the true men stationed there.

When the attack was made upon the place, and the Indians had succeeded in reaching the Lower Town, or that portion lying upon the river, they immediately availed themselves of the fact that the wind was blowing from that direction, and at once applied the torch to the buildings, and, advancing behind the smoke, made their way toward the center of the place. At the same time, a part of their force had reached the rear of the village upon the bluffs, and were also endeavoring to make their way down to the center of the town, but the men in the wind-mill held them in check.

The following we copy from the St. Peter *Statesman* of August 29, 1862:

"The fighting had now become general and severe at all points. At this critical moment, when death was expected in all its horrible forms, from butchery to burning, Captain William B. Dodd, of this place, supposing that reinforcements were coming up behind the Indians, made an almost superhuman effort to rally the men to meet the charge of the enemy, and to encourage the supposed reinforcements behind; but when he had gone about seventy-five yards outside of the lines, the Indians fired a volley from buildings on both sides of the street. The Captain received three balls near his heart, wheeled his horse, and, after riding within twenty yards of our lines, fell from his horse, and was assisted to walk into a house, where, in a few moments afterward, he died, 'the noblest Roman of them all.' Before expiring, he dictated a message to his wife, and remarked that he had discharged his duty, and was ready to die. No man fought more courageously, or died more nobly. *Let his virtues* be forever remembered. *He was a hero of the truest type.*"

The Captain's horse fell dead in the street, a few steps from where his heroic rider fell. The supposed reinforcements proved to be Indians, dressed in citizens' clothes, probably disguised for the very purpose of deceiving our men. One of the four men who supported Captain Dodd into our lines was wounded. At this stage of the battle Captain Saunders, a Baptist minister of Le Sueur, was wounded in the body, and many others were also wounded. The fight at this point (Lower Town) was very determined and desperate, but finding an entrance into our lines at this place rather doubtful, the Indians then charged around a point of timber in the rear of the town, with great fierceness, and again tried to break our lines; but our forces sallied out and repulsed them, with deafening cheers. At this point, Newell Houghton, an old settler in the valley, and the best rifleman in the State, was killed.

After this repulse the most critical fighting of the day was passed, and the Indians did not make another vigorous charge. The contest, however, continued until dark, when the enemy began to carry off their dead and wounded. Our men then burned the remaining outside buildings, and retired to their barricades. Occasional firing continued during the night, and, in the morning, (Sunday,) the attack was renewed by the savages, and continued for several hours, with, however, but little spirit, when they began slowly to retreat, and by noon the battles of New Ulm had been fought, and the whites masters of the field—but at what a fearful price! lead, dying, and wounded filled the few buildings anding, and this beautiful and enterprising Gertown, which, on Monday morning, contained over

two hundred buildings, had been laid in ashes—about twenty-five houses remaining to mark the spot where New Ulm once stood. Some of the buildings were burned by the whites from necessity, as they afforded shelter for the enemy.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Captain E. St. Julian Cox, at the head of one hundred and fifty volunteers from the counties of Nicollet, Sibley, and Le Sueur, reached New Ulm, armed with Austrian rifles, shot-guns, and hunting rifles. We again quote from the report of Judge Flandrau:

"I held a council of officers, and we determined to attempt an evacuation of the town, carrying off all the inhabitants, women, children, sick and wounded, to the number of about two thousand. This movement was a very perilous one to undertake with the force at our command; but the confined state of the town was rapidly producing disease among the women and children, who were huddled in cellars and in close rooms, like sheep in a cattle car, and we were fast becoming short of ammunition and provisions. I feared the result of another attack by a larger force, and all the people decided that they would abandon the town at the first opportunity, as residence there was impossible under the circumstances.

"At daylight next morning the barricades were broken, and the wagons taken out and put in motion. The scene was one of indescribable confusion and destruction. The poor people, naturally desirous of carrying off all they could, filled their wagons with boxes and baggage, to the exclusion (as we found before the train was complete) of many of the women and wounded. I was, therefore, compelled to order all articles of a bulky nature to be tumbled out, and their places supplied with more valuable freight. It was hard, but necessary, and the inhabitants yielded with less reluctance than I had anticipated.

"About nine A. M. we moved from New Ulm, with one hundred and fifty-three wagon-loads of women, children, sick and wounded, and a large *company on foot*. Captain Cox took the general di-

position of the escort, and the various commands were posted so as best to protect the whole in case of an attack. It was a melancholy spectacle to see two thousand people, who, a few days before, had been prosperous and happy, reduced to utter beggary, starting upon a journey of thirty miles, through a hostile country, every inch of which we expected to be called upon to defend from an attack, the issue of which was life or horrid butchery. Beggary, starvation, and probable destruction were at one end of the road; a doubtful escape from the latter, at the other. We took the latter alternative, and, under Providence, got through."

The loss of our forces, in this engagement, were ten killed, and about fifty wounded. The loss of the enemy is unknown, but must have been heavy, as ten of his dead were found on the field of battle, which he had been unable to remove.

We might fill volumes with incidents of almost miraculous escapes from death. At one time, H. A. Swift went up on the side of the first table-land adjoining the town, to make observations, when he was fired upon from a log-building, only a few rods off, which was full of Indians. He instantly dropped down behind a slight elevation of ground. While lying there, Indian balls plowed up the ground all around him. During this time Judge Flandrau and S. A. Buell came dashing up on horseback, and, but for the timely warning of Mr. Swift, both would, undoubtedly, have been shot, as they were not aware of the near proximity of the savages.

At another time, J. B. Trogdon, in company with Captain Potter, rode to a point of timber in the rear of the town, where they saw an Indian drop down in the grass, and another on a horse, a short distance behind. In order to avoid a shot from the Indian in

e grass, and, at the same time, get a sure shot at the ounted warrior, it was suggested that Trogdon ride ound and come up the hill from a ravine, and thus et near the savage without being observed. Trogdon mediately proceeded to put the suggestion into exeution; but as he approached near enough to fire, twenty ounted Indians made a dash after him, with a devilish ell, and endeavored to cut him off from the town by unning him into a slough. Then followed a scene of he wildest excitement. The mettle of the steeds was put to the test. At one time, in rounding the slough, it was thought Trogdon would be cut off; but a yell from him gave his splendid charger increased speed, and he distanced the Indians twenty yards. As he came near our lines, twenty shots were fired at him, but the aim was too high, and the balls passed over his head. He immediately wheeled and discharged his Sharp's rifle at his pursuers, but without effect; and after passing within our lines, Trogdon again wheeled his horse, rode out toward the foe in easy rifle range, and fired deliberately at his pursuers, while over twenty rifle-balls, aimed at him, fell harmless at his feet, or passed over his head.

At one time, during the battle of Saturday, several savages had got possession of a building, from which it became necessary to dislodge them. The Hon. D. G. Shillock, of New Ulm, called for volunteers to do this, and started with several men for the building; but, before reaching it, every man with him fell back. Mr. Shillock, however, went on, reached the building, and, rifle in hand, cleared it of its savage occupants, without receiving a wound. Subsequently, during the battle,

he received a severe wound in the knee, maiming him for life.

During the siege of New Ulm, two expeditions were sent out from that place toward the settlements on the Big Cottonwood, and, although not really forming a part of the operations of a defensive character at that place, are yet so connected with them that we give them here.

On Thursday morning, the 21st of August, a party went out on the road to Leavenworth for the purpose of burying the dead, aiding the wounded, and bringing them in, should they find any, and to act as a scouting party. They went out some eight miles, found and buried several bodies, and returned to New Ulm, at night, without seeing any Indians.

On Friday, the 22d, another party of one hundred and forty men, under the command of Captain George M. Tousley, started for the purpose of rescuing a party of eleven persons, women and children, who, a refugee informed the commandant, were hiding in a ravine out toward Leavenworth. Accompanying this party were Drs. A. W. Daniels, of St. Peter, and Ayer, of Le Sueur.

On the way out, the cannonading at Fort Ridgley was distinctly heard by them, and then Dr. Daniels, who had resided among the Sioux several years as physician to the lower bands, had, for the first time, some conception of the extent and magnitude of the outbreak.

As the main object of the expedition had already been accomplished—*i. e.*, the rescue of the women and children—Dr. Daniels urged a return to New Ulm. The question was submitted to the company, and they *decided to go on*, and proceeded to within four miles

of Leavenworth, the design being to go to that place, remain there all night, bury the dead the next day, and return.

It was now nearly night; the cannonading at the fort could still be heard; Indian spies were, undoubtedly, watching them; only about one hundred armed men were left in the town, and, from his intimate knowledge of the Indian character, Dr. Daniels was convinced that the safety of their force, as well as of New Ulm itself, required their immediate return. He believed that their numbers and whereabouts would be communicated by his spies to Little Crow and his warriors, then besieging Fort Ridgley, as well as a knowledge of the condition of New Ulm, and the number of men left in the place; that, acting upon such information, Little Crow would move down to that town, attack and destroy it, cut them off from a return, and, perhaps, destroy them also.

A halt was again called, and this view of the case was presented to the men by Drs. Daniels, Ayer, and Mayo. A vote was again taken, and it was decided to return. The return march commenced at about sundown, and at one o'clock A. M. they re-entered the village.

As detailed in our account of the battles of New Ulm, the Indians appeared in great force before the place early on the next morning, thus fully verifying the predictions of Dr. Daniels, and vindicating the wisdom of his counsel.

John W. Young, a resident of New Ulm at the time of the Sioux outbreak in August, 1862, has furnished the authors with the following interesting statement

"On the morning of the 18th of August, 1862, a party of some twenty-five men left New Ulm, with five wagons, and music, to visit different parts of the county, for the purpose of raising volunteers for the Union army, the draft having been postponed from the 18th to the 23d of August. I was among the movers in this matter, feeling anxious that Brown County should stand as fair as her sister counties of Blue Earth, Nicollet, and Renville.

"We took the Old Fort road, on the New Ulm side of the river. When we had gone some six or seven miles, and were within a mile and a half of the 'Traveler's Home,' kept by a Mr. Hanley, we came to a man who had been shot. This was at the first point of timber of any importance we had reached on the road. The timber on our right extended to the river, and on the left an open prairie, *without timber*, as far as the eye could reach. The road ran along this large body of timber. Mr. Hanley, of the 'Traveler's Home,' was with us, but his family were at home. The first teams passed the wounded man, but the rear teams stopped. He was lying on his face and groaning, apparently in great agony. We all got out and examined him, and Mr. Hanley recognized him; he was his brother-in-law. A fine two-horse team, belonging to Julius Fenske, stood at the head of our train; John Snyder's stood next; and, at the moment we were examining the body, some of us, looking ahead on the road, saw four or five Indians. All the teams but these two were instantly turned about, and headed toward town. At the same moment, some ten or eleven men sprang into these two wagons, and made directly for the Indians. Hanley remained in the road beside his brother-in-law. We drove with a dash and a shout, hoping to intimidate them, and drive them back. We had no arms with us, as we anticipated no trouble. An Indian and two squaws had been in the town that morning, trading, and exhibited no unusual appearance.

"We passed rapidly over the road for a quarter of a mile, to where there was a bend in it. Here the Indians dropped out of sight. When we reached the turn, they commenced firing upon us. Julius Fenske was just in the act of turning his team around, when an Indian in the road, ahead of us, fired, but hit no one. The Indians again drew up, and, pressing forward,

aimed their guns at us, and, at that moment, all except Fenske, who was driving, jumped out, placing the wagon between us and the Indians. As we struck the ground we heard Fenske scream, and he fell dead, pierced through with a ball. Firing was going on, and we had no time to look around to notice the number of Indians engaged. We ran, and they took possession of both teams. I ran down the road, and when I arrived at the place where the wounded man was found, Mr. Hanley's team was still there. At this time, Julius Fenske, John Snyder, and Diedrich had been killed, and Stimely mortally wounded. On our retreat back toward Hanley's wagon, John Houp, who had left the other wagon, was running about ten feet ahead of me, when a shot from the timber struck him in the left eye, cutting it entirely out, and several buckshot entered his left side and leg. He staggered, but did not fall, and pressed forward and reached the wagon. When we got there, we took up the wounded man and put him in, and drove toward town as fast as possible, the savages, meanwhile, firing upon us constantly; but, putting whip to the horses, we were soon out of range of their shots. We had got but a short distance when we came up with a fleeing family. They begged for help, and we took them in. We soon saw others in like situation, some on foot, and some with teams, endeavoring to escape. Henry Benke had gone across the country to Tuttle's and others, and given the alarm, and started the people into town.

"When we were within about three miles of New Ulm, we met the Indian and two squaws who were trading in town in the morning when we left, coming out in the usual Indian style, with the goods he had purchased packed on his pony. He seemed to know nothing about the terrible events that were transpiring in the country. As we met him, he came close to the wagon, and being tall, could see the wounded men lying in the bottom. We stopped, as did also the Indian and squaws. Some cried out, 'Shoot him,' 'Kill him,' 'Take his gun.' Being acquainted with him, I got out and went toward him, and would have taken his gun, but he would not give it up. I then spoke to him in Sioux, and informed him that the Indians were killing the whites up the road. They instantly turned off and ran toward the Minnesota River. Just as we were entering the town, we met a party of

twenty-five or thirty men going out to our rescue. They were armed with pitchforks, corn-knives, shot-guns, and one or two rifles. They went on, and found the dead bodies of Fenske, Snyder, and Diedrich, and Mr. Stimely, still alive, whom they brought back to town. Stimely lived but a few weeks, his wounds proving mortal. The next day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the town was attacked."

Ralph Thomas, who resided on the Big Cottonwood, in the county of Brown, had gone, with many of his neighbors, on Monday, the 18th of August, into New Ulm for safety, while William Carroll and some others residing further up the river, in Leavenworth, had gone to the same place, to ascertain whether the rumors they had heard of an uprising among the Sioux were true. These latter had left their families at home, and learning the fearful truth on arriving in New Ulm, they, on Tuesday, organized a company, consisting of the following persons, to go out to their rescue: William Carroll, William Tuttle, Ralph Thomas, Uriah Loomis, Almon Loomis, Luther Ives, Robert Kirby, Mr. Coon, D. Lemmon, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Hinton, and five others, whose names are not remembered. Mr. Thomas makes the following statement of the doings of this little party, and its subsequent fate.

"There were eight of us on horseback, and the balance of the party were in three wagons. We had gone about a mile, when we met a German going into New Ulm, who said he saw Indians at my place, skinning a heifer, and that they drove him off, chasing him with spears. He had come from near Leavenworth. We kept on to my place, near which we met John Thomas and Almon Parker, who had remained the night before in a grove of timber one and a half miles from my place. About eight o'clock *the evening* before, they had seen a party of ten or twelve Indians,

mounted on ponies, coming toward them, who chased them into the grove, the savages passing on to the right, leaving them alone. They stated to us that they had seen Indians that morning traveling over the prairie southward. We stopped at my place and fed our horses. While the horses were eating, I called for three or four men to go with me to the nearest houses, to see what had become of the people. We went first to the house of Mr. Mey, where we found him and his family lying around the house, to all appearance dead. We also found here Joseph Emery and a Mr. Heuyer, also apparently dead. We had been here some five minutes viewing the scene, when one of the children, a girl of seven years, rose up from the ground, and commenced crying piteously. I took her in my arms, and told the other men to examine the other bodies, and see if there were not more of them alive. They found two others, a twin boy and girl about two years old; all the rest were dead.

"We next proceeded to the house of Mr. George Raeser, and found the bodies of himself and wife lying near the house by a stack of grain. We went into the house, and found their child, eighteen months old, alive, trying to get water out of the pail. We then went back to my place, and sent John Thomas and Mr. Parker with an ox-team to New Ulm with these children. Mr. Mey's three children were wounded with blows of a tomahawk on the head; the other child was uninjured. We then went on toward Leavenworth, seeing neither Indians nor whites, until we arrived at the house of Mr. Seaman, near which we found an old gentleman named Riant concealed in a slough among the tall grass. He stated to us that a party of whites with him had been chased and fired upon by a party of Indians. It consisted of himself, Luther Whiton, George W. Covill and wife, and Mrs. Covill's son, Mrs. Hough and child, Mr. Van Guilder and wife and two children, and Mr. Van Guilder's mother. All these Mr. Riant said had scattered over the prairie. We remained about two hours, hunting for the party, and not finding them, turned back toward New Ulm, taking Mr. Riant with us. We proceeded down opposite my place, where we separated, eleven going down on one side of the Big Cottonwood, to Mr. Tuttle's place, and seven of us proceeded down on the other, or north side of th

The design was to meet again at Mr. Tuttle's house, and all go back to New Ulm together: but when we arrived at Tuttle's, they had gone on to town without waiting for us, and we followed. When near Mr. Hibbard's place we met Mr. Jakes going west. He said that he had been within a mile of New Ulm, and saw the other men of our party. He further informed us that he saw grain-stacks and sheds on fire at that distance from the place.

"When we came to the burning stacks we halted to look for Indians. Our comrades were half an hour ahead of us. When they got in sight of the town, one of them, Mr. Hinton, rode up on an elevation, where he could overlook the place, and saw Indians, and the town on fire in several places. He went back and told them that the Indians had attacked the town, and that he did not consider it safe for them to try to get in, and proposed crossing the Cottonwood, and going toward the Mankato road, and entering town on that side. His proposition was opposed by several of the party, who thought him frightened at the sight of half a dozen Indians. They asked him how many he had seen. He said some forty. They came up and looked, but could see but three or four Indians. Mr. Carroll told them they had better go on, and, if opposed, cut their way through. He told Hinton to lead, and they would follow. They passed down the hill, and met with no opposition until they came to a slough, half a mile from the town. Here two Indians, standing on a large stone by the side of the road, leveled their double-barreled guns at Mr. Hinton. He drew his revolver, placed it between his horse's ears, and made for them. The balance of the company followed. The Indians retired to cover without firing a shot, and the company kept on until they had crossed the slough, when the savages, who were

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ı horse was shot through the body, close to

my leg, killing him instantly. My feet were out of the stirrups in a moment, and I sprang to the ground, striking on my hands and feet. I dropped my gun, jumped up, and ran. An Indian, close behind, discharged the contents of both barrels of a shot-gun at me. The charge tore up the ground at my feet, throwing dirt all around me as I ran. I made my way into town on foot as fast as I could go. No other of our party escaped; all the rest were killed. Reinforcements from St. Peter came to the relief of the place in about half an hour after I got in, and the Indians soon after retired."

## CHAPTER IX.

Battle at Lower Agency Ferry—Captain Marsh goes to the Relief of the Agency—Meeting with Martelle—He reaches the River at the Ferry—The Ambush—The Fight—Heroic Conduct of Captain Marsh—Frightful Loss of Men—His Retreat—Attempt to cross the River—His Death—Tribute to his Memory—Siege of Fort Ridgley—The Force in the Garrison—Defenseless Condition of the Fort—Battle of Wednesday—Jack Fraser—Want of Water—Improvising Cartridges—Battle of Friday—Waiting and Watching—Reinforcements arrive—The Florence Nightingale of Fort Ridgley—Sergeant John Jones—J. W. De Camp—Mrs. Sergeant Jones—Frank Le Clair—Burning an Indian—Henry Balland—Adventures of Louis Robert.

On Monday morning, the 18th of August, 1862, at about nine o'clock, a messenger arrived at Fort Ridgley, from the Lower Sioux Agency, bringing the startlings news that the Indians were massacring the whites at that place. Captain John S. Marsh, of Company B, 5th Regiment Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, then in command, immediately dispatched messengers after Lieutenant Sheehan, of Company C, of the same regiment, who had left that post on the morning before, with a detachment of his company, for Fort Ripley, on the Upper Mississippi, and Major T. J. Galbraith, Sioux Agent, who had also left the fort at the same time with fifty men, afterward known as the Renville Rangers, for Fort Snelling, urging them to return to Fort Ridgley with all possible dispatch, as there were then in the *fort only* Company B, numbering about seventy-five or

eighty men. The gallant captain then took a detachment of forty-six men, and, accompanied by Interpreter Quinn, immediately started for the scene of blood, distant twelve miles. They made a very rapid march. When within about four miles of the ferry, opposite the Agency, they met the ferryman, Mr. Martelle, who informed Captain Marsh that the Indians were in considerable force, and were murdering all the people, and advised him to return. He replied that he was there to protect and defend the frontier, and he should do so if it was in his power, and gave the order "Forward!" Between this point and the river they passed nine dead bodies on or near the road. Arriving near the ferry, the company was halted, and Corporal Ezekiel Rose was sent forward to examine the ferry, and see if all was right. The captain and interpreter were mounted on mules, the men were on foot, and formed in two ranks in the road, near the ferry-house, a few rods from the bank of the river. The corporal had taken a pail with him to the river, and returned, reporting the ferry all right, bringing with him water for the exhausted and thirsty men.

In the mean time an Indian had made his appearance on the opposite bank, and, calling to Quinn, urged them to come across, telling him that all was right on that side. The suspicions of the captain were at once aroused, and he ordered the men to remain in their places, and not move on to the boat until he could ascertain whether the Indians were in ambush in the ravines on the opposite shore. The men were in the act of drinking, when the savage on the opposite side, seeing they were not going to cross at once, fired his gun, as a signal,

when instantly there arose out of the grass and brush all around them, some four or five hundred warriors, who poured a terrific volley upon the devoted band. The aged interpreter fell from his mule, pierced by over twenty balls. The captain's mule fell dead, but he himself sprang to the ground unharmed. Several of the men fell at this first fire. The testimony of the survivors of this sanguinary engagement is, that their brave commander was as cool and collected as if on dress parade. They now endeavored to fight their way out toward the fort road; but, after a few minutes of fruitless but desperate fighting, the rapidly-thinning ranks of the little company admonished the captain of the hopelessness of the attempt, and he ordered a retreat down the bank of the river, under cover of which, and the bushes along the shore, he hoped to save the remnant of his command. They retreated down the stream about a mile and a half, fighting their way inch by inch, when it was discovered that a body of Indians, taking advantage of the fact that there was a bend in the river, had gone across and gained the bank below them.

They had lost several men in their retreat to this point, and the heroic little band was already reduced to about one-half its original number. To cut their way through this large number of Indians was impossible. Their only hope now was to cross the river to the reservation, as there appeared to be no Indians on that shore, retreat down that side, and recross at the fort. The river was supposed to be fordable where they were, accordingly, Captain Marsh gave the order to cross. Grasping his sword in one hand and his revolver in the other, accompanied by his men, he waded out into the

stream. It was very soon ascertained that they must swim, when those who could not do so returned to the shore and hid in the grass as best they could, while those who could, dropped their arms and struck out for the opposite side. Among these latter was Captain Marsh. When near the opposite shore he was struck by a ball, and immediately sank, but arose again to the surface, and grasped the shoulder of a man at his side, but the garment gave way in his grasp, and he again sank, this time to rise no more.

Thirteen of the men reached the bank in safety, and returned to the fort that night. Those of them who were unable to cross remained in the grass and bushes until night, when they made their way, also, to the fort or the settlements. Some of them were badly wounded, and were out two or three days before they got in. Corporal Rose was severely wounded in the arm, and while hiding on the bank, wounded as he was, managed to kill one of the red-skins, and subsequently escaped to Henderson. Two weeks afterward, Josiah F. Marsh, a brother of the captain, now (1863) lieutenant-colonel of the 9th Minnesota, with a mounted escort of thirty men—his old neighbors from Fillmore County—made search for his body, but without success. On the day before and the day after this search, as was subsequently ascertained, two hundred Indians were scouting along the river, upon the very ground over which these thirty men passed, in their fruitless search for the remains of their dead brother and friend. Two weeks later another search was made with boats along the river, and this time they were successful. His body was discovered a mile and a half below where he was killed, under the

roots of a tree standing at the water's edge, from beneath which the earth had been washed by the action of the stream, one arm only appearing above the surface of the water. His remains were borne by his sorrowing companions in arms to Fort Ridgley, and deposited in the military burial-ground at that post, there to sleep until the reveille of the Judgment shall call him again to arms.

The tragic fate of this gallant young officer seems to call for something more than a mere passing notice at our hands. When the terrible rebellion which has so convulsed the nation was inaugurated, in the early spring of 1861, John S. Marsh was residing quietly, as a private citizen, in the county of Fillmore, Minnesota. The echoes of the thunder of the rebel guns at Sumter had scarcely died away upon the prairies of Minnesota, ere, at the call of his country, he sprang to arms. A company was recruited in his neighborhood, designed for the gallant 1st Minnesota, a regiment that has gained immortal honor on almost every field from Bull Run to Gettysburg, of which he was made first lieutenant; but, before the company reached the rendezvous at Fort Snelling, the regiment was full, and they disbanded. But the patriotic fire that burned in the soul of John S. Marsh was not thus to be quenched, and going to La Crosse, Wisconsin, he volunteered as a *private* in the 2d Wisconsin Regiment, and served in Virginia some ten months in the ranks, participating in the battle of Bull Run and others in which his regiment was engaged.

In the following winter his brother, J. F. Marsh, assisted in raising a company in Fillmore County, of

which John S. was elected first lieutenant; and he was, therefore, transferred, by order of the Secretary of War, to his company, and arrived at St. Paul about the 12th of March, 1862. In the mean time, Captain Gere was promoted to major, and, on the 24th, Lieutenant Marsh was promoted to the captaincy of his company, and ordered to report at Fort Ridgley, and take command of that important frontier post. Captain Marsh at once repaired to his post of duty, where he remained in command until the fatal encounter of the 18th terminated both his usefulness and life, in the flower of his manhood. He was a brave and accomplished soldier, and a noble man.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

But he has fallen, and his name must be inscribed in that long roll of the noble and patriotic dead who have so freely laid their lives upon their country's altar.

### Siege of Fort Ridgley.

Foiled in their attack on New Ulm, by the timely arrival of the reinforcements under Flandrau, the Indians turned their attention toward Fort Ridgley, eighteen miles north-west. On Wednesday, at three o'clock P. M., the 20th of August, they suddenly appeared in great force at that post, and at once commenced a furious assault upon it. The fort is situated on the edge of the prairie, about half a mile from the Minnesota River, a timbered bottom intervening, and a wooded ravine running up out of the bottom around two sides of the fort, and within about twenty rods of

the buildings, affording shelter for an enemy on three sides, within easy rifle or musket range.

The first knowledge the garrison had of the presence of the foe was given by a volley from the ravine, which drove in the pickets. The men were instantly formed, by order of Lieutenant Sheehan, in line of battle, on the parade-ground, inside the works. Two men, Mark M. Grear, of Company C, and William Goode, of Company B, fell at the first fire of the concealed foe, after the line was formed; the former was instantly killed, the latter badly wounded, both being shot in the head. Robert Baker, a citizen, who had escaped from the massacre at the Lower Agency, was shot through the head, and instantly killed, while standing at a window in the barracks, at about the same time. The men soon broke for shelter, and, from behind boxes, from windows, from the shelter of the buildings, and from every spot where concealment was possible, watched their opportunities, wasted no ammunition, but poured their shots with deadly effect upon the wily and savage foe whenever he suffered himself to be seen.

The forces in the fort at this time were the remnant of Company B, 5th Regiment M. V., Lieutenant Culver, thirty men; about fifty men of Company C, same regiment, Lieutenant T. J. Sheehan; the Renville Rangers, Lieutenant James Gorman, numbering fifty men, all under command of Lieutenant T. J. Sheehan.

Sergeant John Jones, of the regular army, a brave and skillful man, was stationed at this fort as post-sergeant, in charge of the ordnance, and took immediate command of the artillery, of which there were in the fort six pieces. Three only, however, were used—

two six-pounder howitzers, and one twenty-four-pounder field-piece. A sufficient number of men had been detailed to work these guns, and, at the instant of the first alarm, were promptly at their posts. One of the guns was placed in charge of a citizen named J. C. Whipple, an old artillerist, who had seen service in the Mexican War, and in the United States navy, and had made his escape from the massacre at the Lower Agency, and one in charge of Sergeant McGrew, of Company C; the other in charge of Sergeant Jones in person. The number of Indians engaged in this assault can never be accurately ascertained; but there were, probably, not less than five hundred warriors, led by their renowned chief, Little Crow.

So sudden had been the outbreak, and so weak was the garrison—no reinforcements having reached them until Tuesday afternoon—that there had been no time to construct any defensive works whatever, or to remove or destroy the wooden structures and haystacks, behind which the enemy could take position and shelter. And to render the position of the now beleaguered garrison still more critical, the magazine was situated some twenty rods outside the main works on the open prairie, and but a very small portion of the ammunition had been removed inside. Men were at once detailed to take the ammunition into the fort. This perilous duty they performed most nobly, working all the afternoon, with Indian bullets raining across the open space over which they had to pass, until the last ounce was safely within the barracks. Theirs was the post of danger; but they passed through the leaden storm unscathed.

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In this engagement there were two men killed, and nine wounded. The Government stable, located some thirty rods from the fort, near the edge of the timber, toward the river, was filled with mules belonging to the Government, and horses of the settlers who had escaped from the massacre and reached the fort. These the Indians succeeded in getting out of the stable, and "*stampeded.*" Jack Frazer, an old resident in the Indian country, and intimately acquainted not only with the country, but with the Indian mode of warfare, volunteered as a bearer of dispatches to Governor Ramsey, at St. Paul, and availing himself of the darkness, and the furious storm raging on Wednesday night, made his way safely out of the fort, and reached St. Peter, where he met Colonel Sibley and his command on their way to its relief.

Rain continued to fall until nearly night of Thursday, when it ceased, and that night the stars looked down upon the weary, but still wakeful and vigilant, watchers in Fort Ridgley. On that night, a large quantity of oats, in sacks, stored in the granary near

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ight the heavens opened, and the earth was deluged ith rain, effectually preventing the consummation of uch a design, if it was intended. O, how thankfully hat band of weary watchers hailed the coming of that torm! As the first great drops (harbingers to them f present safety) fell on the faces upturned to the gath- ring heavens, the glad shout of "Rain! rain! thank God! thank God!" went round the beleaguered garrison. Stout-hearted, strong-armed men breathed free again; nd weary, frightened women and children slept once more in comparative safety.

In this engagement there were two men killed, and nine wounded. The Government stable, located some thirty rods from the fort, near the edge of the timber, toward the river, was filled with mules belonging to the Government, and horses of the settlers who had escaped from the massacre and reached the fort. These the Indians succeeded in getting out of the stable, and "*stampeded.*" Jack Frazer, an old resident in the In- dian country, and intimately acquainted not only with the country, but with the Indian mode of warfare, vol- unteered as a bearer of dispatches to Governor Ramsey, at St. Paul, and availing himself of the darkness, and the furious storm raging on Wednesday night, made his way safely out of the fort, and reached St. Peter, where he met Colonel Sibley and his command on their way to its relief.

Rain continued to fall until nearly night of Thurs- day, when it ceased, and that night the stars looked down upon the weary, but still wakeful and vigilant, watchers in Fort Ridgley. On that night, a large quantity of oats, in sacks, stored in the granary near

In the rear of the barracks, and between them and the ravine up which the St. Peter road passes, is a row of small block-houses, usually occupied by the families of soldiers. The enemy had possession of this ravine and road. In front of these houses some of the men took position, while others were posted in the buildings, at the windows, and in sheltered positions in the sheds in the rear of the officers' quarters. Here they fought from three o'clock until dark, the artillery all the while shelling the ravines, at short range, and the rifles and muskets of the men dropping the yelling demons like autumn leaves. In the mean time the Indians had got into some of the old out-buildings, and had crawled up behind the haystacks, from which they poured heavy volleys into the fort. A few well-directed shells from the howitzers set them on fire, and when night closed over the scene, the lurid light of the burning buildings shot up with a fitful glare, and served the purpose of revealing to the watchful eyes of the wary sentinel the lurking foe, should he again appear.

The Indians retired with the closing day, and were seen in large numbers on their ponies, making their way rapidly toward the Agency. Jones continued to shell the ravines until after dark, but elicited no response. The night passed slowly away to the sleepless and weary garrison, who had laid down upon their arms, or watched at the exposed points until morning dawned again. The great danger feared by all was, that, under cover of the darkness, the savages might creep up to the buildings, and, with fire-arrows, ignite the dry roofs of the wooden structures. But the vigilant and loving eye of God was watching over them, and about mid-

night the heavens opened, and the earth was deluged with rain, effectually preventing the consummation of such a design, if it was intended. O, how thankfully that band of weary watchers hailed the coming of that storm! As the first great drops (harbingers to them of present safety) fell on the faces upturned to the gathering heavens, the glad shout of "Rain! rain! thank God! thank God!" went round the beleaguered garrison. Stout-hearted, strong-armed men breathed free again; and weary, frightened women and children slept once more in comparative safety.

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the stable, and a quantity of cord-wood piled near the fort, were disposed about the works in such a manner as to afford protection to the men, in case of another attack. The roof of the commissary building, a one-story structure, was also covered with earth, as a protection against fire-arrows. The water now (Friday morning) in the fort had given out, and, as there was neither well nor cistern in the works, the garrison were dependent upon a spring, some sixty rods distant in the ravine, for a supply of that indispensable element. A squad of men were detailed as an escort to the water-wagons, and started on their perilous errand to the ravine. Reaching it in safety, they found the reservoir destroyed, and the spring filled up. Their only recourse now was to *dig* for water, which they did at another and less exposed point, and by noon had a supply sufficient for two or three days secured inside the fort.

In the mean time the small arms ammunition having become nearly exhausted in the battle of Wednesday, the balls were removed from some of the spherical-case-shot, and a party of men and women made them up into cartridges, thus securing a supply, which was greatly needed, as the sequel will show. Small parties of Indians had been seen around the fort, out of range, during Thursday and Friday forenoon—probably scouting parties, watching the fort, to report if reinforcements had reached it. At about one o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 22d, they appeared again in force, their numbers greatly augmented, and commenced a most furious and determined assault. They came, apparently, from the direction of the Lower Agency, passing down into the Minnesota bottom, and round

into the ravine surrounding the fort. As they passed down near the beautiful residence of B. H. Randall, post sutler, they applied the torch to it, and it was soon wrapped in flames. On came the painted savages, yelling like so many demons let loose from the bottomless pit; but the brave men in that sore-pressed garrison knew full well that to be taken was certain death to themselves and all within the doomed fort, by the most horrible tortures that savage ingenuity could devise, and each man was promptly at his post.

The main attack was directed against that side of the works next to the river, the buildings here being of wood, simple frame structures, and the most vulnerable part of the fort. This side was covered by the stable, granary, and one or two old buildings, besides the sutler's store on the west side, yet standing, as well as the buildings named above. Made bold by their augmented numbers, and the non-arrival of reinforcements to the garrison, they pressed on, seemingly determined to rush at once into the works, but were met as they reached the edge of the timber, and swept round up the ravine with such a deadly fire of musketry poured upon them from behind the barracks and the windows of the quarters, and of grape, canister, and shell from the guns of the brave and heroic Jones, Whipple, and McGrew, that they beat a hasty retreat to the friendly shelter of the bottom, out of musket range. But the shells continued to scream wildly through the air, and burst around and among them. They soon rallied and took possession of the stable and other out-buildings on the south side of the fort, from which they poured terrific volleys upon the frail wooden buildings o

side, the bullets actually passing through their sides, and through the partitions inside of them. Here Joseph Vancose, a citizen, and the only man killed in the fort during this fight, was shot through the body by a ball which came through the side of the building. They were soon driven from these buildings by the artillery, which shelled them out, setting the buildings on fire. The sutler's store was in like manner shelled and set on fire, as some of the Indians were endeavoring to get into it. The scene now became grand and terrific. The flames and smoke of the burning buildings, the wild and demoniac yells of the savage besiegers, the roaring of cannon, the screaming of the shells as they hurtled through the air, the sharp crack of the rifle, and the unceasing rattle of musketry, all formed a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The Indians retired hastily from the burning buildings, the men in the fort sending a shower of bullets among them, as they disappeared over the brow of the bluff toward the bottom. With wild yells they now circled round into the ravine, and from the tall grass, lying on their faces, and from the shelter of the timber, continued the battle till night, their leader, Little Crow, trying in vain several times to get them to charge on the guns. They formed once for that purpose, about sundown, when a shell and a round of canister sent into their midst closed the contest, when, with an unearthly yell of rage and disappointment, they left. These shots, as was afterward ascertained from a half-breed whom they had held as a captive, killed and wounded seventeen of their number. Jones continued to shell the ravine and timber around the fort until after dark,

when the firing ceased, and then, as had been done on each night before, since the investment of the fort, the men all went to their several posts to wait and watch for the coming of the wily foe. The night waned slowly, O! how slowly, to that band of worn and weary watchers; but they must not sleep; their foe is sleepless, and that wide area of dry, shingled roof must be closely scanned, and the approaches be vigilantly guarded, by which he may, under cover of the darkness, creep upon them unawares.

Morning broke at last; the sun rode up a clear and cloudless sky, but the foe came not again. The day passed away, and no attack; the night again, and then another day; and yet other nights and days of sleepless, weary watching, but neither friend nor foe approached the fort, until about daylight on Wednesday morning, the 27th, when the cry, from a look-out on the roof, "There are horsemen coming on the St. Peter road, across the ravine!" sent a thrill to the hearts of all. Are they friends or foes? was the question on the tongues of all. By their cautious movements they were evidently reconnoitering, and it was yet too dark for those in the fort to be able to tell, at that distance, friends from foes. But as daylight advanced, and objects became more clearly defined, one hundred and fifty mounted men came dashing through the ravine, and amidst the wild hurras of the assembled garrison, Colonel Samuel McPhail, at the head of two or three companies of hastily-gathered citizen-cavalry, rode into the fort. In command of a company of these men were Anson Northrup, from Minneapolis, an old frontier-man, and Captain R. H. Chittenden, of the 1st Wisconsin Cav-

alry. This force had ridden all night, having left St. Peter, forty-five miles distant, at six o'clock the night before. From them the garrison learned that heavy reinforcements were on the way to their relief, under Colonel (now Brigadier-General) H. H. Sibley. The worn-out and exhausted garrison could now sleep with a feeling of comparative security. The number of killed and wounded of the enemy is not known, but must have been considerable, as, at the close of each battle, they were seen carrying away their dead and wounded. Our own fallen heroes were buried on the edge of the prairie, by the ravine near the fort, and the injuries of the wounded men were carefully attended to by the skillful and excellent post surgeon, Dr. Alfred Müller.

We can not close our account of this protracted siege without paying a tribute, on behalf of the sick and wounded in that garrison, to one whose name will never be mentioned by them but with love and respect. The hospitals of Sebastopol had their Florence Nightingale, and over every blood-stained field of the South, in our own struggle for national life, have hovered angels of mercy, cheering and soothing the sick and wounded, smoothing the pillows and closing the eyes of our dying braves. And when, in after years, the brave men who fell, sorely wounded, in the battles of Fort Ridgley, Birch Coolie, and Wood Lake, fighting against the savage hordes who overran the borders of our beautiful State, in August and September, 1862, carrying the flaming torch, the gleaming tomahawk, and bloody scalping-knife to hundreds of peaceful homes, shall tell to their children and children's children the

tory of the "dark and bloody ground" of Minnesota, nd shall exhibit to them the scars those wounds have eft, they will tell, with moistened cheek and quivering ip, of the "Florence Nightingale" of Fort Ridgley. They will tell how, through all those long and weary days and nights of pain and suffering, her presence was the sunlight of the darkened hospital; how, like a loving sister, she soothed their pain and ministered to their need. They will tell them how, through all their lives, they have borne the memory of Mrs. Eliza Müller in their heart of hearts; and they will teach those children, when night and morning they bend the knee, to pray the All-seeing Father to shower his choicest blessings on her head.

### Sergeant John Jones.

We feel that the truth of history will not be fully vindicated should we fail to bestow upon a brave and gallant officer—although occupying, during the siege, a subordinate position, under those whom *he should have commanded*—that meed of praise so justly his due. The only officer of experience left in the fort by the death of its brave commandant was Sergeant John Jones, of the regular artillery; and it is but just to that gallant officer that we should say here that which is admitted by almost every man in it, both citizens and soldiers, that but for the cool courage and discretion of Sergeant Jones, Fort Ridgley would, in the first day's battle, have become a funeral pyre for all within its doomed walls. And it gives us more than ordinary pleasure to *record the fact, that* the services he then

rendered the Government, in the defense of the frontier, have been fully recognized and rewarded with a commission of Captain of the 3d Minnesota Battery.

### Incidents of the Siege—J. W. De Camp.

Many incidents of a tragic, comic, or thrilling character occurred during this long and wearisome siege. When the writer entered the fort, on the 19th, with the Renville Rangers, one of the first persons he met was J. W. De Camp, of the Lower Agency. Mr. De Camp was absent from home at the time of the outbreak, and his wife and children were captured by the fiends, but it was not known at that time what had been their fate. He was a man of fine feelings and generous and noble impulses. He fortunately had with him his Sharp's rifle. The friends of the writer were also in the Indian country, and, as we both supposed, were either massacred or captives. As we grasped hands poor De Camp remarked, with choked utterance, "Well the red devils have got our families." It was replied "We will make them pay the forfeit with their lives." "Yes," he replied, with nervous energy; and, turning away with a groan, as of more than mortal pain, remarked, between his clenched teeth, while the tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks, "but, curse them, they have not lives enough in the whole Sioux nation to pay it."

During the siege that ensued that rifle was made to do terrible execution, and woe to the red-skin that came within its deadly range. Courageous even to recklessness, wherever the battle raged the fiercest his form

was to be seen, and the crack of his unerring rifle was to be heard.

De Camp passed through the battles of Fort Ridgley unharmed, and went with the burial party to the Lower Agency, hoping to learn, if possible, something of the fate of his family; if they were among the dead, to give sepulture to their remains, and end the horrible suspense haunting him as to their fate. They were not among the murdered, and he went, with the rest of the party, into camp at Birch Coolie that night, and, in the desperate battle which ensued, was mortally wounded, and taken to Fort Ridgley, where he died. In the mean time, his wife and children had been taken by the Indians toward the Chippewa River. A favorable opportunity occurring, a friendly Sioux, whose English name is Lorenzo Lawrence, a man of some education, who speaks the English language well, secretly obtained a boat and some provisions, and, taking Mrs. De Camp and her two children, and his own family, descended the Minnesota River to Fort Ridgley in safety. Noble fellow! let his name be forever gratefully remembered. Mrs. De Camp reached the fort, not to meet the living husband she had hoped to see, but only to look with tearful eyes upon the heap of earth that hid him from her sight forever.

### Mrs. Sergeant Jones.

At the time of the attack upon the fort, on Wednesday, the 20th, the wife of Sergeant Jones was in her house, which was one of the row of block-houses in the rear of the *barracks,* with her children and a young

girl. The attack was so sudden that there was no time to seek a place of greater security, and they were compelled to remain where they were during the battle. The Indians were in the immediate vicinity of this house, and the engagement raged furiously around it for a long time. At one time during the afternoon, when the fighting was most furious and determined on the part of the assailants, an Indian came to a window, and, thrusting his gun through it, fired at Mrs. Jones as she crouched behind the stove to avoid the shot. The ball missed its mark, and the savage went away, and did not again return. As soon as it could be done with safety, they were rescued from their perilous situation.

### Frank Le Clair.

During the hard-fought battle of the 22d, Frank Le Clair, a private in the Renville Rangers, was shot through the arm. Coolly taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he bound it around his arm, and remained unflinchingly at his post until the savages were repulsed.

### Burning an Indian.

During the progress of the battle of the 20th, some Indians had taken possession of a stable in the rear of Sergeant Jones's quarters, and held it until night, when Whipple was ordered to shell it, and set it on fire. Two shells were thrown into it from a mountain howitzer, both of which burst inside the building, which, igniting the hay, it was, in a moment, a sheet of flame. Two [illegible]ds, Joe Latour and George Dashner, of the

Renville Rangers, were stationed at the bakery, within easy rifle range of the stable; and, as one of the shells went crashing into the building, an Indian sprang out at the door, and started on a very rapid "double-quick" for the ravine. A ball from the musket of Dashner brought him to the ground, when he essayed to crawl away from the burning structure. Dashner, seeing the movement, dropped his gun, and simply saying "Come, Joe," started on a run for the stable. Joe dropped his gun and followed, and, seizing the wounded and struggling wretch, they pitched him headlong into the flames, and shouting the Indian war-whoop, returned unhurt to the fort, although several shots were fired after them from the ravine. This daring but somewhat cruel feat was witnessed by Sergeant Whipple, who related it to the writer.

### Henry Balland.

Henry Balland entered the fort on Monday, the 18th. On the morning of the 19th he went, with another man, to the spring in the ravine, near the fort, to wash and get a drink. They had scarcely reached the spring when they found their return cut off by the sudden appearance, all around them, of not less than one hundred and fifty Indians. Their only course was now to conceal themselves as best they could in the rank grass of the Minnesota bottom. Here they remained all day, the savages meanwhile all about them. At one time they endeavored to crawl away, and were discovered, but managed to elude the savages, and again succeeded in concealing themselves in the grass. Just at night a

furious storm arose, and, with the rain pouring down in torrents, and the deep-voiced thunder drowning all other sounds, they again essayed to escape. This time they were successful. They passed close to groups of Indians, crouching under their blankets, with their backs to the storm, unobserved, and reached the town of Glencoe in safety. During this storm the Renville Rangers passed through the ravine and entered the fort, Balland and his companion being, at the time, about half a mile above the point where the road crosses the ravine. But for that providential storm the Rangers would, doubtless, have all been destroyed in that ravine, and some other hand than ours would have written the sad story of the destruction of the settlements on the Minnesota border.

### Adventure of Louis Robert.

Louis Robert had extensive trading-houses in the Sioux country, and, at the time the Renville Rangers were enlisted at the Agencies, Mr. Robert rendered efficient aid to the enterprise, inducing many young men in his employ to volunteer, and accompanied the boys to St. Peter. At that place the authorities required a bond of one thousand dollars before the arms could be obtained with which we returned to Fort Ridgley, on the 19th, as detailed in another chapter. That bond was given by LOUIS ROBERT, who also returned with us to the fort.

Mr. Robert was in the fort during the battle of Wednesday, taking a hand in its defense. On Friday he left us, with the design of going to New Ulm, but

had not gone over two or three miles before he found himself surrounded by a large number of Indians, who were marching to the attack of the fort. He hastily concealed himself in the grass, in a slough, where he remained till night, when he again essayed to go on, but had scarcely left his place of concealment before he was discovered, and again beat a hasty retreat to the slough, where he remained, standing in the water, holding his gun above his head, the remainder of the night. While in this position, but a few rods from the road, he thinks not less than one thousand warriors passed him in the early dawn of Saturday, on the way to New Ulm. He remained in his concealment until they had all passed, and every thing was quiet around him, when he crept out, and ascending the bluff, dried his garments in the sun, and, just before night, succeeded in eluding some Indians, who were still lurking about, and, hatless, and with his hair standing upon end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' entered Fort Ridgley, thankful that he had been able to bring his *scalp* with him.

## CHAPTER X.

**Captain Whitcomb's arrival at St. Paul—Meets Colonel Sibley at Shakopee—His arrival at Forest City—Dead Bodies found Mutilated by Indians—Passes through Meeker County—A Fort Constructed—Visits Monongalia County—Engagement with Indians—Falls back, fighting on their Retreat—Fortification Erected—Quarters his Men in the Hotel—Attack on Forest City—Town partly Burned—Indians Defeated—Condition of the Country—Captain Strout at Glencoe—Town Fortified by General Stevens—Captain Strout advances to the Frontier—Passes through Hutchinson—Attacked near Acton by one hundred and fifty Indians—Bravery of our Troops—The number of Whites killed and wounded—Captain Strout falls back to Hutchinson—Attack on Hutchinson—Captain Strout reinforced by Captain Davis and Lieutenant Weinmann—Indians pursued on their Retreat from Hutchinson—Kingston protected by Lieutenant Byrnes—Captain Pettit sent to reinforce Whitcomb—Rockford—Paynesville—Norway Lake—St. Joseph—Sauk Center—Grove Lake—St. Cloud—Richmond—Clearwater—Morrison County.**

THIS chapter will be devoted to the upper portion of the State, and the movements of troops for the relief of the frontier, not immediately connected with the main expedition under Colonel Sibley; and, to avoid repetition, the prominent incidents of the massacre in this portion of the State will be given in connection with the movements of the troops. We quote from the *Adjutant-General's Report:*

THE 19th day of August the first news of the outbreak at Red Wood was received at St. Paul. On the same day a messenger arrived from Meeker County, *with* news of murders committed in that county by the

Indians, and an earnest demand for assistance. The murders were committed at Acton, about twelve miles from Forest City, on Sunday, the 17th day of the month. The circumstances under which these murders were committed are fully detailed in a previous chapter.

George C. Whitcomb, commander of the State forces raised in the county of Meeker, was stationed at Forest City. On the 19th of August, Mr. Whitcomb arrived at St. Paul, and received from the State seventy-five stand of arms and a small quantity of ammunition, for the purpose of enabling the settlers of Meeker County to stand on the defensive, until other assistance could be sent to their aid. With these in his possession, he started on his return, and, on the following day, he met Colonel Sibley at Shakopee, by whom he was ordered to raise a company of troops, and report with his command to the Colonel, at Fort Ridgley. On arriving at Hutchinson, in McLeod County, he found the whole county on a general stampede, and small bands of Indians lurking in the border of Meeker County.

Captain Richard Strout was ordered, under date of August 24, to proceed with a company of men to Forest City, in the county of Meeker, for the protection of that locality.

In the mean time Captain Whitcomb arrived at Forest City with the arms furnished him by the State, with the exception of those left by him at Hutchinson. Upon his arrival he speedily enlisted, for temporary service, a company of fifty-three men, twenty-five of whom were mounted, and the remainder were to act as foot infantry.

Captain Whitcomb, with the mounted portion of his company, made a rapid march into the county of Monongalia, to a point about thirty miles from Forest City, where he found the bodies of two men who had been shot by the Indians, who had mutilated the corpses by cutting their throats and scalping them. In the same vicinity he found the ruins of three houses that had been burned, and the carcasses of a large number of cattle that had been wantonly killed and devoted to destruction.

Owing to rumors received at this point, he proceeded in a north-westerly direction, to the distance of ten miles further, and found on the route the remains of five more of the settlers, all of whom had been shot and scalped, and some of them were otherwise mutilated, by having their hands cut off, and gashes cut in their faces, done apparently with hatchets. Having been informed that several women and children had escaped to the woods near the point reached, he spent the half of one day in endeavoring to recover them, in order to conduct them to a place of greater safety, but was wholly unsuccessful in the search.

On the return to camp at Forest City, when within about four miles of Acton, he came to a point on the road where a train of wagons had been attacked on the 23d. He here found two more dead bodies of white men, mutilated in a shocking manner, by having their hands cut off, being disemboweled and otherwise disfigured, having knives still remaining in their abdomens where they had been left by the savages. The road at this place was, for three miles, lined with the carcasses of dead cattle, a great portion of which belonged to the

train upon which the attack had been made. On this excursion the company were about four days, during which time they traveled over one hundred miles, and buried the bodies of nine persons who had been murdered.

On the next day after having returned to the camp, being the 28th of the month, the same party made a circuit through the western portion of Meeker County, and buried the bodies of three more men that were found mutilated and disfigured in a similar manner to those previously mentioned. In addition to the other services rendered by the company thus far, they had discovered and removed to the camp several persons found wounded and disabled in the vicinity, and two, who had been very severely wounded, had been sent by them to St. Cloud, for the purpose of receiving surgical attention.

Day by day matters grew more dark and gloomy in this region of the State, and Captain Whitcomb found it impossible to comply with his orders by reporting his command to Colonel Sibley, without leaving the women and children who had sought the protection of the company at the mercy of the small roving bands of savages who were known to be in the neighborhood. He therefore deemed that the necessity justified the disobedience, and determined to retain his force at Forest City as a base of operations.

The company, in addition to their other labors, were employed in the construction of a stockade fort, to be used, if necessary, for defensive purposes, and for the protection of those who were not capable of bearing arms. It was formed by inserting the ends of pieces of rough timber into the earth to the depth of three feet,

and leaving from ten to twelve feet above the surface of the ground. In this way an area was inclosed of one hundred and forty feet in length and one hundred and thirty in width. Within the fortification was included one frame dwelling-house and a well of water. At diagonal corners of the inclosure were erected two wings or bastions provided with port-holes, from each of which two sides of the main work could be guarded and raked by the rifles of the company.

Information was received by Captain Whitcomb that a family at Green Lake, in Monongalia County, near the scenes visited by him in his expedition to that County, had made their escape from the Indians, and taken refuge upon an island in the lake. In attempting to rescue this family, Captain Whitcomb had a severe encounter with Indians found in ambush near the line of Meeker County, and after much skirmishing and a brisk engagement, which proved very much to the disadvantage of the Indians, they succeeded in effecting their escape to the thickly-timbered region in the rear of their first position. The members of the company were nearly all experienced marksmen, and the Springfield rifles in their hands proved very galling to the enemy. So anxious was the latter to effect his retreat, that he left three of his dead upon the ground. No loss was sustained on the part of our troops, except a flesh-wound in the leg received by one of the company. As it was deemed unadvisable to pursue the Indians into the heavy timber with the small force at command, the detachment fell back to their camp, arriving the same evening.

On the following day, Captain Whitcomb, taking with

him twenty men from his company, and twenty citizens who volunteered for the occasion, proceeded on the same route taken the day previous. With the increase in his forces he expected to be able, without much difficulty, to overcome the Indians previously encountered. After proceeding about ten miles from the camp, their further progress was again disputed by the Indians, who had likewise been reinforced since their last encounter. Owing to the great superiority of the enemy's forces, the Captain withdrew his men. They fell gradually back, fighting steadily on the retreat, and were pursued to within four miles of the encampment. In this contest, one Indian is known to have been killed. On the part of the whites, one horse and wagon got mired in a slough, and had to be abandoned. No other injury was suffered from the enemy; but two men were wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun in their own ranks.

A fortification was prepared, and the citizens, with their families, were removed within the inclosure. Captain Whitcomb quartered his company in the principal hotel of the place, and guards were stationed for the night, while all the men were directed to be prepared for any contingency that might arise, and be in readiness for using their arms at any moment.

Between two and three o'clock the following morning, the guards discovered the approach of Indians, and gave the alarm. As soon as the savages perceived that they were discovered, they uttered the war-whoop, and poured a volley into the hotel where the troops were quartered. The latter immediately retired to the stockade, taking with them all the ammunition and equipments in *their* possession. They had scarcely

effected an entrance when fire was opened upon it from forty or fifty Indian rifles. Owing to the darkness of the morning, no distinct view could be obtained of the enemy, and, in consequence, no very effective fire could be opened upon him.

While one party of the Indians remained to keep up a fire upon the fort and harass the garrison, another portion were engaged in setting fire to buildings and haystacks, while others, at the same time, were engaged in collecting horses and cattle found in the place, and driving them off. Occasional glimpses could be obtained of those near the fires, but as soon as a shot was fired at them they would disappear in the darkness. Most of the buildings burned, however, were such a distance from the fort as to be out of range of the guns of the garrison. The fire kept up from that point prevented the near approach of the incendiary party, and by that means the principal part of the town was saved from destruction. On one occasion an effort was made to carry the flames into a more central part of the town, and the torches in the hands of the party were seen approaching the office of A. C. Smith, Esq. Directed by the light of the torches, a volley was poured into their midst from the fort, whereupon the braves hastily abandoned their incendiary implements and retreated from that quarter of the village. From signs of blood afterward found upon the ground, some of the Indians were supposed to have met the fate intended for them, but no dead were left behind.

The fight continued, without other decided results, until about daylight, at which time the principal part of the forces retired. As the light increased, so that

objects became discernible, a small party of savages were observed engaged in driving off a quantity of cattle. A portion of the garrison, volunteering for the purpose, sallied out to recover the stock, which they accomplished, with the loss of two men wounded, one of them severely.

This company had no further encounters with the Indians, but afterward engaged in securing the grain and other property belonging to settlers who had abandoned, or been driven from, their farms and homes. Nearly every settlement between Forest City and the western frontier had, by this time, been deserted, and the whole country was in the hands of the savages. In speaking of his endeavors to save a portion of the property thus abandoned, Captain Whitcomb, on the 7th of September, wrote as follows:

"It is only in their property that the inhabitants can now be injured; the people have all fled. The country is totally abandoned. Not an inhabitant remains in Meeker County, west of this place. No white person (unless a captive) is now living in Kandiyohi or Mongalia County."

On the 1st of September, Captain Strout, who had previously arrived at Glencoe, made preparations for a further advance. Owing to the vigorous measures adopted by General John H. Stevens, of the State militia, it was thought unnecessary that any additional forces should be retained at this point. Under his directions, no able-bodied man had been permitted to leave the neighborhood, or pass through, having deserted the country further to the westward. All such were required to desist from further flight, and assist

in making a stand, in order to check the further advance of the destroyers of their homes. The town of Glencoe had been fortified to a certain extent, and a military company of seventy-three members had been organized, and armed with such guns as were in the possession of the settlers. With Glencoe thus provided for, General Stevens did not hesitate to advise, nor Captain Strout to attempt, a further advance into the overrun and threatened territory.

The company of the latter, by this time, had been increased by persons, principally from Wright County, who volunteered their services for the expedition, until it numbered about seventy-five men. With this force he marched, as already stated, on the 1st day of September.

Passing through Hutchinson on his way, no opposition was encountered until the morning of the 3d of September. On the night previous, he had arrived at and encamped near Acton, on the western border of Meeker County.

At about half-past five o'clock the next morning his camp was attacked by a force comprising about one hundred and fifty Indians. The onset was made from the direction of Hutchinson, with the design, most probably, of cutting off the retreat of the company, and of precluding the possibility of sending a messenger after reinforcements. They fought with a spirit and zeal that seemed determined to annihilate our little force, at whatever cost it might require.

For the first half hour Captain Strout formed his company into four sections, in open order, and pressed against them as skirmishers. Finding their forces so

much superior to his own, he concentrated the force of his company, and hurled them against the main body of the enemy. In this manner the fight was kept up for another hour and a half, the Indians falling slowly back as they were pressed, in the direction of Hutchinson, but maintaining all the while their order and line of battle. At length the force in front of the company gave way, and falling upon the rear, continued to harass it in its retreat.

About one-half of the savages were mounted, partly on large, fine horses, of which they had plundered the settlements, and partly on regular Indian ponies. These latter were so well trained for the business in which they were now engaged, that their riders would drive them at a rapid rate to within any desirable distance of our men, when pony and rider would both instantly lie down in the tall grass, and thus become concealed from the aim of the sharp-shooters of the company.

With the intention, most likely, of creating a panic in our ranks, and causing the force to scatter, and become, separately, an easy prey to the pursuers, the Indians would at times, uttering the most terrific and unearthly yells of which their lungs and skill were capable, charge in a mass upon the little band. On none of these occasions, however, did a single man falter or attempt a flight; and, after approaching within one hundred yards of the retreating force, and perceiving that they still remained firm, the Indians would halt the charge, and seek concealment in the grass or elsewhere, from which places they would continue their fire.

After having thus hung upon and harassed the rear of the retreating force for about half an hour, at the end of which time the column had arrived within a short distance of Cedar City, in the extreme north-west corner of McLeod County, the pursuit was given up, and the company continued the retreat, without further opposition, to Hutchinson, at which place it arrived at an early hour in the same afternoon.

The loss of the company in this encounter was three men killed and fifteen wounded, some of them severely. All were, however, brought from the field.

In addition to this, they lost most of their rations, cooking utensils, tents, and a portion of their ammunition and arms. Some of their horses became unmanageable and ran away. Some were mired and abandoned, making, with those killed by the enemy, an aggregate loss of nine. The loss inflicted upon the enemy could not be determined with any degree of certainty, but Captain Strout was of the opinion that their killed and wounded were two or three times as great as ours.

At Hutchinson, a military company, consisting of about sixty members, had been organized for the purpose of defending the place against any attacks from the Indians. Of this company Louis Harrington was elected captain. On the first apprehension of danger, a house was barricaded as a last retreat, in case of necessity. The members of the company, aided by the citizens, afterward constructed a small stockade fort of one hundred feet square. It was built after the same style as that at Forest City, with bastions in the same position, and a wall composed of double timbers rising

to the hight of eight feet above the ground. The work was provided with loop-holes, from which a musketry fire could be kept up, and was of sufficient strength to resist any projectiles that the savages had the means of throwing. At this place Captain Strout halted his company, to await further developments.

At about nine o'clock on the next morning, the 4th of September, the Indians approached the town thus garrisoned, and commenced the attack. They were replied to from the fortification; but, as they were careful not to come within close range, and used every means to conceal their persons, but little punishment was inflicted upon them. They bent their energies more in attempts to burn the town than to inflict any serious injury upon the military. In these endeavors they were so far successful as to burn all the buildings situated on the bluff in the rear of the town, including the college building, which was here located. They at one time succeeded in reaching almost the heart of the village, and applying the incendiary torch to two of the dwelling-houses there situated, which were consumed.

Our forces marched out of the fort and engaged them in the open field; but, owing to the superior numbers of the enemy, and their scattered and hidden positions, it was thought that no advantage could be gained in this way, and, after driving them out of the town, the soldiers were recalled to the fort. The day was spent in this manner, the Indians making a succession of skirmishes, but, at the same time, endeavoring to maintain a sufficient distance between them and the soldiers to insure an almost certain impunity from the fire of their muskets. At about five o'clock in the evening their

forces were withdrawn, and our troops rested on their arms, in expectation of a renewal of the fight in a more desperate form.

As soon as General Stevens was informed of the attack made upon Captain Strout, near Acton, and his being compelled to fall back to Hutchinson, he directed Captain Davis to proceed to the command of Lieutenant Weinmann, then stationed near Lake Addie, in the same county, to form a junction of the two commands, and proceed to Hutchinson and reinforce the command of Captain Strout.

On the morning of the 4th of September the pickets belonging to Lieutenant Weinmann's command reported having heard firing in the direction of Hutchinson. The Lieutenant immediately ascended an eminence in the vicinity of his camp, and, from that point, could distinguish the smoke from six different fires in the same direction. Being satisfied, from these indications, that an attack had been made upon Hutchinson, he determined at once to march to the assistance of the place. Leaving behind him six men to collect the teams and follow with the wagons, he started with the remainder of his force in the direction indicated.

Some time after he had commenced his march, the company of Captain Davis arrived at the camp he had just left.

Upon learning the state of affairs, the mounted company followed in the same direction, and, in a short time, came up with Lieutenant Weinmann. A junction of their forces was immediately effected, and they proceeded in a body to Hutchinson, at which place they arrived about six o'clock in the evening. No Indians

had been encountered on the march, and the battle, so long and so diligently kept up during most of the day, had just been terminated, and the assailing forces withdrawn. A reconnoissance, in the immediate vicinity, was made from the fort on the same evening, but none of the Indians, who, a few hours before, seemed to be everywhere, could be seen; but the bodies of three of their victims, being those of one woman and two children, were found and brought to the village.

On the following morning, six persons arrived at the fortification, who had been in the midst of and surrounded by the Indians during the greater part of the day before, and had succeeded in concealing themselves until they retired from before the town, and finally effected their escape to the place.

The companies of Captain Davis and Lieutenant Weinmann made a tour of examination in the direction that the Indians were supposed to have taken. All signs discovered seemed to indicate that they had left the vicinity. Their trail, indicating that a large force had passed, and that a number of horses and cattle had been taken along, was discovered, leading in the direction of Red Wood. As the battle of Birch Coolie had been fought two or three days previous, at which time the Indians first learned the great strength of the column threatening them in that quarter, it is most likely that the party attacking Hutchinson had been called in to assist in the endeavor to repel the forces under Colonel Sibley.

On the 23d of September the Indians suddenly reappeared in the neighborhood. About three o'clock in the afternoon a messenger arrived, with dispatches from

Lieutenant Weinmann, informing Captain Strout t
Samuel White and family, residing at Lake Addie, l
that day been brutally murdered by the savages.

At about eleven o'clock P. M., the scouts from t
direction of Cedar City came in, having been attack
near Greenleaf, and one of their number, a member
Captain Harrington's company, killed and left upon t
ground. They reported having seen about twenty I
dians, having killed one, and their belief that more we
in the party. The scouts from nearly every directi
reported having seen Indians, some of them in consi
erable numbers, and the country all around seemed
once to have become infested with them.

On the 5th of September, Lieutenant William Byrn
of the 10th Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, with
command of forty-seven men, started from Minneapc
where his men were recruited, for service in Mee
and McLeod Counties. Upon his arrival in the cou
designated, he was finally stationed at Kingston, in
county of Meeker, for the purpose of affording pr
tion to that place and vicinity. He quartered his
in the storehouse of Hall & Co., which had beer
viously put in a state of defense by the citizens
place. He afterward strengthened the place by
of earth-works, and made daily examinations
surrounding country by means of scouts.

Captain Pettit, of the 8th Regiment Minnesota
teers, was, about the same time, sent to reinfo
tain Whitcomb, of Forest City, at which place
stationed at the time of the sudden reappearan
Indians in the country. On the 22d of Septem
was brought to Forest City that the Indians v

mitting depredations at Lake Ripley, a point some twelve miles to the westward of that place. Captain Pettit thereupon sent a messenger to Lieutenant Byrnes, requesting his co-operation, with as much of his command as could leave their post in safety, for the purpose of marching into the invaded neighborhood.

In pursuance of orders, Lieutenant Byrnes, with thirty-six men, joined the command of Captain Pettit on the same evening. On the next morning, the 23d of September, the same day that Captain Strout's scouting party was attacked at Greenleaf, Captain Pettit, with the command of Lieutenant Byrnes and eighty-seven men from the post at Forest City, marched in the direction in which the Indians had been reported as committing depredations on the previous day. Four mounted men of Captain Whitcomb's force accompanied the party as guides.

On arriving at the locality of reported depredations, they found the mutilated corpse of a citizen by the name of Oleson. He had received three shots through the body and one through the hand. Not even satisfied with the death thus inflicted, the savages had removed his scalp, beaten out his brains, cut his throat from ear to ear, and cut out his tongue by the roots. Leaving a detachment to bury the dead, the main body of the expedition continued the march by way of Long Lake, and encamped near Acton, where Captain Strout's command was first attacked, and at no great distance from the place where his scouts were attacked.

Scouts were sent out by Captain Pettit, all of whom returned without having seen any Indians. Two dwelling-houses had been visited that had been set on fire

by the Indians, but the flames had made so little progress as to be capable of being extinguished by the scouts, which was done accordingly. Three other houses on the east side of Long Lake had been fired and consumed during the same day. Three women were found, who had been lying in the woods for a number of days, seeking concealment from the savages. They were sent to Forest City for safety. During the early part of the night, Indians were heard driving or collecting cattle, on the opposite side of Long Lake from the encampment.

During the 24th of September the march was continued to Diamond Lake, in Monongalia County. All the houses on the route were found to be tenantless, all the farms were deserted, and every thing of value, of a destructible nature, belonging to the settlers, had been destroyed by the savages. Only one Indian was seen during the day, and he, being mounted, soon made his escape into the big woods. The carcasses of cattle, belonging to the citizens, were found in all directions upon the prairie, where they had been wantonly slaughtered, and their flesh abandoned to the natural process of decomposition.

At break of day, on the morning of the 25th, an Indian was seen by one of the sentinels to rise from the grass and attempt to take a survey of the encampment. He was immediately fired upon, when he uttered a yell and disappeared. Captain Pettit thereupon formed his command in order of battle, and sent out skirmishers to reconnoiter; but the Indians had decamped, and nothing further could be ascertained concerning them.

*At* seven o'clock the return march to Forest City was

commenced, by a route different from that followed in the outward march. About ten o'clock the expedition came upon a herd, comprising sixty-five head of cattle, which the Indians had collected, and were in the act of driving off, when they were surprised by the near approach of the volunteers. As the latter could be seen advancing at a distance of three miles, the Indians had no difficulty in making their escape to the timber, and, in this way, eluding pursuit from the expedition, by abandoning their plunder. The cattle were driven by the party to Forest City, where a great portion of the herd was found to belong to persons who were then doing military duty, or taking refuge from their enemies.

At Rockford, on the Crow River, a considerable force of citizens congregated for the purpose of mutual protection, and making a stand against the savages in case they should advance thus far. A substantial fortification was erected at the place, affording ample means of shelter and protection to those there collected; but we are not aware that it ever became necessary as a place of last resort to the people, nor are we aware that the Indians committed any act of hostilities within the county of Wright.

On the 24th of August rumors reached St. Cloud that murders and other depredations had been committed by the Indians near Paynesville, on the border of Stearns County, and near the dividing line between Meeker and Monongalia Counties. A public meeting of the citizens was called at four o'clock in the afternoon, at which, among other measures adopted, a squad, well armed and equipped, were instructed to proceed to Paynesville, and ascertain whether danger was to be

apprehended in that direction. This party immediately entered upon the discharge of their duty, and started to Paynesville the same evening.

On the evening of the following day they returned, and reported that they met at Paynesville the fugitives from Norway Lake, which latter place is situated in Monongalia County, and about seventeen miles in a south-west direction from the former. That, on Wednesday, the 20th day of August, as a family of Swedes, by the name of Lomberg, were returning from church, they were attacked by a party of Indians, and three brothers killed, and another one, a boy, wounded. The father had fourteen shots fired at him, but succeeded in making his escape. One of his sons, John, succeeded in bearing off his wounded brother, and making their escape to Paynesville. On the 24th, a party went out from Paynesville for the purpose of burying the dead at Norway Lake, where they found, in addition to those of the Lomberg family, two other entire families murdered—not a member of either left to tell the tale. The clothes had all been burned from their bodies, while from each had been cut either the nose, an ear or a finger, or some other act of mutilation had been committed upon it.

The party, having buried the dead, thirteen in number, were met by a little boy, who informed them that his father had that day been killed by the savages while engaged in cutting hay in a swamp. They proceeded with the intention of burying the body, but discovered the Indians to be in considerable force around the marsh, and they were compelled to abandon the design.

The party beheld the savages in the act of driving off forty-four head of cattle, a span of horses, and two wagons; but the paucity of their numbers compelled them to refrain from any attempt to recover the property, or to inflict any punishment upon the robbers and murderers having it in possession. A scouting party had been sent to Johanna Lake, about ten miles from Norway Lake, where about twenty persons had been living. Not a single person, dead or alive, could there be found. Whether they had been killed, escaped by hasty flight, or been carried off as prisoners, could not be determined from the surrounding circumstances. As the party were returning, they observed a man making earnest endeavors to escape their notice, and avoid them by flight, under the impression that they were Indians, refusing to be convinced to the contrary by any demonstrations they could make. Upon their attempting to overtake him, he plunged into a lake and swam to an island, from which he could not be induced to return. His family were discovered and brought to Paynesville, but no information could be derived from them respecting the fate of their neighbors.

When this report had been made to the citizens of St. Cloud by the returned party, a mounted company, consisting of twenty-five members, was immediately formed, for the purpose of co-operating with any forces from Paynesville in efforts to recover and rescue any citizens of the ravaged district. Of this company Ambrose Freeman was elected captain, and they proceeded in the direction of Paynesville the next morning at eight o'clock.

At Maine *Prairie, a point* to the south-west of St.

Cloud and about fifteen miles distant from that place, a determined band of farmers united together, with a determination never to leave until driven, and not to be driven by an inferior force. Their locality was a small prairie, entirely surrounded by timber and dense thickets, a circumstance that seemed to favor the near approach of the stealthy savages.

By concerted action they soon erected a substantial fortification, constructed of a double row of timbers, set vertically, and inserted firmly in the ground. The building was made two stories in hight. The upper story was fitted up for the women and children, and the lower was intended for purposes of a more strictly military character. Some of their number were dispatched to the State Capital to obtain such arms and supplies as could be furnished them. Provisions were laid in, and they soon expressed their confidence to hold the place against five hundred savages, and to stand a siege, if necessary. Their determination was not to be thus tested, however. The Indians came into their neighborhood, and committed some small depredations, but, so far as reported, never exhibited themselves within gunshot of the fort.

At Paynesville the citizens, and such others as sought shelter in the town, constructed a fortification for the purpose of protecting themselves and defending the village; but no description of the work has ever been received at this office, and, I believe, it was soon abandoned.

At St. Joseph, in the Watab Valley, the citizens there collected erected three substantial fortifications. These *block-houses* were built of solid green timber, of one

foot in thickness. The structure was a pentagon, and each side was fifty feet in length. They were located at different points of the town, and completely commanded the entrance in all directions. In case the savages had attacked the town, they must have suffered a very heavy loss before a passage could be effected, and, even after an entry had been made, they would have become fair targets for the riflemen of the forts. Beyond them, to the westward, every house is said to have been deserted, and a great portion of the country ravaged, thus placing them upon the extreme frontier in that direction; but, owing, no doubt, to their activity in preparing the means for effective resistance, they were permitted to remain almost undisturbed.

Sauk Center, near the north-western corner of the county, and situated on the head-waters of the Sauk River, is, perhaps, the most extreme point in this direction at which a stand was made by the settlers. Early measures were taken to perfect a military organization, which was effected on the 25th of August, by the election of Sylvester Ramsdell as captain. The company consisted of over fifty members, and labored under discouraging circumstances at the outset. The affrighted and panic-stricken settlers, from all places located still further to the north and west, came pouring past the settlement, almost communicating the same feeling to the inhabitants. From Holmes City, Chippewa Lake, Alexandria, Osakis, and West Union, the trains of settlers swept by, seeking safety only in flight, and apparently willing to receive it in no other manner.

Assistance *was received* from the valley of the Ashl

Rivers from Grove Lake, and from Westport, in Pope County.

A small stockade fort was constructed, and within it were crowded the women and children. The haste with which it was constructed, and the necessity for its early completion, prevented its either being so extensive or so strongly built as the interests and comfort of the people seemed to require.

Upon being informed of the exposed situation of the place, and the determination of the settlers to make a united effort to repel the destroyers from their homes, orders were, on the 30th day of August, issued to the commandant at Fort Snelling, directing him, with all due speed, to detail from his command two companies of troops, with instructions to proceed to Sauk Center, for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants of the Sauk Valley from any attack of hostile Indians, and to co-operate as far as possible with the troops stationed at Fort Abercrombie.

In obedience to these orders, the companies under command respectively of Captains George G. McCoy, of the 8th Regiment M. V., and Theodore H. Barrett, of the 9th Regiment, were sent forward. Their arrival at the stockade created a thrill of joy in the place, especially among the women and children, and all, even the most timid, took courage and rejoiced in their security. Captain Barrett was, shortly afterward, sent with his command in the expedition for the relief of Fort Abercrombie, and a short time afterward Captain McCoy, in obedience to orders from General Pope, fell back to St. Cloud.

*Upon* the departure of these troops, many of the more

timid were again almost on the verge of despair, and would willingly have retreated from the position they had so long held. More courageous councils prevailed, and the same spirit of firmness that refused safety by flight in the first instance, was still unbroken, and prompted the company to further action, and to the performance of other duties in behalf of themselves and those who had accepted their proffers of protection. Disease was beginning to make its appearance within the stockade, where no other enemy had attempted to penetrate, and this fact admonished the company that more extensive and better quarters were required in order to maintain the health of the people.

Several plans were submitted for a new stockade, from which one was selected, as calculated to secure the best means of defense, and, at the same time, to afford the most ample and comfortable quarters for the women, children, and invalids, besides permitting the horses and cattle to be secured within the works. In a few days the new fort was completed, inclosing an area of about one acre in extent, the walls of which were constructed of a double row of timbers, principally tamarack poles, inserted firmly in the ground, and rising eleven feet above the surface. These were properly prepared with loop-holes and other means of protection to those within, and for the repulsion of an attacking party.

When the people had removed their stock and property within the new fortification, and had assigned to their new quarters, they for the first felt really secure and at ease in mind. Had an [illegible]ous attack been *made upon* the party in their [illegible]

ade, they might have saved the lives of the people, but their horses and cattle would most certainly have been driven off or destroyed. Now they felt that there was a chance of safety for their property as well as themselves.

A short time after this work had been completed, Captain McCoy, after having rendered services in other parts of the county, was ordered back to Sauk Center, where he has remained with his command ever since. A company from the 25th Wisconsin Regiment was sent to the same place upon its arrival in the State, and remained there until about the first of December.

Two days after the citizens from Grove Lake—a point some twelve miles to the south-west of Sauk Center—had cast their lot with the people of the latter place, the night-sentinels of Captain Ramsdell's company discovered fires to the south-west. Fearing that all was not right in the vicinity of Grove Lake, a party was sent out the next morning to reconnoiter in that neighborhood. They found one dwelling-house burned, and others plundered of such things as had attracted the fancy of the savages, while all furniture was left broken and destroyed. A number of the cattle which had not been taken with the settlers when they left were found killed.

A Mr. Van Eaton, who resided at that place, about the same time, started from Sauk Center, with the intention of revisiting his farm. He is supposed to have fallen into the hands of the savages, as he never returned to the fort. Several parties were sent in search of him, but no positive trace could ever be found.

At St. Cloud, in the upper part of the town, a small

at substantial fortification was erected, and "Broker's Block" of buildings was surrounded with a breastwork, to be used in case the citizens should be compelled to seek safety in this manner. In Lower Town a small work was constructed, called Fort Holes. It was located upon a ridge overlooking the "flat" and the lower landing on the river. It was circular in form, and was forty-five feet in diameter. The walls were formed by two rows of posts, deeply and firmly set in the ground, with a space of four feet between the rows. Boards were then nailed upon the sides of the posts facing the opposite row, and the interspace filled and packed with earth, thus forming an earthen wall of four feet in thickness. The structure was then covered with two-inch plank, supported by heavy timbers, and this again with sods, in order to render it fire-proof. In the center, and above all, was erected a bullet-proof tower, of the "monitor" style, but without the means of causing it to revolve, prepared with loop-holes for twelve sharp-shooters. This entire structure was inclosed with a breastwork or wall similar to that of the main building, two feet in thickness and ten in light, with a projection outward so as to render it difficult to be scaled. It was pierced for loop-holes at the distance of every five feet. Within this fortification it was intended that the inhabitants of Lower Town should take refuge in case the Indians should make an attack in any considerable force, and where they expected to be able to stand a siege until reinforcements would be able to reach them. They have not yet been put to this test, however; but the construction of the fort served to give confidence to the citizens, and prevented some from

leaving the place that otherwise would have gone, and were engaged in the preparation at the time the work was commenced.

On the 22d of September, a messenger arrived at St. Cloud from Richmond, in the same county, who reported that, at four o'clock the same morning, the Indians had appeared within a mile of the last-mentioned town, and had attacked the house of one of the settlers, killing two children and wounding one woman. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, Captain McCoy, who was then stationed at St. Cloud, with forty men of his company, got under way for the reported scene of disturbance at ten o'clock A. M., and was followed early in the afternoon by a mounted company of home-guards, under command of Captain Cramer. Upon arriving at Richmond, the troops took the trail of the Indians in the direction of Paynesville, and all along the road found the dwellings of the settlers in smoldering ruins, and the stock of their farms, even to the poultry, killed, and lying in all directions. Seven of the farm-houses between these two towns were entirely consumed, and one or two others had been fired, but were reached before the flames had made such progress as to be incapable of being extinguished, and these were saved, in a damaged condition, through the exertions of the troops. On arriving at Paynesville they found eight dwelling-houses either consumed or so far advanced in burning as to preclude the hope of saving them, and all the out-buildings of every description had been committed to the flames and reduced to ruins. Only two dwelling-houses were left standing in the village.

At Clear Water, on the Mississippi River, below St.

Cloud, and in the county of Wright, the citizens formed a home-guard, and built a fortification for their own protection, which is said to have been a good, substantial structure, but no report has been received in regard either to their military force or preparations for defense.

Morrison County, which occupies the extreme frontier in this direction, there being no organized county beyond it, we believe, was deserted by but few of its inhabitants. They collected, however, from the various portions of the county, and took position in the town of Little Falls, its capital, where they fortified the court-house, by strengthening its walls and digging intrenchments around it. During the night the women and children occupied the inside of the building, while the men remained in quarters or on guard on the outside. In the morning the citizens of the town would return to their habitations, taking with them such of their neighbors as they could accommodate, and detachments of the men would proceed to the farms of some of the settlers, and exert themselves in securing the produce of the soil. Indians were seen on several occasions, and some of the people were fired upon by them, but, so far as information has been communicated, no lives were lost among the settlers of the county.

# CHAPTER XI.

Hostilities in the Valley of the Red River of the North—Condition of Fort Abercrombie—Georgetown—Breckinridge—Old Crossing—Graham's Point—Soldiers reach the Fort—Men killed near Breckinridge—Assistance requested—Captains Freeman and Davis ordered to go to the Relief of Abercrombie—Failure to relieve the Fort—Second attempt to aid Fort Abercrombie—The 3d Regiment Minnesota Volunteers ordered to the Relief of Fort Abercrombie—Soldiers sent to Old Crossing—Mrs. Scott found—Her sufferings—Death of her Husband and Son—Another Squad sent to Old Crossing—Indians appear near the Fort in large numbers—Two hundred Cattle and one hundred head of Horses and Mules driven off—Reconnoitering Party sent in the direction of Breckinridge—The Garrison called to Arms—The Attack—The Men retire to the Fortifications—Burning of the Haystacks—Fight at the Stables—The wounded—Indians retire—Measures to strengthen the Fort—Second attack on the Fort—Personal Contests—Walter P. Hills—Emil A. Buerger—Robert McHenry—Paynesville—Alexandria Woods—Baird and Freeman attempt to reinforce Abercrombie—Union of Forces—Arrival at the Fort—Another attack upon the Fort—Effect of the Howitzer—Indians leave the Fort—Return of Captain Freeman to St. Cloud.

On the 23d of August the Indians commenced hostilities in the valley of the Red River of the North. This region of country was protected by the post of Fort Abercrombie, situated on the west bank of the river, in Dakota Territory. The troops that had formerly garrisoned the forts had been removed, and sent to aid in suppressing the Southern rebellion, and their place was supplied, as were all the posts within our State, by a detachment from the 5th Regiment Minnesota Volers. But one company had been assigned to this which was under the command of Captain John

Van der Horck. About one half of the company was stationed at Georgetown, some fifty miles below, for the purpose of overawing the Indians in that vicinity, who had threatened some opposition to the navigation of the river, and to destroy the property of the Transportation Company. The force was thus divided at the commencement of the outbreak.

The interpreter at the post, who had gone to Yellow Medicine for the purpose of attending the Indian payment, returned about the 20th of August, and reported that the Indians were becoming exasperated, and that he expected hostilities to be immediately commenced. Upon the receipt of this intelligence the guards were doubled, and every method adopted that was likely to insure protection against surprises.

The Congress of the United States had authorized a treaty to be made with the Red Lake Indians, (Chippewas,) and the officers were already on their way for the purpose of consummating such treaty. A train of some thirty wagons, loaded with goods, and a herd of some two hundred head of cattle, to be used at the treaty by the United States Agent, was likewise on the way, and was then at no great distance from the fort.

Early on the morning of the 23d a messenger arrived, and informed the commandant that a band of nearly five hundred Indians had already crossed the Otter Tail River, with the intention of cutting off and capturing the train of goods and cattle intended for the treaty. Word was immediately sent to those having the goods in charge, and requesting them to take refuge in the fort, which was speedily complied with. Messengers were likewise *sent out to* Breckinridge, Old Crossing,





Graham's Point, and all the principal settlements, urging the inhabitants to flee to the fort for safety, as, from the weakness of the garrison, it was not possible that protection could be afforded them elsewhere.

The great majority of the people from the settlements arrived in safety on the same day, and were assigned to quarters within the fortification. Three men, however, upon arriving at Breckinridge, refused to go any further, and took possession of the hotel of the place, where they declared they would defend themselves and their property without aid from any source. On the evening of the same day a detachment of six men were sent out in that direction, in order to learn, if possible, the movements of the Indians. Upon their arriving in sight of Breckinridge, they discovered the place to be occupied by a large force of the savages. They were likewise seen by the latter, who attempted to surround them, but, being mounted, and the Indians on foot, they were enabled to make their escape, and returned to the fort.

The division of the company at Georgetown was immediately ordered in; and, on the morning of the 24th, a detachment was sent to Breckinridge, when they found the place deserted by the Indians, but discovered the bodies of the three men who had there determined to brave the violence of the war party by themselves. They had been brutally murdered, and, when found, had chains bound around their ankles, by which it appeared, from signs upon the floor of the hotel, their bodies at least had been dragged around in the savage war-dance of their murderers, and, perhaps, in that very mode of torture they had suffered a lingering

death. The mail-coach for St. Paul, which left the fort on the evening of the 22d, had fallen into the hands of the Indians, the driver killed, and the contents of the mail scattered over the prairie, as was discovered by the detachment on the 24th.

Over fifty citizens capable of bearing arms had taken refuge with the garrison, and willingly became soldiers for the time being; but many of them were destitute of arms, and none could be furnished them from the number in the possession of the commandant. There was need, however, to strengthen the position with outside intrenchments, and all that could be spared from other duties were employed in labor of that character.

On the morning of the 25th of August, messengers were dispatched from the post to head-quarters, stating the circumstances under which the garrison was placed, and the danger of a severe attack; but, as all troops that could be raised, and were not indispensable at other points, had been sent to Colonel Sibley, then on the march for the relief of Fort Ridgley, it was impossible at once to reinforce Fort Abercrombie with any troops already reported ready for the field. Authority had been given, and it was expected that a considerable force of mounted infantry for the State service had been raised, or soon would be, at St. Cloud.

As the place was directly upon the route to Abercrombie, it was deemed advisable to send any troops that could be raised there to the assistance of Captain Van der Horck, relying upon our ability to have their places shortly filled with troops, then being raised in other parts of the State. Accordingly, Captain Freeman, with *his company*, of about sixty in number,

started upon the march; but, upon arriving at Sauk Center, he became convinced, from information there received, that it would be extremely dangerous, if not utterly impossible, to make the march to the fort with so small a number of men. He then requested Captain Ramsdell, in command of the troops at Sauk Center, to detail thirty men from his command, to be united with his own company, and, with his force so strengthened, he proposed to make the attempt to reach the fort. Captain Ramsdell thought that, by complying with this request, he would so weaken his own force that he would be unable to hold position at Sauk Center, and that the region of country around would become overrun by the enemy, and he refused his consent. Captain Freeman then deemed it necessary to await reinforcements before proceeding any further on his perilous journey.

On the same day that orders were issued to the mounted men then assembling at St. Cloud, similar orders were issued to those likewise assembling in Goodhue County, under the command of Captain David L. Davis, directing them to complete their organization with all speed, and then to proceed forthwith to the town of Carver, on the Minnesota River, and thence through the counties of McLeod, Meeker, and Stearns, until an intersection was made with the stage-route from St. Cloud to Fort Abercrombie, and thence along such stage-route to the fort, unless the officers in command became convinced that their services were more greatly needed in some other quarter, in which case they had ar use discretionary powers. This company, hed, pursuant to orders, but, in conse-

quence of the attacks then being made upon Forest City, Acton, and Hutchinson, they deemed it their duty to render assistance to the forces then acting in that part of the country.

Our first efforts to reinforce the garrison on the Red River had failed. Upon the fact becoming known at this office, there were strong hopes that two more companies of infantry could be put into the field in a very short time, and, therefore, on the 30th day of August, orders were issued to the commandant at Fort Snelling, directing him to detail two companies, as soon as they could be had, to proceed to Sauk Center, and thence to proceed to Fort Abercrombie, in case their services were not urgently demanded in the Sauk Valley. These companies were, soon after, dispatched accordingly, and it was hoped that, by means of this increased force on the north-western frontier, a sufficiently strong expedition might be formed to effect the reinforcement of Abercrombie.

Upon the arrival of these troops at the rendezvous, however, they still considered the forces in that vicinity inadequate to the execution of the task proposed. Of this fact we first had notice on the 6th day of September. Two days previously, the effective forces of the State had been strengthened by the arrival of the 3d Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, without any commissioned officers, and being but a wreck of that once noble regiment. Three hundred of the men had already been ordered to the field, under the command of Major Welch. It was now determined to send forward the remaining available force of the regiment, to endeavor to effect the *project so long* delayed, of reinforcing the





command of Captain Van der Horck, on the Red River of the North. Orders were accordingly issued to the commandant at Fort Snelling, on the 6th day of September, directing him to fit out an expedition for that purpose, to be composed, as far as possible, of the troops belonging to the 3d Regiment; and Colonel Smith, the commandant at the post, immediately entered upon the discharge of the duties assigned him in the order.

During the time that these efforts had been making for their relief, the garrison at Fort Abercrombie were kept in a state of siege by the savages, who had taken possession of the surrounding country in large numbers. On the 25th of August, the same day that the first messengers were sent from that post, Captain Van der Horck detailed a squad, composed of six men from his company and six of the citizens then in the fort, to proceed to Breckinridge and recover the bodies of the men who had there been murdered. They proceeded, without meeting with any opposition, to the point designated, where they found the bodies, and consigned them to boxes or rough coffins, prepared for the purpose, and were about starting on the return, when they observed what they supposed to be an Indian in the saw-mill, at that place. A further examination revealed the fact that the object mistaken for an Indian was an old lady by the name of Scott, from Old Crossing, on the Otter Tail, a point distant fifteen miles from Breckinridge.

When discovered, she had three wounds on the breast, which she had received from the Indians, at her residence, on the morning of the previous day. Notwithstanding the severity of her wounds, and the fact that

she was sixty-five years of age, she made her way on foot and alone, by walking or crawling along the banks of the river, until she arrived, in a worn-out, exhausted, and almost dying condition, at the place where she was found. She stated that, on the 24th of August, a party of Indians came to her residence, where they were met by her son, a young man, whom they instantly shot dead, and immediately fired upon her, inflicting the wounds upon her person which she still bore. That then a teamster in the employment of Burbank & Co. appeared in sight, driving a wagon loaded with oats, and they went to attack him, taking with them her grand-child, a boy about eight years of age. That they fired upon the teamster, wounding him in the arm, after which he succeeded in making his escape for that time, and they left her, no doubt believing her to be dead, or, at least, in a dying condition. She was conveyed to the fort, where her wounds were dressed, after which she gradually recovered. A party was sent out, on the 27th of August, to the Old Crossing, for the purpose of burying the body of her son, which was accomplished, and on their way to that point they discovered the body of another man who had been murdered, as was supposed, on the 24th.

On Saturday, the 30th of August, another small party were sent out, with the intention of going to the Old Crossing for reconnoitering purposes, and to collect and drive to the fort such cattle and other live stock as could there be found. They had proceeded ten miles on their way, when they came upon a party of Indians, in ambush, by whom they were fired upon, and *one of their party killed*. The remainder of the

squad made their escape unhurt, but with the loss of their baggage-wagon, five mules, and their camp equipage.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the Indians appeared in large numbers in sight of the fort. At this time nearly all the live stock belonging to the post, as well as that belonging to the citizens then quartered within the work, together with the cattle that had been intended for the treaty in contemplation with the Red Lake Indians, were all grazing upon the prairie in rear of the fort, over a range extending from about one-half mile to three miles from it. The Indians approached boldly within this distance, and drove off the entire herd, about fifty head of which afterward escaped. They succeeded, however, in taking between one hundred and seventy and two hundred head of cattle, and about one hundred horses and mules. They made no demonstration against the fort, except their apparently bold acts of defiance; but, from the weakness of the garrison in men and arms, no force was sent out to dispute with them the possession of the property. It was mortifying in the extreme, especially to the citizens, to be compelled to look thus quietly on, while they were being robbed of their property, and dare not attempt its rescue, lest the fort should be filled with their enemies in their absence.

On the 2d day of September, another reconnoitering party of eight were sent out in the direction of Breckinridge, who returned, at four o'clock P. M., without having encountered any opposition from the Indians, or without having even seen any; but brought *with them* the cattle above spoken of as having escaped

from their captors, and were found running at large during their march.

At daybreak of the following morning, the 3d of September, the garrison was suddenly called to arms by the report of alarm-shots fired by the sentinels in the vicinity of the stack-yard belonging to the post. The firing soon became sharp and rapid in that direction, showing that the enemy were advancing upon that point in considerable force. The command was shortly after given for all those stationed outside to fall back within the fortification. About the same time, two of the haystacks were discovered to be on fire, which greatly emboldened and inflamed the spirits of the citizens, whose remaining stock they considered to be in extreme jeopardy. They rushed with great eagerness and hardihood to the stables, and as the first two of them entered on one side, two of the savages had just entered from the other. The foremost of these men killed one of the Indians and captured his gun. The other Indian fired upon the second man, wounding him severely in the left shoulder, notwithstanding which, he afterward shot the Indian and finished him with the bayonet. By this time two of the horses had been taken away and two killed.

The fight was kept up for about two hours and a half, during which time three of the inmates of the fort were seriously wounded (one of whom afterward died from the wound) by shots from the enemy; and the commandant received a severe wound in the right arm from an accidental shot, fired by one of his own men. The Indians then retired without having been able to effect an entrance into the fort, and without having

been able to succeed in capturing the stock of horses and cattle, which, most probably, had been the principal object of their attack.

Active measures were taken to strengthen the outworks of the fort. The principal materials at hand were cord-wood and hewn timber, but of this there was a considerable abundance. By means of these the barracks were surrounded with a breastwork of cord-wood, well filled in with earth, to the hight of eight feet, and this capped with hewn oak timbers, eight inches square, and having port-holes between them, from which a fire could be opened on the advancing foe. This was designed both as a means of protection, in case of attack, and as a place of final retreat in case the main fort should by any means be burned or destroyed, or the garrison should in any manner be driven from it.

On Saturday, the 6th day of September, the same day that an expedition to that point was ordered from the 3d Regiment, the fort was a second time attacked. Immediately after daybreak on that morning, the Indians, to the number of about fifty, mounted on horseback, made their appearance on the open prairie in the rear of the fort. Their intention evidently was, by this bold and defiant challenge, with so small a force, to induce the garrison to leave their fortifications and advance against them, in order to punish their audacity.

Upon becoming satisfied that our troops could not be seduced from their intrenchments, the Indians soon displayed themselves in different directions, and in large numbers. Their principal object of attack in this in-

stance, as on the former occasion, seemed to be the Government stables, seeming determined to get possession of the remaining horses and cattle at almost any sacrifice, even if they should make no other acquisition.

The stables are upon the edge of the prairie, with a grove of heavy timber lying between them and the river. The savages were not slow in perceiving the advantage of making their approach upon that point from this latter direction. The shores of the river, on both sides, were lined with Indians for a considerable distance, as their war-whoops, when they concluded to commence the onset, soon gave evidence. They seemed determined to frighten the garrison into a cowardly submission, or, at least, to drive them from the outposts, by the amount and unearthliness of their whoops and yells. They, in turn, however, were saluted and partially quieted by the opening upon them of a six-pounder, and the exploding of a shell in the midst of their ranks.

A large force was led by one of their chiefs, from the river through the timber, until they had gained a close proximity to the stables, still under cover of large trees in the grove. When no nearer position could be gained without presenting themselves in the open ground, they were urged by their leader to make a charge upon the point thus sought to be gained, and take the place by storm. They appeared slow in rendering obedience to his command, whereby they were to expose themselves in an open space intervening between them and the stables. When, at length, he succeeded in creating a stir among them (for it assuredly did not approach grandeur of a charge), they were met by such a

from the direction in which they were desired to march, that they suddenly reversed their advance, and each sought the body of a tree, behind which to screen himself from the threatened storm of flying bullets.

As an instance of the manner in which the fight was now conducted, we would mention a part of the personal adventures of Mr. Walter P. Hills, a citizen, who three times came as a messenger from the fort during the time it was in a state of siege. He had just returned to the post with dispatches from this office, the evening before the attack was made. He took part in the engagement, and killed his Indian in the early portion of the fight, before the enemy was driven across the river.

He afterward took position at one of the port-holes, where he paired off with a particular Sioux warrior, posted behind a tree of his own selection. He, being acquainted with the language to a considerable extent, saluted and conversed with his antagonist, and as the opportunity was presented, each would fire at the other. This was kept up for about an hour, without damage to either party, when the Indian attempted to change his position, so as to open fire from the opposite side of his tree from that which he had been using hitherto. In this maneuver he made an unfortunate exposure of his person in the direction of the upper bastion of the fort. The report of a rifle from that point was heard, and the Indian was seen to make a sudden start backward, when a second and third shot followed in rapid succession, and Mr. Hills beheld his polite opponent stretched a corpse upon the ground. He expressed himself as experiencing a feeling of dis-

satisfaction at beholding the death of his enemy thus inflicted by other hands than his own, after he had endeavored so long to accomplish the same object.

Several of the enemy at this point were killed while in the act of skulking from one tree to another. The artillery of the post was used with considerable effect during the engagement. At one time a number of the enemy's horsemen were observed collecting upon a knoll on the prairie, at the distance of about half a mile from the fort, with the apparent intention of making a charge. A howitzer was brought to bear upon them, and a shell was planted in their midst, which immediately afterward exploded, filling the air with dust, sand, and other fragments. When this had sufficiently cleared away to permit the knoll to be again seen, the whole troop, horses and riders, had vanished, and could nowhere be discovered.

The fight lasted until near noon, when the enemy withdrew, taking with him nearly all his dead. The loss which he sustained could not be fully ascertained, but, from the number killed in plain view of the works, and the marks of blood, broken guns, old rags, and other signs discovered where the men had fallen or been dragged away by their companions, it must have been very severe. Our loss was one man killed and two wounded, one of them mortally.

Mr. Hills left the fort the same evening as bearer of dispatches to head-quarters at St. Paul, where he arrived in safety on the evening of the 8th of September.

Captain Emil A. Buerger was appointed, by special order from head-quarters, to take command of the expedition for the relief of Fort Abercrombie. He had

served with some distinction in the Prussian army for a period of ten years. He afterward emigrated to the United States, and became a resident of the State of Minnesota, taking the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, and making a declaration of his intention to become a citizen. He enlisted in the second company of Minnesota Sharp-shooters, and was with the company in the battle of Fair Oaks, in Virginia, where he was severely wounded and left upon the field. He was there found by the enemy, and carried to Richmond as a prisoner of war. After having in a great measure recovered from his wounds, he was paroled and sent to Benton Barracks, in the State of Missouri, where he was sojourning at the time the 3d Regiment was ordered to this State. As the regiment, at that time, was utterly destitute of commissioned officers, Captain Buerger was designated to take charge and command during the passage from St. Louis, and to report the command to head-quarters in this State.

From his known experience and bravery, he was selected to lead the expedition to the Red River of the North, for the relief of the garrison at Fort Abercrombie. On the 9th of September he was informed, by the commandant at Fort Snelling, that the companies commanded respectively by Captains George Atkinson and Rolla Banks, together with about sixty men of the 3d Regiment, under command of Sergeant Dearborne, had been assigned to his command, constituting an aggregate force of about two hundred and fifty men.

The next day (September 10) arms and accouterments were issued to the men, and, before noon of the 11th

September, Captain Atkinson's company and the company formed from the members of the 3d Regiment were ready for the march. With these Captain Buerger at once set out, leaving Captain Banks's company to receive their clothing, but with orders to follow after and overtake the others as soon as possible, which they did, arriving at camp and reporting about three o'clock the next morning.

It was also deemed expedient to send the only remaining field-piece belonging to the State along with the expedition, and Lieutenant Robert J. McHenry was, accordingly, appointed to take command of the piece, and was sent after the expedition, which he succeeded in overtaking, near Clear water, on the 13th of September, and immediately reported for further orders to the captain commanding the expedition.

Being detained by heavy rains and muddy roads, the expedition was considerably delayed upon its march, but arrived at Richmond, in Stearns County, on the 16th of September, and encamped in a fortification erected at that point by the citizens of the place. Upon his arrival, Captain Buerger was informed that the night previous an attack had been made upon the neighboring village of Paynesville, and a church and school-house had been burned, and that, on the day of his arrival, a party of thirty Sioux warriors, well mounted, had been seen by some of the Richmond home-guards, about three miles beyond the Sauk River at that point.

Captain Buerger thereupon detailed a party of twenty men to proceed to Richmond, to patrol up and down the bank of the river as far as the town site extended, and, in case of an attack being made, to render

all possible or necessary assistance and aid to the home militia; at the same time he held the remainder of his command in readiness to meet any emergency that might arise. No Indians appeared during the night, and, on the morning following, the march was resumed.

On the 19th of September the expedition reached Wyman's Station, at the point where the road enters the "Alexandria Woods." At the setting out of the expedition it was next to impossible to obtain means of transportation for the baggage and supplies necessary for the force. The fitting out of so many other expeditions and detachments about the same time had drawn so heavily upon the resources of the country, that scarcely a horse or wagon could be obtained, either by contract or impressment. Although Mr. Kimball, the quarter-master of the expedition, had been assiduously engaged from the 8th of September in endeavoring to obtain such transportation, yet, on the 11th, he had but partially succeeded in his endeavors.

Captain Buerger had refused longer to delay, and started at once with the means then at hand, leaving directions for others to be sent forward as rapidly as circumstances would allow. The march was much less rapid, for want of this part of the train. These, fortunately, arrived while the command was encamped at Wyman's Station, just before the commencement of what was considered the dangerous part of the march.

On the 14th of September, Captains Barrett and Freeman, having united their commands, determined to make the attempt to relieve Fort Abercrombie, in obedience to our previous orders. They broke up camp

on the evening of that day, and, by the evening of the 15th, had reached Lake Amelia, near the old trail to Red River, where they encamped. During the night a messenger arrived at their camp, bearing dispatches from Captain McCoy, advising them of the advance of the expedition under command of Captain Buerger, by whom they were directed to await further orders.

On the 18th they received orders directly from Captain Buerger, directing them to proceed to Wyman's Station, on the Alexandria road, and join his command at that point on the 19th, which was promptly executed. Captain Buerger expresses himself as being highly pleased with these companies, both officers and men. He had been directed to assume command over these companies, and believing the country in his rear to be then sufficiently guarded, and being so well pleased with both companies that he disliked to part with either, he ordered them to join the expedition during the remainder of the march.

By the accession of these companies the strength of the expedition was increased to something over four hundred effective men. This whole force, with the entire train, marched on the 20th of September, and passed through the "Alexandria Woods" without seeing any Indians. After passing Sauk Center, however, there was not an inhabitant to be seen, and the whole country had been laid waste. The houses were generally burned, and those that remained had been plundered of their contents and broken up, until they were mere wrecks, while the stock and produce of the farms had been all carried off or destroyed.

On the 21st they passed the spot where a Mr. An-

drew Austin had been murdered by the Indians a short time previous. His body was found, terribly mutilated, the head having been severed from the body, and lying about forty rods distant from it, with the scalp torn off. It was buried by the expedition in the best style that circumstances would admit. Pomme de Terre River was reached in the evening.

On the 22d they arrived at the Old Crossing, on the Otter Tail River, between Dayton and Breckinridge, about fifteen miles from the latter place.

On the 23d the march was resumed, and nothing worthy of remark occurred until the expedition had approached within about a mile of the Red River, and almost within sight of Fort Abercrombie. At this point a dense smoke was observed in the direction of the fort, and the impression created among the troops was, that the post had already fallen, and was now being reduced to ashes by the victorious savages, through the means of their favorite element of war.

Upon ascending an eminence where a better view could be obtained, a much better state of affairs was discovered to be existing. There stood the little fort, yet monarch of the prairie, and the flag of the Union was still waving above its battlements. The fire from which the smoke was arising was between the command and the post, and was occasioned by the burning of the prairie, which had been set on fire by the Indians, with the evident design of cutting off the expedition from crossing of the river. After they had advanced a stance further toward the river, a party of Indians appeared on the opposite bank, rush- haste from a piece of woods. They hastily

fired a few shots at our men from a distance of about fifteen hundred yards, inflicting no injury upon any one of the command, after which they disappeared, in great trepidation, behind some bushes on the river shore.

A detachment, comprising twenty mounted men of Captain Freeman's company, under command of Lieutenant Taylor, and twenty from the members of the 3d Regiment, the latter to act as skirmishers in the woods, was directed to cross the river with all possible celerity, and follow the retreating enemy. The men entered upon the duty assigned them with the greatest zeal, crossed the river, and followed in the direction taken by the Indians.

Captain Buerger took with him the remaining force of the 3d Regiment and the field-piece, and proceeded up the river to a point where he suspected the Indians would pass in their retreat, and where he was able to conceal his men from their sight until within a very short distance.

He soon discovered, however, that the savages were retreating, under cover of the woods, across the prairie, in the direction of the Wild Rice River. The whole expedition was then ordered to cross the river, which was effected in less than an hour, the men not awaiting to be carried over in wagons, but plunging into the water, breast-deep, and wading to the opposite shore.

By this time the savages had retreated some three miles, and were about entering the heavy timber beyond the prairie, and further pursuit was considered useless. The march was continued to the fort, at which place the expedition arrived about four o'clock of the

same day, to the great joy of the imprisoned garrison and citizens, who welcomed their deliverers with unbounded cheers and demonstrations of delight.

When the moving columns of the expedition were first descried from the ramparts of the fort, they were taken to be Indians advancing to another attack. All was excitement and alarm. The following description of the after-part of the scene is from the pen of a lady who was an inmate of the fort during the long weeks that they were besieged, and could not dare to venture beyond half cannon-shot from the post without being in imminent peril of her life:

"About five o'clock the report came to quarters that the Indians were again coming from up toward Bridges. With a telescope we soon discovered four white men, our messengers, riding at full speed, who, upon reaching here, informed us that, in one half hour, we would be reinforced by three hundred and fifty men. Language can never express the delight of all. Some wept, some laughed, others hallooed and cheered. The soldiers and citizens here formed in a line and went out to meet them. It was quite dark before they all got in. We all cheered so, that the next day more than half of us could hardly speak aloud. The ladies all went out, and, as they passed, cheered them. They were so dusty I did not know one of them." . . . . .

On the same day that the expedition reached the fort, but at an early hour, it had been determined to dispatch a messenger to St. Paul, with reports of the situation of the garrison, and a request for assistance. T[illegible]enger was escorted a considerable distance by [illegible]wenty men, composed partly of soldiers and [illegible]e citizens quartered at the post. When [illegible]id within about a mile of the fort, they

were fired upon by Indians in ambush, and two of the number, one citizen and one soldier, were killed, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The others, by extraordinary exertions, succeeded in making their escape, and returned to the garrison.

The next morning, about two-thirds of the mounted company, under command of Captain Freeman, escorted by a strong infantry force, went out to search for the bodies of those slain on the day before. After scouring the woods for a considerable distance, the bodies were found upon the prairie, some sixty or eighty rods apart, mangled and mutilated to such a degree as to be almost deprived of human form. The body of the citizen was found ripped open from the center of the abdomen to the throat. The heart and liver were entirely removed, while the lungs were torn out and left upon the outside of the chest. The head was cut off, scalped, and thrust within the cavity of the abdomen, with the face toward the feet. The hands were cut off and laid side by side, with the palms downward, a short distance from the main portion of the body. The body of the soldier had been pierced by two balls, one of which must have occasioned almost instant death. When found, it was lying upon the face, with the upper part of the head completely smashed and beaten in with clubs, while the brains were scattered around upon the grass. It exhibited eighteen bayonet-wounds in the back, and one of the legs had received a gash almost, or quite, to the bone, extending from the calf to the junction with the body.

The citizen had lived in the vicinity for years. The Indians had been in the habit of visiting his fath

house, sharing the hospitalities of the dwelling, and receiving alms of the family. He must have been well known to the savages who inflicted such barbarities upon his lifeless form; neither could they have had aught against him, except his belonging to a different race, and his being found in a country over which they wished to re-establish their supremacy.

That his body had been treated with still greater indignity and cruelty than that of the soldier was in accordance with feelings previously expressed to some of the garrison. In conversation with some of the Sioux, previous to the commencement of hostilities, they declared a very strong hatred against the settlers in the country, as they frightened away the game, and thus interfered with their hunting. They objected, in similar terms, to having United States troops quartered so near them, but said they did not blame the soldiers, as they had to obey orders, and go wherever they were directed, but the settlers had encroached upon them of their own free will and as a matter of choice; for this reason the citizens should be severely dealt with.

No more Indians were seen around the fort until the 26th of September. At about seven o'clock of that day, as Captain Freeman's company were watering their horses at the river, a volley was fired upon them by a party of Sioux, who had placed themselves in ambush for the purpose. One man, who had gone as teamster with the expedition, was mortally wounded, so that he

the succeeding night; the others were unharmed.

n behind the log-buildings and breastworks the fire soon returned with considerable effect, as a num-

the enemy were seen to fall and be carried off

by their comrades. At one time two Indians were observed skulking near the river. They were fired upon by three men from the fortification, and both fell, when they were dragged away by their companions.

On another occasion, during the fight, one of the enemy was discovered perched on a tree, where he had stationed himself, either for the purpose of obtaining a view of the movements inside of the fort, or to gain a more favorable position for firing upon our men. He was fired upon by a member of Captain Barret's company, when he released his hold upon the tree and fell heavily into a fork near the ground, from which he was removed and borne off by his comrades. In a very short time a howitzer was brought into position, and a few shells (which the Indians designate as rotten bullets) were thrown among them, silencing their fire and causing them to withdraw.

A detachment, comprising Captain Freeman's company, fifty men of the 3d Regiment, and a squad in charge of a howitzer, were ordered in pursuit, and started over the prairie, up the river. At the distance of about two miles they came upon the Sioux camp, but the warriors fled in the greatest haste and consternation upon their approach. A few shots were fired at them in their flight, to which they replied by yells, but were in too great haste to return the fire. The howitzer was again opened upon them, whereupon their yelling suddenly ceased, and they rushed, if possible, with still greater celerity through the brush and across the river.

Their camp was taken possession of, and was found to contain a considerable quantity of plunder, composed

of a variety of articles, a stock of liquors being part of the assortment. Every thing of value was carried to the fort, and the remainder was burned upon the ground.

On the evening of September 29 a light skirmish was had with a small party of Sioux, who attempted to gain an ambush in order to fire upon the troops while watering their horses, as on a previous occasion. Fire was first opened upon them, which they returned, wounding one man. They were immediately routed and driven off, but with what loss, if any, was unknown.

On the 30th of September Captain Freeman's company and the members of the 3d Regiment, together with a number of citizens and families, started on their return from Fort Abercrombie to St. Cloud. They passed by where the town of Dayton had formerly stood, scarcely a vestige of which was then found remaining. The dead body of one of the citizens, who had been murdered, was there found, and buried in the best manner possible under the circumstances. The whole train arrived in safety at St. Cloud, on the 5th of October, without having experienced any considerable adventures on the journey.

# CHAPTER XII.

**South-western Department—Hon Charles E. Flandrau—Fears of Winnebagoes and Sioux—Troops directed to Report at Winnebago City—Expedition ordered to New Ulm—New Ulm Evacuated—Encampment at Crapp's Farm—Flandrau's appeal to his Men to return and hold New Ulm—The reason of their Refusal—Flandrau commands all the Troops of the South-western Frontier—Mankato raises a Company for the Defence of New Ulm—Same Company sworn into the Service for Thirty Days—Head-quarters at South Bend—Troops sent to Madelia—Fortifications at Winnebago City—Major Charles R. Read reports to Flandrau at South Bend—Its Garrison—Wanderers—John R. Ross—Captain Dane—Captain Post—Colonel J. R. Jones—Alfred Ambler—Saunders—Meagher—Geary—Porter—Captain Lee erects a Log Fort at Madelia—Attack on Butternut Valley—Names of those killed—Sioux Raid in Watonwan County—Pursuit of the Indians—State Troops relieved from duty—Colonel Sibley advances from St. Peter—Captain A. E. Sharp left to guard the Town—Conclusion.**

In the south-western portion of the State a Department was organized under the control of Hon. Charles E. Flandrau. A short account of the operations in this quarter is here subjoined, taken from the *Adjutant-General's Report.*

THAT portion of our frontier lying between the Minnesota River and the Iowa line was, during the days of the war, supposed to occupy a position of extreme danger. As the Winnebago tribe of Indians located in this part of the country, as well as exposed to the ravages of the Sioux, they were afraid of attacks from both the tribes

first, feared that a general league had been formed between all the tribes upon our borders. Indeed, there were good grounds for such a belief. The Chippewas had assumed a very haughty and threatening aspect, and had committed some depredations upon the whites, while it was reliably stated that they had declared themselves allies of the Sioux. As the Winnebagoes had always lived at peace and on friendly terms with the Sioux, while the latter and the Chippewas were nearly always in a state of warfare with regard to each other, indications were much more in favor of an alliance between the Winnebagoes and the Sioux than between the latter and the Chippewas.

For the purpose of affording assistance to this portion of the country, orders were issued, on the 27th day of August, directing the companies of mounted men then forming in the south-eastern part of the State to proceed in that direction at the earliest possible moment.

In pursuance of these orders, a company, comprising sixty-three members, under command of Captain Cornelius F. Buck, marched from Winona, on the 1st of September, in the evening. They met upon the route great numbers of the settlers from the frontier, fleeing to the more thickly-settled regions for protection, some taking with them their cattle and household furniture, and others having deserted all, being glad to have escaped with their lives. Upon meeting the company, many of them were induced to return to their homes. The company arrived at Winnebago City, in Faribault County, on the 7th of September.

On their arrival at that place, they were informed,

by a scouting party that had just come in, that three days previously the Indians had appeared in the settlement, in the vicinity of Chain Lakes, about twenty miles to the westward of Winnebago City, and, among other depredations, had burned three dwelling-houses.

On the 2d of September a mounted company of one hundred and four men, under the command of Captain Nathan P. Colburn, marched for the same region of country from Chatfield, in the county of Fillmore. On the next day they were followed by another company of over seventy men, from the same place, under command of Captain Post.

On the 25th of August Captain A. J. Edgerton, of the 10th Regiment, arrived with his company, one hundred and nine strong, at the Winnebago Agency, where he found the inhabitants in great terror and alarm for fear of an uprising among the Winnebagoes, as well as an attack from the Sioux. He immediately sent a messenger to report his command to Colonel Sibley, at the same time informing him of the terror that pervaded the neighborhood where he was then encamped.

Captain Edgerton was ordered by Colonel Sibley to march immediately to the relief of New Ulm. In compliance with these orders, the march was commenced, but, while upon the route, information was received of the evacuation of that place, and he was thereupon ordered back to the Agency.

On the route from New Ulm to Mankato, after the evacuation of the former place, Colonel Charles E. Flandrau encamped, with about one hundred and fifty men, at Crisp's farm, about half way between the two places,

while the rest of the train proceeded to Mankato. The next morning, (August 26,) feeling the necessity of holding the country lying between Mankato and the principal points to the westward, he appealed to the command to return with him to New Ulm, and hold that point against the enemy until Colonel Sibley could come up with the main body of his expedition. To this the great majority of the men refused to assent. They had not heard from their families since they first marched, and were in fear lest they might have been murdered by the savages, or, at least, been driven from their homes, and they did not feel disposed to continue longer in camp until the truth as to those matters could be ascertained.

All, therefore, refused to return to New Ulm, with the exception of Captain Cox and about forty men. It was not deemed safe by the Colonel to attempt the reoccupation of the town with so small a force, and the idea was abandoned. He then proposed that the force should make a stand at the point which they then occupied, and hold the same until reinforced; but this proposition likewise failed to meet the approbation of the men. The whole force was then marched to Mankato, and the men, after remaining over night, dispersed, and returned to their homes.

Shortly afterward, orders were issued to Colonel Flandrau, directing him to assume command over all the troops that should arrive or be raised on the southwestern frontier, and to dispose of them so as best to r onfidence among the settlers and defend the . the further incursions of the Indians. He entered upon the discharge of the duties

assigned him, and attempted the organization of companies for the service.

As early as the 19th day of August, upon the first news of the outbreak, a meeting of the citizens was called at Mankato, for the purpose of forming a military company, for immediate service against the savages. A company was formed, in pursuance thereof, comprising eighty-two men, officers and privates, and the captaincy was bestowed by the company upon William Bierbauer, who, on the next day, marched with his command for New Ulm. After taking an active part in the subsequent battles fought at that place, and losing two of the members killed and five wounded, the company returned to Mankato, and was disbanded.

On the 31st day of August, however, at the solicitation of Colonel Flandrau, the company was reorganized, with forty-four members, and sworn into the service for the period of thirty days. On the following day, Captain Bierbauer reported the company at South Bend, at which place Colonel Flandrau had established his head-quarters. They remained at this point, engaged in erecting breastworks, scouting the country in the vicinity, and affording such aid as seemed necessary to the settlers in securing their property, until their term of service had expired. Some still continued in the service. These were ordered to Madelia, at which post they remained until the 12th day of October, when a portion of the troops belonging to the 25th Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers were sent to their relief, when, their services being no longer considered necessary, they returned to their homes.

On the 23d day of August, a company was organized

at Winnebago City, in the county of Faribault, under the command of Captain H. W. Holley, comprising fifty-eight members, officers and men. Twenty of the members were mounted, and were kept constantly on scouting duty west of the Blue Earth River, in the counties of Faribault, Martin, and Watonwan. The other members of the company remained generally on picket duty, in guarding the town and country in the immediate vicinity. The company likewise made one expedition into Watonwan County, passing through Madelia, and thence westwardly to the Little Cottonwood River. They also made one expedition to Fir Lake, on the border of Jackson County, and two expeditions to Chain Lakes, in Martin County. On the 7th of September, the Fillmore County Rangers, under command of Captain Colburn, arrived at Winnebago City, and, by direction of Colonel Flandrau, established their headquarters at that point, after which the Winnebago City Guards, under command of Captain Holley, believing that their services were no longer required, disbanded, and the members returned to their homes.

A company of forty-two members was formed, under command of Captain J. B. Wakefield, at Blue Earth City, in Faribault County, and was organized on the 5th day of September. Captain Wakefield immediately reported his command to Colonel Flandrau, and was by him ordered to remain at Blue Earth City, and to erect fortifications and adopt means for subsisting his men during their term of service.

A substantial fortification of earth-work, capped with heavy timbers, through which port-holes were cut, was *speedily* constructed. It was eight rods square, with

a bastion at each corner, and provided with a ditch around the entire structure. Within the inclosure four buildings were erected, which afforded ample room for all the families seeking protection at that place, as well as commodious quarters for the troops necessary for its defense.

Daily communication was kept up, by means of couriers, both with the head-quarters at South Bend and the Iowa forces located at Iowa Lake, near the southern boundary of the State. No attack was made upon the post by the Indians; and, on the 5th day of October, confidence having been restored to the settlers of that region, and all apprehensions of an immediate attack having subsided, the company disbanded, and its members returned to their ordinary occupations.

Major Charles R. Read, of the State militia, with a squad of men from the south-eastern part of the State, was the first who reported to Colonel Flandrau after his head-quarters were established at South Bend, and was retained at that point. Captain Bierbauer's company, from Mankato, was next reported, and was stationed as we have already mentioned. A company and a half were organized from among the citizens of New Ulm, and were stationed at that point. Captain Dane, of the 9th Regiment, with his company, temporarily mounted upon citizens' horses, was also stationed at New Ulm.

Captain Post and Colonel John R. Jones, of the State militia, reported a company of mounted men from the county of Fillmore, and were assigned a position at Garden City. The company of mounted men under command of Captain Colburn was stationed at Win-

nebago City. Captain Wakefield, as already stated, was stationed at Blue Earth City. Captain Buck, with his company, was stationed at Lake Martin, the northernmost of the Chain Lakes, in Martin County. Captain Edgerton, of the 10th Regiment, was stationed with his company at the Winnebago Agency. Captain Aldrich, of the 8th Regiment, reported his company at South Bend, and was placed in position at New Ulm. Captain Ambler, of the 10th Regiment, reported his company, and was stationed at Mankato. Captain Sanders, of the 10th Regiment, reported his company, and was stationed at Le Sueur. A company of citizen militia, under command of Captain Meagher, was organized at Mankato, and stationed at that place. Another company of the same kind, under command of Captain Cleary, was organized and stationed at Marysburg, near the Winnebago Reserve. A similar company, under command of Captain Porter, was organized and remained. Several small squads of citizens were organized and stationed at different points throughout this region of country, and were furnished with ammunition and some rations.

After the arrival of Captain Aldrich's company at New Ulm, Captain Dane's company, in its mounted condition, was ordered into position at Camp Crisp, on Crisp's farm, about midway between New Ulm and South Bend. About the same time Captain Cox, with a command composed of detachments from different companies, was sent to Madelia. At this point a log fort was erected on what was said to be the most coming site that was to be found within a circuit of miles. It was octagonal in form, and two stories

in hight, with thirty feet between the walls. This was inclosed by a breastwork and ditch six feet deep and four feet broad at the bottom, with projecting squares of similar thickness on the corners, from which the ditch could be swept throughout its entire length. This structure was named Fort Cox, in honor of its projector.

From this disposition of the forces within the boundaries commanded by Colonel Flandrau, it will be seen that they held the entire frontier from New Ulm down the Minnesota River to South Bend, and thence up the Blue Earth River to the Iowa line, with two advanced posts on the Watonwan River and at Lake Martin. No substantial change was made on this line of defense during the period of active hostilities.

On the 10th of September the Indians made a bold attack upon the Butternut Valley, in Blue Earth County, near the Brown County line. They were first seen on the farm of Robert Jones, near the Little Cottonwood River, where Mr. Jones and another man were in the act of stacking grain. The men both made their escape by flight and concealment, though closely pursued by the savages.

They were next seen at the house of James Morgan, near the Welsh church, in Butternut Valley. A number of families, twenty-two persons in all, had collected in this dwelling for mutual protection. A suspicious noise being heard by those within, a Mr. Lewis stepped to the door, and raised his left hand to shield his eyes, as it was not yet fully daylight. Three shots were immediately fired into the door by Indians, one ball passing through Mr. Lewis's left hand, shattering it severely, and another entering the body of James Edwards, kill-

ing him instantly; the third shot was without effect. Without further molesting the inmates, the savages passed on down the valley, killing Thomas J. Davis, whom they waylaid while engaged in searching for cattle.

About eight o'clock on the same morning, they appeared on the farm of Mr. Jonas Mohr, about a mile and a half from Camp Crisp, where Captain Dane's company was then stationed. A thrashing party were at work in an adjoining field; and, as Mr. John W. Trask was going for a wagon-load of hay or grain, seven Indians came upon him. As they were dressed in the ordinary costume of the whites, their real character was not suspected until he was almost within their midst. One of their number fired upon him, the ball passing through his right wrist. He then endeavored to make his escape to an adjoining corn-field, but was pursued and fired at by one of the Indians, when he shortly afterward fell fainting to the ground, and, being thought killed, was not further molested. The other savages pursued Mr. Mohr and Mr. Page, the latter of whom escaped, but the former was shot through the head. He was afterward carried to Camp Crisp, where he died shortly after his arrival. In the same vicinity John S. Jones was killed and scalped.

As soon as word was brought to Camp Crisp, a force of thirty-two men, in two detachments, was sent into the Butternut Valley, in the vicinity of the Welsh church, and another squad was dispatched in pursuit of these seen at Mohr's farm. As the savages were supposed to be making for the woods on the Minnesota river, in the vicinity of a ford across the stream, six-

teen men were sent to that point in order to watch the crossing.

As soon as news of the attack was brought to the head-quarters at South Bend, Major Read, with most of the mounted troops stationed at that point, started in pursuit. This force and that of Dane's company searched and scoured the country with great care and rapidity, but without any particular success. A party of four Sioux were discovered, dressed in citizens' clothing, near the Welsh church. Pursuit was immediately commenced, and they fled with their greatest fleetness to the woods, which they succeeded in reaching, after several ineffectual shots had been fired at them.

On the 21st of September a party of Sioux made a raid into Watonwan County, coming to within four or five miles of Madelia, where they killed Mr. John Armstrong, an early and prominent settler in that part of the State. He was shot with steel-pointed arrows, three of which took effect in his body, one passing entirely through. His revolver, still loaded, was found in his belt after his death, showing that he had been approached unawares, and had been killed without an opportunity of making his escape or attempting his defense. His family were, fortunately, absent at the time, and for that reason escaped massacre.

Another attack was made, in the same vicinity, upon the family of a Mr. Patterson. Two of his children were killed, and some of the other members were taken prisoners. A Mr. Peterson, living a few rods from the house of Mr. Patterson, was likewise killed, and one of his children taken prisoner. The other

members of his family were at South Bend at the time, and thereby escaped death or captivity. All the persons killed at this point received death from being shot with steel-pointed arrows.

These murders were immediately made known at Madelia, and, in about one hour, the news was carried to Garden City, and to the head-quarters at South Bend in a short time afterward. Captain Post, in command at Garden City, took immediate steps to reinforce the garrison at Madelia, and to pursue the Indians. Colonel Flandrau dispatched a messenger to Captain Dane, directing him to send a part of his company in the same direction, which was done accordingly. These forces used every exertion to discover and overtake the murderers, but, after spending considerable time in the attempt, were compelled to abandon it without success. No further incursions were made by the savages into this part of the State, at least none of which information has reached us.

The different bodies of troops already mentioned as having been stationed throughout this department erected fortifications at the different points, which they severally occupied; but, owing to the fact that but few of the officers in command have yet made their reports to this office, we are unable to give their separate descriptions. At the villages where women and children still remained, the works were generally constructed of earth or logs, with houses within, sufficient to shelter the non-combatants, in case of attack. They were usually square, where the ground permitted, with bastions at the corners commanding the sides. They were, *of course*, very rude structures, but none the less

efficient as protection against savage assault. The principal works were at New Ulm, Garden City, Winnebago City, Blue Earth City, Lake Martin, Madelia, and Marysburg. At other points rifle-pits were dug, and temporary works thrown up.

Between the 1st and the 12th of October nearly all the State troops in this department were relieved of duty by the troops belonging to the 25th Regiment of Winconsin Volunteers, and they returned to their several homes, or enlisted in other and more permanent military organizations. As the Wisconsin volunteers were withdrawn, troops from the different Minnesota regiments were ordered to occupy the different points thought necessary to be guarded, and the whole region is again under the surveillance of the troops raised within our own State.

When Colonel Sibley advanced from St. Peter in the direction of Fort Ridgley, he left Captain A. K. Skaro, of the 9th Regiment, at that point, with instructions to raise sufficient forces to guard the town and adjoining country. Under these auspices a company of ninety-eight members, including officers, was formed, under the name of the Scandinavian Guards, at that place, and organized on the 27th day of August, under the command of Captain Gustaf A. Stark. They were kept generally in motion in scouring the country, and doing guard duty in the region of country lying between Rush River and Swan Lake. On the 17th of September all fears of an attack from the Indians
tempted at that point having subsided, the
retired from the service, and was disbar

### Massacre on the Chippewa.

Richard Orr, partner in trade with Peter Guilbault, on the Minnesota River, below the mouth of the Chippewa, in Renville County, makes the statement found below. Young Orr was about twenty-one years of age at the time of the outbreak.

"We had settled here about the 1st of April, A. D. 1861. Our place was attacked by two Indians, belonging to Red Iron's band, at daybreak on Tuesday, the 19th of August, 1862. They knocked at our door before either of us was up. My partner got up and let them in. I still lay in bed. They asked if our guns were loaded; and, being told they were not loaded, they replied, 'You had better load them; we saw some Chippewas while out hunting.' My partner told them not to be alarmed; that Chippewas would not come to white men's houses when on the war-path.

"The Indians now commenced grinding a large butcher-knife on our grindstone. They asked my partner why he did not light the pipe. He then gave them the pipe, and went about making a fire. I got up and went out-doors. While I was outside they shot my partner. I heard them shoot, and went to the house to see what was the matter. The Indians met me at the door; the one who had the knife behind him stabbed me in the arm and shoulder as I attempted to pass. I got away, and went into the house, and shut the door. My partner was lying on the floor. All I heard him say was 'My God! my God!' I turned and went to the door, and asked the Indians what was the matter? One of them shot at me while I stood at the door, the ball hitting me in the groin. I then got the guns and commenced to load them, but there was no ammunition handy, so I threw them down on the floor, and tried to break them. Then I set my two dogs on the Indians, and, while they were fighting them, I made my escape into the woods. The Indians left the dogs and pursued me. I got into the woods and hid in some willows, and was nearly exhausted. The best dog came to me while I was hid. I could *see the* Indians on the outside of the woods near by, but they did *not come* after me. After a few minutes I got up and went down

the river two miles, and crossed over to the other side. The dogs returned to the house and were killed. After I crossed the river I vomited blood. I escaped to St. Peter, where I lay in the hospital two months. I have never fully recovered from the wounds I received."

With the exception of the particulars contained in the Personal Narratives in another portion of this work, we have now given, as concisely as possible, a record of the terrible events of the sad and gloomy days of August, 1862, on the Minnesota border. Our story has been one of blood, unparalleled in history—a record of crimes such as never before in the history of the world have stained the names of even *savage* races of men. We have taken the reader over a region of country greater in its area than the entire State of Vermont, in which dwelt, on the morning of the fatal 18th of August, in peace, happiness, and fancied security, over thirty thousand people, who had come hither, bringing with them their earthly all, from every part of our own, and from almost all other lands, and had here made their homes. We have seen that wide region of border country, on that fatal morning, smiling in the glowing sunlight like a dream of beauty. We have, in our imagination, heard, over all this fair and inviting frontier, the busy sound of industry; and, in thousands of these rude frontier-homes, on that awful morning, the Christian prayer was heard by Him whose ear is ever open to his children's cry. Here, too, the matin song of praise ascended to the Giver of all good. Mingled with the wild war-whoop of the savage, that Christian prayer and matin hymn were forever hushed in death. The reader has, in his imagination, seen the savage

horde sweep over that peaceful frontier on that fair summer morning. He has heard the crack of Indian guns break on the stillness of the morning air, and the fiendish whoop of the savage mingle with the hopeless prayer for mercy. He has seen the gleaming tomahawk crash pitilessly through the skull and brain of helpless, pleading woman, and innocent childhood, in its sweet, unconscious sleep. He has seen the stalwart form of manhood fall amidst his murdered household, while vainly seeking to save them from their awful fate. And when, at last, the bloody scalping-knife has done its fiendish work, he has seen the flaming torch, in the savage hand of these more than monsters, convert that peaceful home, that, but an hour before, was the abode of contentment and happiness, into a funeral pyre for all who dwelt beneath its roof. All this, and more, we have endeavored faintly to portray in these pages: and yet, had the reader dwelt amid these scenes of carnage and woe; had he seen with his eyes, as we saw with ours, the mangled and lifeless forms of the victims of savage wrath, or the maimed and helpless who barely escaped with life—had he seen all this, and listened, as we have,

les of sorrow and woe falling from the lips of
, houseless, homeless, well-nigh naked wan-
uld he have heard the agonizing wail of the
nother, who, like Rachel, "was weeping for her
ld not be comforted because they were
ave heard the white-lipped husband,
and flashing eye, tell how the wife of
cken down at his side, or borne away
aught with nameless terrors, worse a
han death—could he have heard, as we

have heard, the widowed wife tell how the husband, dearer to her than life, lay unburied on his hearth-stone where he fell, surrounded by his murdered children—could he have heard the mother's hopeless wail, "My daughter, O! my daughter! doomed to the foul embraces of an Indian fiend in her ripening youth and glorious beauty!" he would feel, as we do, how hopeless the task of attempting to transfer to the printed page the vivid picture of the terrible reality, burned into and forever stamped upon the brain and soul.

All the vast region over which these savage monsters swept in their desolating march was abandoned by such of the inhabitants as survived, and, in one week from the morning of the 18th of August, all that scene of smiling beauty was an utter desolation, and, from a position of comfort and plenty, those many thousands of flying fugitives were reduced, most of them, to utter want and beggary. During that entire week, over all that wide region, the midnight sky was red with the lurid flames of burning buildings and stacks of the hardy frontier-man. The losses by fire were immense. The household goods of these people, including even their personal clothing, were either carried away by the Indians, or broken up and utterly destroyed. A large part of the country thus deserted by the settlers is a howling waste. Very few of the survivors of the massacre dared to return to their ruined homes; many of them are widows and orphaned children, and nearly all are utterly destitute of the means to return, even if they desired, and dared to do so. Their forlorn condition calls loudly for relief at the hands of a beneficent Government. We trust the cry will not go unheeded, and

that these poor sufferers will be remunerated by the Government out of the Indian moneys now in its hands, for the pecuniary losses they have sustained. But who can restore to life the loved ones lost? Who can bring back to the mourning parents their murdered offspring, or efface from their memory the terrible picture of their little ones *nailed alive* to the doors of their dwellings? Who can restore the murdered wife or husband to the arms from which they were torn by savage hands? Who can rescue the fatherless and motherless from their dreary orphanage, or erase from the mind of the wretched captive the memory of the thousand *nameless* outrages inflicted by savage lust and brutality? Alas! none. And the recollection of these terrible sufferings will remain, to embitter the springs of life, until death blots out the awful record in the forgetfulness of the grave.

# NARRATIVES.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**Narrative of Jonathan W. Earle, of Beaver Creek.**

I WAS born in the town of Westford, Chittenden County, Vermont, in the year 1816. I am the third son of Calvin Earle and Eunice Whipple. My father was a native of Wooster County, Massachusetts; my mother, of Rutland County, Vermont. I graduated, in the year 1841, at the University of Vermont, at Burlington, and, for nine years succeeding, taught select schools and academies in Western New York. I was married in August, 1842, to Amanda M. Macomber, second daughter of Cyrus Macomber and Dorothy Williams, of Westford, Vermont. I had lived with my wife exactly twenty years to a day, when she was captured by the Indians, in Minnesota.

In 1850 I removed from New York to Pardeeville, Columbia County, Wisconsin. Here I practiced law, and, at the same time, carried on a farm. In 1858 I was a member of the Wisconsin Legislature, and was one of the investigating committee of that body whose duty it was to search out the frauds and corruption

connected with the disposition made of the railroad land-grant by the previous Legislature. I left Wisconsin on the 28th of May, 1862, for Minnesota, taking with me all my personal effects; among them a good law, classical, and family library of some twelve hundred volumes, a medical library and medical stores, a melodeon, and other musical instruments of peculiar interest to us in a new country. My family, at this time, consisted of myself and wife and six children, as follows: Chalon A., aged nineteen; Ezmon W., aged seventeen; Radner C., aged fifteen; Julia, aged thirteen; Herman E., aged nine; and Elmira A., aged about seven years.

I arrived at the home I had selected, on Beaver Creek, Renville County, Minnesota, on the 27th day of June, 1862, and immediately erected a good frame house and broke fourteen acres of prairie, which I planted in corn and other sod-crops. My place was six miles north-west of the Lower Sioux Agency. Early in the morning of the 18th of August, 1862, before breakfast, four Indians came to my house, their bodies naked and having the war-paint, pretending to be in pursuit of Chippewas. I had seen such manifestations before, but, on this occasion, they were more intrusive and presumptuous than usual within the house. One of them, a very large man, seeing my gun in the rack, asked for it, to fight Chippewas. Upon my not assenting, he made signs of taking it down, and only desisted when sternly forbidden. After breakfast I sent my three sons, in different directions, to hunt the horses, *for the purpose* of getting hay. They soon returned, *one of them* bringing in the horses, and reported an

unusual stir among the Indians, and that they were chasing the horses in the neighborhood, and seemed intent on appropriating them for a pretended Chippewa expedition. Having harnessed a team, my son declined to go to the prairie for hay, fearing he would have trouble to keep his team out of the hands of the Indians, whereupon I directed my sons to unharness and take all of my horses (seven in number) to the Lower Agency, and keep them there till the Chippewa war-fever should blow over. They had not gone far before they met a messenger, who informed them of the massacre at the Agency, on hearing which they came back at full speed, and alarmed the neighbors, who soon collected at my house.

Teams were harnessed, and four neighbors, with their own and other families, started on their way, intending to go to Fort Ridgley. Among them was the sick wife of Mr. Henderson, lying on a feather-bed, in a buggy, in which there were also a few children. We had not gone far before the same four Indians, with others, were observed following us, and we were soon overtaken. Some of the party, who understood their language, asked them what this meant. They replied, "We are going to kill you." When asked for the reason, the threat was modified to a demand for our property. We then surrendered all the teams and property, being refused to retain even the horses that were hauling Mrs. Henderson, the Indians themselves unhitching this team.

We then agreed among ourselves that our party, consisting of some twenty-eight souls—Mr. Henderson, David Carrothers, Mr. Wedge, and myself being the

only men, and four boys nearly grown, the residue being women and children of our families and of James Carrothers and N. D. White—should proceed on foot, except Mrs. Henderson, who was sick, who, with some small children, we proposed to draw in the buggy by hand. We then started forward, the other women and children on foot, but had proceeded but a few rods before the Indians were discovered following us. As they approached, some of them fired at us. I distinctly heard the balls whiz past me. Supposing they were determined to take the buggy, we stopped. Some of the party went on, taking a portion of the small children, until myself, Mr. Wedge, and Mr. Henderson (who refused to leave his wife) were the only ones left with the buggy. I then, believing the case desperate, and the rescue of Mrs. Henderson in this way impossible, announced my intention of endeavoring to escape toward the advanced party, to save myself and those whom I could. I had not run far before I discovered Henderson and Wedge holding up a white flag to the Indians, who, nevertheless, continued to fire upon them. Henderson's fingers were shot off while holding the flag, and Wedge was shot dead at the buggy. Henderson then ran rapidly forward, passing me, who was then some fifteen or twenty rods ahead. Looking back, I saw the Indians taking Mrs. Henderson and her two children from the wagon. They now numbered nineteen or twenty, all armed with guns. After taking the buggy, some of them pursued us, and were firing particularly at me. I ran, dodging their aim, in the rear of the women—stepping one side to prevent their passing shots from hitting the women. From this po-

sition I saw them surround and capture the women and children. My wife and two daughters were thus captured; also, Mrs. White and daughter, Julia, fourteen years old, and Mrs. White's infant son, James Carrothers's wife and two children, and David Carrothers's wife. With these captives some of the Indians went back; others followed me and the other refugees; and, in this chase, they killed two of the children of David Carrothers, a son of N. D. White, and, finally, one of my sons, (Radner,) just as I overtook him. The pursuing party, at this time, numbered four or five. We were a little over one mile from my house, on an open prairie, gently undulating, and furnishing but few hiding places. After the death of my son, I continued my flight, nearly exhausted. Finding the protection of a slight rise of ground, I disrobed myself of my boots and pantaloons, leaving nothing on but my shirt. My hat I had previously lost. Thus disincumbered, I was enabled to gain on them, until, finally, they desisted from the pursuit.

After the death of young White, seeing an attempt on the part of the savages to flank me, I fired my rifle at one who was gaining on my right, and then dropped it and ran. I may have wounded or killed him. Some of his comrades went to him, which reduced the number of my pursuers. I was fired at, in this chase, perhaps thirty times, and, miraculously, escaped unhurt. It was about nine o'clock when the pursuit was abandoned. In a short time I overtook two of my sons, and a son of N. D. White, ar
four continued our flight together through th
rie. During that day and night India

quently seen by us skulking in the prairie, to avoid whom we as often changed our course, and, at one time, to avoid some mounted Indians, plunged into a pond. We first intended to go to Fort Ridgley, but, finally, we changed our course toward Cedar City. On Tuesday morning, about sixteen miles from Cedar City, we met a party of Indians, some on horseback and some in a wagon. They came right upon us, and it was impossible to avoid them. They inquired of us what we were doing there in that plight. We answered them that the Yanktons had attacked the settlements. After some parley, during which they took a gun from my son, and, as I believe, purloined a knife I had attempted to conceal from them in the grass, they proceeded to the west, and we continued our flight to Cedar City, which we reached at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. This place is distant from my place about forty-five miles, on a straight line, and to reach it our party must have traveled about eighty miles, crawling much of the time to avoid prowling Indians, who were hovering around us on foot and on horseback. The Indians whom we met gave us one or two boiled potatoes each, to satisfy our hunger.

[The above, so far as it relates to the occurrences on the 18th and 19th of August, is from the testimony of Mr. Earle before the Sioux Commissioners. The following statement was made by Mr. Earle, for insertion in this work:]

My youngest daughter, when her mother was captured by the Indians, came running to me and said, "*Pa*, let me go with you." I saw the Indians shaking

hands with the women, and thinking they did not design to kill them, and knowing that escape with my child was impossible, I said to her, "My child, you had better go back and stay with your mother; I think the Indians will not harm you." The child sadly turned from me, and went into captivity with her mother and elder sister, and I, with a bursting heart—having done all I could to save those dearer to me than life—seeing them in the hands of the savages, turned and continued my flight. Soon after discharging my gun at the Indian, as detailed in my testimony before the Commissioners, I overtook my son Radner, who was armed—his gun was, however, loaded with nothing but pebbles—who, seeing the Indians gaining upon me, and I unarmed, having thrown away my rifle, fell behind me to check the savages. I said to him as I passed, "Shoot at the Indians, drop your gun, and run;" but he dropped down into the grass and waited until I had gone some rods, when I looked over my shoulder, and saw the smoke of his gun rise from the grass, and, at the same moment, saw two Indians fire at him. I called him again, but he never rose from the grass. Two of the Indians went toward him, and discharged their guns at him again, and, when I looked again, were busy, apparently, scalping him. Noble boy! He saved my life by the sacrifice of his own.

At Cedar City I remained two days, until ar
nity occurred to ride to Hutchinson. The pr
had cut my toes and shins so that the flesh
off the ends of the toes, and my sh
nuded of flesh. From Hutchinson I
pressed into Government service, tc

remained some days in the hospital, when I was taken to the house of Mr. Edward Wainwright, at whose hands, and those of his family, I received the kindest care and attention. On the 30th of August, I went up to Fort Ridgley to look after my son Exmon, of whom I had heard nothing since the morning of the 18th of August, except a rumor that he had escaped to the fort. I found he had been there, and was wounded in one of his hands, in one of the battles of that severe and protracted siege. He had not, however, reported his wound to the surgeon, and when I reached the fort, had gone with the burial party to Beaver Creek, the neighborhood of my now desolate and ruined home. At St. Peter I met Mrs. James Carrothers, who had made her escape from Crow's village on Tuesday night after her capture, who told me my wife and daughters were then captives with the Indians. My eldest son, Chalon, had joined the forces under Colonel Sibley, at St. Peter, and had also gone with the burial party. I had two sons in the battle of Birch Coolie. Chalon, the eldest, was hit in that battle four times, and had three guns spoiled in his hands by the bullets of the Indians. As he was lying behind a wagon, a ball, aimed at his head, struck a spoke of the wheel, driving a sliver into his chin, and passing so close to his mouth as to take away his breath, causing faintness for some time. A spent ball struck him on the shoulder, but did not penetrate the clothing. Another ball passed over his shoulder, and down his right hip and thigh, as he lay upon the ground, raising a welt along its whole track. This son is now (July, 1863) with the expedition under General Sibley, on the plains.

I took the other two boys to Wisconsin, and returned myself, intending to go with Colonel Sibley on the expedition. On arriving at St. Peter, Colonel Sibley had gone. Mr. N. D. White and myself then took a team, and, accompanied by a Mr. Mills, who formerly lived three miles east of Fort Ridgley, followed the expedition, without an escort, to Camp Release, one hundred and twenty miles from St. Peter, where I found my wife and daughters.

Through the aid of kind friends I was enabled to get my family to Pardeeville, Wisconsin, where I taught school during the winter for a livelihood. In March, 1863, I removed to Arcade, Wyoming County, New York, where I am now employed as principal of the Arcade Academy. During their captivity my wife and youngest daughter were in the tent of Little Crow; the Indians who claimed them as their captives being those who occupied with him the *tepee* of that chief.

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### Narrative of Mrs. Helen Carrothers, of Beaver Creek.

[Mr. Carrothers and family had resided on a claim intended as a homestead, for some four years previous to the 18th of August, A. D. 1862, on Beaver Creek, six miles from the Lower Sioux Agency, the family then consisting of himself, a wife, and two children, a girl and a boy, the girl aged three and the boy two years. We give the personal narrative of Mrs. Carrothers in her own words.]

On the morning of the outbreak, Monday, the 18th of August, 1862, I was at Mr. S. R. Henderson's, taking care of *Mrs. Henderson*, who was quite ill. Early

in the morning, at half-past six o'clock, while we were at breakfast, four Indians came to the house and looked in. They had on Indian blankets. After looking about a short time, without coming in, they departed, going toward Mr. Earle's. While at Mr. Earle's they attempted to take his gun, but failing in this, they sat down by his door. About the same time Mr. Henderson, Mr. Earle, Mr. Wedge, Eugene White, and three of Mr. Earle's boys, accompanied by David Carrothers, seeing some hundred and fifty Indians on the prairie, catching horses, went down to prevent them. When desired to desist from taking the horses, these Indians refused, stating that they were going to kill Chippewas, and needed the horses. Seeing all efforts useless, the men returned; and, as they were on their way toward the houses, a Mr. Veightman, from the Lower Agency, arrived, and reported that the Indians were killing all the whites at the latter place. Mr. Earle had his horses already in the harness for some purpose on the farm. My husband was from home. David Carrothers, my brother-in-law, came after me, and I went with him to Mr. Earle's. It was soon determined to go to the fort. With two horse-teams belonging to Mr. Earle, and another team with three yoke of oxen attached, we began our journey, the Indians remaining behind. We had scarcely got under way when I saw several more Indians, not hitherto seen, rise up, and we were soon surrounded on all sides, before we had gone fifteen rods from the house.

The teams were all stopped, and Mr. S. R. Henderson and David Carrothers went out to the Indians to learn their intention. On inquiry, they were told that

the whites were all to be killed. This was the more shocking to us, as these Indians were all well known to us, and had hitherto expressed so much friendship for us. A parley, for some moments, took place, during which the strongest remonstrances possible were urged. The result of the parley then was that our lives should be spared if we would give up all the teams. Again David Carrothers pleaded for one team, in which Mrs. Henderson, who was sick, and her two small children might be conveyed to Fort Ridgley. They agreed, also, to this, and shook hands with all of us, in token of satisfaction, and seemed well pleased.

Thus deprived of our teams, except the one which carried Mrs. Henderson, we supposed, at this sacrifice, all were safe. But, sad to relate, after going about ten rods further, the Indians came up with us and demanded this last team also. Another urgent appeal was made for the sick woman, when it was agreed that, if the team then drawing the wagon were given up, the wagon might be retained. This was yielded, and we again advanced on our intended journey, the men drawing the wagon by hand. We could not think of leaving Mrs. Henderson. In this way we had advanced some twenty rods. I was some ten rods ahead of the wagon, when I heard the Indians singing, and looking round, heard the report of three guns. The dreadful truth flashed upon my mind. The Indians were ac ally killing us. When the firing began at the wa Mrs. David Carrothers, who was holding an um over Mrs. Henderson, jumped out of the wa balls passing through her dress before she re ground. At the request of Mrs. Henderson

flag—a pillow-case—was held up by David Carrothers and Mr. Henderson. This flag of truce was not respected, but was soon riddled with bullets, and the fingers of Mr. Henderson, holding one corner of it, were shot off, and the flag fell. At the first fire Mr. Wedge fell dead at the wagon. Mr. Henderson and David Carrothers, after the former had lost his fingers, seeing that they could offer no assistance to Mrs. Henderson, ran from the wagon. Mr. Earle and sons and Eugene White were still ahead of me. When the Indians came up to us they shook hands with each of the women, and said we were going now to live with them. Here we sat down on the open prairie, guarded by two Indians, and, in some fifteen minutes, eight more came back from the pursuit of our men, and with these we returned.

They would not let us return by Mrs. Henderson's; but we saw a fire where she had been last seen, and we supposed they had burned her and her little children. This turned out to be so, as I afterward learned. The party, of which I was one, now consisted of eight persons, as follows: Mrs. David Carrothers and baby, Mrs. Earle and two daughters, Mrs. White and baby, Julia White and myself. All these were ordered into one of the wagons taken from us, and driven to Mr. Earle's house, when we were told to get out. The conversation was in the Sioux language, most of which I understood. We stood by the door while the Indians plundered the house, breaking up all the furniture, throwing cups and saucers and other dishes through the [illegible] One of their number, an Indian called the spring and brought us water in a

pan procured from the house. When all they wanted was put into the wagon, we were driven off to Little Crow's house.

In the route we were taken past our house and the house of Mr. Hunter; one team, attended by three Indians, stopping at the latter place. As we proceeded, we asked and obtained leave to walk down the hill, at the foot of which was the house of Thomas Robinson, the Indian interpreter. On the door of this house being struck violently by one of the Indians with a hatchet, another one reproved him sharply, saying, "This is an Indian's house." Here we remained until the other team came up from Mr. Hunter's. At this place Julia White, Julia Earle, myself, and two children were placed in one wagon, and all the other women and children into the other. We next stopped at the house of Mr. Hayden, and remained in the wagons until the Indians had taken from the premises all they wanted, and had wantonly shot down a hog and some chickens in the yard. Here Indian John told me he had cut off Mrs. Hayden's head, and that she was then lying in the house. This was a lie, as I afterward learned. Mrs. Hayden escaped unharmed, with her child, to Fort Ridgley, and is now alive and well. We went next to the house of Mr. Eune, a German. The door was open, and the house had been already plundered. We went on, and next passed by the house of Mr. Isenridge. Here again this same Indian John told me that Mrs. Isenridge had been killed, and that her children were then alive in the house. This was not true, as Mrs. Isenridge and children were, at the time, captives with the Indians. We passed on, and came to the Minnesota

River, and crossed at a ford. The Indians here walked up the river hill, and I drove. After we crossed we came into a prairie, where John told me I must drive fast; that he heard the cannon at the fort; that the soldiers, he feared, would come after them and kill them before they reached Little Crow's. Again we had a steep hill to go up, and all got out and walked. At the top of the hill, an Indian told me he was going to take me to John Moore's house. I inquired if Mrs. Elizabeth Carrothers and myself might not remain together. His answer was emphatic, "No!"

We were then separated, and were not again permitted to stay in the same wagon. The team in which was Mrs. Earle then drove off toward Red Wood, and I saw her no more that day. About a mile from the hill last alluded to they stopped, and loaded the wagon full of different kinds of stores—dried apples, prunes, calico, blankets, and numerous other articles—taken from the Lower Agency. On the top of this load, with three Indians, we were permitted to ride. Some of the dried apples were given us to eat. At the river they had opened a chest, brought from Mr. Earle's, and which had been packed by him with stores, such as sugar, meat, bread, and clothing. Of these stores they gave us to eat, I suppose to be quite sure they did not contain poison. We soon came in sight of Little Crow's house, and, approaching near, stopped some fifteen rods from the door of the great chief, who was himself at home. I asked if I could not go down to the house. The privilege was refused. Here we were given water to d [illegible]n old tin kettle. In a few moments L[illegible] along, and seemed very much pleased

to see us, and extended a cordial hand to welcome us to his own home. I then asked the chief himself if I could not go down to his house. He tried to be agreeable, and said "Yes," and soon showed us the way to his Indian mansion, a two-story frame house, made of boards, set upright and battoned, with one room below and two above, all plastered, furnished with a good cooking-stove, chairs, tables, and good common furniture. Besides the usual and ordinary furniture, the house was packed with goods of all kinds, taken as plunder, such as sugar, coffee, tea, calico, and clothing in general.

I told Little Crow that I was hungry. He pointed to a sack of flour, and said, "Go and make you some bread if you are hungry." After he had gone out, an old squaw came and made me a cup of coffee, and prepared me some bread fried in grease, and I and the children ate our supper. On the table, at this meal, were good ordinary dishes, knives and forks; and the table was quite well supplied, butter, sugar, and coffee being among the luxuries. It was, however, an extra occasion, both as to the guests and the supply of provisions. After supper, I went out and sat by the door of the chief, looking after my boy Tommy. While sitting here, Little Crow came along, and gave me a sudden push, saying, "Go into the house; the Indians will kill you if you do not." Thus kindly admonished, I took the boy, went into the house, and sat behind the door, and, taking my boy on my lap, tried to keep him still. While thus situated, I saw Little Crow's brother come in and sit down by the side of a German girl, and, putting his arms around her in a loving manner, said,

in the Sioux language, "This is my squaw." This Indian told us that John wished all of the women to go up to his tepee. We had now to obey any Indian who chose to command us. This, too, was the brother of the renowned Little Crow. We all arose and followed him.

On arriving at John's tepee, we found it all fitted up in the nicest Indian fashion, John himself building a fire after we arrived. He seemed to behave as though he expected us to remain with him. Outside of the tepee supper was being cooked, and we all sat down there, but had scarcely been seated a moment when a squaw came and took Mrs. Earle and her daughter Julia off with her, not permitting them to remain for supper.

Mrs. White and baby, myself, and two children were now all the white persons left at this tepee of the too-much-delighted, *lying* John. Here we at supper. While we were eating, the squaw fitted up the tepee, and supper being over, we all went in. A buffalo-robe was brought, and we sat down, according to the Indian fashion. The squaw now gave me a comb, and told me I must braid my hair after the Indian fashion. After this was done, a comforter was brought for a bed for the children. About ten o'clock Little Crow came around and said we must not be in haste to go to bed, as we must make us some clothes to wear. The waiting squaw, in obedience to this hint from the chief, soon brought forth a blue-colored cloth, to make into skirts, and a calico sack for each of us. We had soon sewed up a skirt each for ourselves. I had sewed mine up with a seam, in d way among white people. The squaw t take it out, and directed me to

place the two edges so that one doubled over the other, and then to run the seam down. This, she said, was their fashion. Owing to this mistake, Mrs. White finished her skirt first, but refused to put it on, it looked so horrible. I very cheerfully put mine on, and laughed heartily at the figure I cut thus half-dressed in Indian costume. The squaws, too, were taken with a fit of laughter, and went and brought in other squaws and Indians, and we all laughed heartily. Mrs. White reluctantly and soberly put hers on, and the laugh turned on her; but she seemed not to see why any one should laugh. I felt as Mrs. White did, yet I forced a laugh, with a desire to make myself as agreeable as possible under the circumstances.

This night the Indians sat up all night long, running bullets, and preparing for war against the whites. I sat up all night. Once during the night the alarm was given that the soldiers were coming, and all was hurry and bustle, getting ready to leave for Yellow Medicine; but, after awhile, Little Crow came around and told them they had better not go. All were soon quiet again. In the morning we had, for breakfast, boiled beef without salt. I could not eat it, and asked for salt. The reply I received was that they had no salt, but would have some that day. After giving the children some, I gave the rest back, as I could not eat beef without salt. The squaw told me I had better eat it, for it was all we would get until night, as they were going to Yellow Medicine, (Pajutazee.) They now watched me very closely. I was not permitted to go out of the tepee alone, but was always attended by a squaw, and compelled to wear a blanket over my head.

About eleven o'clock of that day, Tuesday, the 19th of August, a squaw came and took Mrs. White away, and left me quite alone. The Indians now came to me, Little Crow and others, and talked a long time about killing some one, I did not understand who; but now a squaw came and told me that they were going to kill me. The reason alleged was, that four Indians wanted me for a squaw, and as they could not agree, Little Crow, unable, as umpire, to decide the quarrel, had concluded to settle the difficulty in the way intimated. The squaw was ordered to take me into a corn-field near by and disrobe me, and the Indians were then to come and kill me. She took me out, and told me to take off my squaw clothes. I told her I would not, unless she would bring me something else to put on. She went back to the tepee and brought me a quilted skirt, an old rag, unfit for any one to wear. When she left me, I started and went over toward the middle of the corn-field. An Indian soon came where I was, and said the Indians were not going to kill me. After he went away, I made off still further, and the idea came to me that I might possibly get away. Soon another Indian came looking after me, and was within six rows of corn of me, when I sat down, and he passed by without discovering me. As he disappeared, I took fresh courage, soon passed out of the corn, and through a potato-patch, and down into the woods. That night I staid in the grass at the head of Tiger Lake.

The next morning I thought I would try and cross Minnesota River, and go over to my house to find something to put on better than that which I had. I *made* a number of attempts to ford the river at different

places, but failed in each attempt. I could get over myself, but could not get over with the children, the water being up to my chin, and I failed to manage them and myself too in water so deep. Thus baffled in my efforts to cross the river, I staid around there for three nights after reaching the river. I then went up near to the Lower Agency on the hill. Here were two roads, one near the bank, the other half a mile back on the prairie. I traveled along the one near the river bank, while the Indians, at the same time, were on the other. I could not, at this place, get down the bank, some two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet to the river. I finally found a path down the hill at Joe Campbell's spring, and hid just below the spring until almost dark, and then went up to the house, and finding there a feather-bed, I threw that down a trap-door into the cellar, and went down with the children and took up my abode there for the present. Here I tried to find something to eat, but did not succeed. I remained here for three nights and two days. Indians came into the house, at different times, during the nights and days, while I was below in the cellar. This place became too fearful to endure longer, and I thought I would go down to the ferry and cross the river. All this time I ate nothing but a few potatoes I found in Campbell's garden. These potatoes were very small, not larger than the end of my thumb.

When I reached the river I found the ferry-boat gone, and I was again disappointed. But, wandering along the shore, I found a board box, pointed at one end and square at the other, nearly filled with water. Opposite this I saw a soldier, one of Captain Marsh's

men, killed on the Monday previous. I bailed out the boat with a tea-cup, which I had brought from Campbell's house to drink from, and got in with my children, and sat down in the middle and pushed off from the shore. Thus improperly balanced, the boat went round and round. I discovered that I must take my station at the end of the boat, and when thus balanced, the boat went down stream, leaking fearfully. With my tea-cup I made a feeble effort to keep the rickety craft afloat; but the water gained on me fast. I now found I must make for the shore, and, in my efforts to do so, succeeded in getting hold of some willows overhanging the edge of the river, and was soon safe on shore.

Had the boat not leaked so badly, I had intended to go down stream in it, opposite the fort. But now, having made a crossing, after falling down about seven miles, without sinking, thankful for this unlooked-for assistance, I sent the sinking craft afloat, leaving my tea-cup in it, and hastily set out for Fort Ridgley. I had seen, in different places, in all, six dead soldiers along the river, lodged in the drift-wood.

I now ascended the hill and reached the road leading from the Agency to Fort Ridgley. It was just sundown as I stepped into the road. At the first house I came to on the road, I stopped to rest and search for food. The house was deserted and plundered. I went into the garden and there found some cucumbers. I pared them with an old chisel, which I found at the house, and ate them, giving each of the children a piece. I went forward, and thought I would travel all night, and reach the fort before I stopped. It was now

getting dark, and the mosquitoes were exceedingly annoying. I could not protect myself from them, as I had two children to carry, and my face was totally covered with them. It was now entirely dark. I could not travel, and so was compelled to stop for the night. I heard horses coming, and supposed the Indians were returning from the fort, and that I should even yet be killed, when I had so nearly escaped. I went off from the road and hid in the grass, and here remained all night. I was, in fact, afraid to go to the fort; for Little Crow had told me that every one at the fort would be killed, and that when these men were killed, he was going with his own men to New Ulm. In the morning, however, hoping almost against hope, I made toward the fort; came to a house, but found nothing at all in it. It had, from appearance, not been occupied for some time. I then went on to Mr. Busche's house, three miles from the fort. Here I found some sugar in a bowl, tasted it, and gave some to my children. I went into the cellar; there found some butter, but could not eat it. I was so near the fort I thought I could get something better there, if the Indians had not killed off all the white people. While in the cellar, a man came and looked down into the cellar. I supposed, of course, it was an Indian, and was much frightened; but, to my joyous surprise, the strange man asked me if I could give him something to eat. I replied, "That is what I am looking for." This man proved to be a German, who had come there three nights before, and had not courage to go to the fort, as he had heard shooting there most of the time; so

he had dug a hole in a haystack close by, and had remained there ever since.

Seeing I had determined to go to the fort, this companion in distress took my little girl and carried her for me, which helped me very much. When within half a mile of the fort, Lieutenant Culver and Warren De Camp came out to meet me, Mr. De Camp supposing me to be his own wife, until he came within twenty feet me. We stopped where I met the men from the t, until some clothing could be brought for me. A y blanket was brought, and in this I wrapped myf up, head and ears, and, in this manner, made my joyous entry into Fort Ridgley. "After all," I exclaimed, "I am safe!"

I had been out eight days, having had nothing to eat but raw potatoes and a cucumber. I had carried the two children all the way, except about one-half mile. The eldest was nearly four years old. I had traveled, from Little Crow's house, in the route I had taken, over thirty miles. I had been in imminent danger of detection by the Indians several different times. The reader may imagine my joy at reaching Fort Ridgley.

I remained at the fort three nights. The first night I could not sleep. Some fellow-sufferers congregated to hear of my escape, which exhausted the night. The eldest child, during this night, would frequently cry out, in its troubled dreams, "Mamma, mamma, I can't walk." While on the route, this little girl would wake from partial sleep, and most piteously cry, "Mamma, mamma, give me some bread." All I could reply from my full heart, with face averted from the child, was,

"When we get to the fort you shall have something good to eat."

I remained at the fort three days, and came to St. Peter. I then went to La Crosse, Wisconsin, and remained all winter. In March, 1863, I came to St. Paul, and, in June, returned again to St. Peter, where, at the request of friends, I have furnished this simple story of my adventures among the Sioux Indians.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## Narrative of Justina Kreiger.

[JUSTINA KREIGER, the youngest daughter of Andrew Kitzman, was born at Posen, Prussia, July 17, 1835, and emigrated to this country, and first settled in Marquette County, Wisconsin, near Green Lake, where her mother still resides. The father had died some years since, leaving fourteen children, seven girls and seven boys. By death, and the casualties of the late Indian massacre, none of the children, except Justina and a brother, living near Winona, Minnesota, now survive. Justina was, in religious faith, a Lutheran, in the old country, and belonged to the church of her parents, but, in this country, she had united with the Methodist denomination. She married her first husband, Daniel Lehn, in Prussia. He died in five years and three months after the marriage, leaving to Justina's care, as pledges of the union, three children, two boys and a girl, all of whom are yet living. She married her second husband, Frederick Kreiger, in Marquette County, Wisconsin, in July, A. D. 1857. By this marriage she had three children, all girls, one only now surviving, one being killed by the Indians, and one dying from starvation, resulting from the late massacre.

In the spring of 1862, only eleven weeks previous to the great massacre, Mr. Kreiger and family settled on a homestead claim, under a late act of Congress, in the county of Renville, on the left bank of the Minnesota River, forty-five miles above New Ulm, twenty-seven miles from Fort Ridgley, twelve miles below Yellow Medicine, and eleven miles above the mouth of Beaver Creek, where a flourishing settlement had recently sprung up.

*On the* 18th of August, 1862, while her husband and a cousin

were absent, fishing in the Minnesota River, August Fross and Eckmel Groundman, just at sunset, came to Mr. Kreiger's, on their way back from the direction of the Lower Sioux Agency, to which place they had been going, when the following circumstances caused them to retrace their steps:

Some six miles from the house of Kreiger, they had found, on the road, a woman and two children, who seemed to have been murdered while escaping toward Fort Ridgley. A broken box, a stove, scattered feathers, as if hastily emptied from a bed, the absence of the team and the men in charge of the moving family, were so many evidences that the family had been overtaken while attempting to escape, for some cause yet unknown to these men. Hoping some inquiry of the neighbors might solve the horrid mystery, one remained with the team at the place where the dead bodies lay, while the other hastily visited a settlement, about a mile distant, to report what they had discovered. The residence of Mr. Buss was first visited; there Mr. Buss and wife, and three children, were all dead in the house. He next visited Mr. Monweiler's house. The doors and windows of this house were all broken, and almost every article of value taken away or destroyed. Mr. Monweiler was lying dead, about fifteen yards from the house, shot in the breast. He now ran to the house of John Rusby, near by, and found Rusby and wife lying dead, near the door, at the grindstone, where they had been grinding a scythe, and two children lying near the mother, with their heads split open. He now pondered for a moment, in doubt what to do. He looked in the direction of the several houses around the prairie, and could see no signs of human life; and now, for the first time, came to the conclusion that the Indians had broken out, and were murdering the inhabitants. He hastily retraced his steps to the place where he had left his companion with the first dead bodies discovered, and reported what he had seen. Both Fross and Groundman then returned, with all the speed they could make, to the house of Frederick Kreiger, where they found Justina, as stated above.

Fross and Groundman soon possessed Mrs. Kreiger of the condition of affairs toward the Lower Sioux Agency. They told her to call her husband immediately. Justina left her work, took the children, and ran to her brother's house, some eighty rods across

a field; while Frees and Groundman left their teams at Paul Kitzman's, and ran through the woods to their homes, half a mile distant, to look after their families. Mr. Frederick Kreiger, Justina's husband, had heard the call, and had also reached Paul Kitzman's soon after his wife had arrived there with the children. The largest children were then sent to inform the nearest neighbors; and, within one hour, thirteen families had assembled at Paul Kitzman's, the brother of Justina.

Here we propose to give the personal narrative of Justina, as reported by a sworn German interpreter attending on the Sioux Commission, and taken down by the author, with the permission of the Commissioners, for such use as might, in the future, seem proper.—EDITOR.]

It was about eight o'clock P. M., of Monday, August 18, 1862, when we all determined to flee to Fort Ridgley. One of the neighbors, Mr. Schwandt, had not been informed of the raid, and a delay took place, while messengers were sent to inform him. When the messengers arrived at the house they found Mr. Schwandt's oxen standing at the door, eating flour. Feathers were seen lying around the yard, and the house seemed to have been plundered. John Waltz, son-in-law of Mr. Schwandt, was lying in the door, dead, shot through with three balls, causing, no doubt, instant death. It was dark, and no other dead bodies were then discovered. The house had the smell of fire, as though something had been burning and had gone out. The daughter of Mr. Schwandt, *enciente*, was cut open, as was learned afterward, the child taken alive from the mother, and nailed to a tree. The son of Mr. Schwandt, aged thirteen years, who had been beaten by the Indians, until dead, as was supposed, was present, and saw the entire tragedy. He saw the child taken alive from

the body of his sister, Mrs. Waltz, and nailed to a tree in the yard. It struggled some time after the nails were driven through it! This occurred in the forenoon of Monday, 18th of August, 1862. Mr. Schwandt was on the house, shingling, and was there shot, and rolled off, falling to the ground dead. The mother of this boy was taken a few yards from the house, into newly-plowed ground, and her head severed from her body. Mr. Fross, a hired laborer, was lying near to Mrs. Schwandt, dead. The boy remained in his retreat until after dark, when he came over to a settlement three or four miles distant, and stopped at a Mr. Suche's house, on the prairie. Here he found about thirty dead bodies, and a living child, two or three years old, near its mother, wounded, and unable to walk. He took the child, and traveled with it toward Fort Ridgley. After carrying his burden three or four miles, and being exhausted, he placed it in a house, promising to come after it the next day. He did this to get rid of the child, so that he might possibly make his own escape. The child was afterward found, a prisoner, at Camp Release, and brought to Fort Ridgley, and there died, from the effects of wounds and the hardships endured among the Indians. The lad, August Schwandt, arrived at the fort, after traveling four nights, and lying by during the daytime. Young Schwandt is now living in Wisconsin, doing well. The three messengers who went to Mr. Schwandt's brought with them to Paul Kitzman's the bloody coat of Mr. Fross, as an evidence of the murders committed there.

Thirteen families, with eleven teams, now st
and moved forward as fast possible toward Fort

ley. We first made toward the Chippewa River, on the prairie, thinking it safer to do so than to go by any traveled route. We had journeyed all night, until two or three o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 19th, and then inclined our course toward Beaver Creek, heading around that stream toward the fort. In this direction we went until the sun was some two hours high, and found we had made about fourteen miles. Eight Indians, on horseback—some naked, and some with blankets on, all armed with guns—now came up with us. In our train were eleven men, armed with such guns as they had in the neighborhood. Our teams, including the wagons and oxen, were so arranged as to afford the best protection. The men, at first, determined to fight the Indians, but, as they came within about one hundred yards, and our men were about to fire upon them, the Indians put down their guns and made signs not to fire, pretending that they were friendly Indians; and, sad to relate, our men, believing them to be friends, did not fire. One Indian, with whom all were acquainted, who had frequently been at my brother's house, and spoke good English, came up to us. Paul Kitzman, my brother, stepped out from behind the wagons, and shook hands with this savage. The Indian kissed my brother, and showed great friendship. Judas-like, he betrayed us with a kiss! This Indian inquired after our concerns, and where the teams were going. Paul Kitzman replied that "We were in a flight to the fort, as all the people in the neighborhood had been killed by the Indians." The Indian answered, that "the Sioux did not kill anybody;" that "the people had been murdered by the Chippewas;" and that

"they were now on their way after the Chippewas to kill them;" and wished our folks to return, as the Chippewas were down near Beaver Creek, or toward the fort, and that we would probably be killed by them if we went on.

At the same time this pretendedly good Indian placed his hand on Kitzman's shoulder, saying, "You are a good man; it is too bad that you should be killed!" Our folks were still determined to go on, and would not yet consent to return. This Indian then went around and shook hands with all of us, and said he would not hurt us, and that he was going to save us from harm. Paul Kitzman had great confidence in this man. He had frequently hunted with him, and thought him a good Indian.

Seeing now his advantage over us, he beckoned to the others to come up. When they came, they were exceedingly friendly, shaking hands with the men and women, and telling the women to quiet the children, who were frightened at the sight of the savages. All of us were now fully assured that they were really friendly.

Seeing their success, the Indians put up their guns into cases kept for that purpose, and the whites put up their guns in their wagons. All now joined in a friendly meal of bread and milk, and our folks, each of them, gave them some money; and, as they had given such conclusive evidence of friendship, a return was agreed upon. All the teams were turned around, and we began to retrace our steps, the Indians traveling in company with us for some five or six miles. O men now asked the Indians if they could unyoke t

oxen and let them feed. The Indians made no objection, but seemed pleased with the idea. Our pretended friends now wished something to eat. We gave them some bread and butter and water-melon. They retired about a fourth of a mile, and ate their meal alone.

After the dinner they motioned us to go on. Paul Kitzman, going toward them, was again requested to go on, the Indians saying they would follow directly. And again assuring us that they would not leave us, but would protect us from the Chippewas, and see us safe to our homes, we moved on. The Indians coming up, some took position alongside of the train, and others in front and rear. This new manner caused some suspicion, and the whites talked to each other in German, and thought it was best to fire on the Indians; but all the guns were in the wagons, and no one dared to touch them, lest the motion should be recognized by the savages as a commencement of hostilities. Notwithstanding the difficulty, all the men, at one time, except Paul Kitzman, were determined to fire upon the treacherous foe. He persuaded them not to do it, as he had all confidence in them. "Besides," said he, "our guns are in the wagons, while each Indian has his in his hand, ready to fire in an instant, and every white man would be killed at the first shot, before a gun could be got out of the wagons."

We had now, by various stages, arrived at the place where Fross and Groundman had discovered the dead bodies on the afternoon of Monday, the 18th. Our hitherto *friendly* Indians now showed signs of anger, became impudent and frantic, and drew up in a line of battle behind our train, all having double-barreled guns

except one. Our enemy could make fifteen shots at one round, without reloading. They now came up and demanded our money. One savage came forward and received the money; the others all remained drawn up in battle-line. I had a pocket-book, and my husband came up to me for the money. I gave him five dollars, and kept the balance myself. He told me, at this time, he was going to be killed, and gave me a pocket-knife by which to remember him. After the Indians had received all the money, they started off to the settlements where the white people had been killed.

We still went on with our train toward our homes, and within a mile and a half of our house we found two men dead, who had been recently killed. These men were not recognized by any of our folks, but had evidently been killed by the same Indians. We now all concluded that our race was about ended. We were to die by these fiends. The men took their guns out of the wagons, and concluded that if they could reach a house, they could protect themselves pretty well; but while going forward toward our house, thirteen or fourteen Indians came up behind us, when within one hundred yards of the house. The Indians immediately surrounded us and fired; all the men but three fell at the first fire. It was done so quickly that I could not see whether our men fired at all; yet I believe some of them did. No Indians, however, were killed by our party. Mr. Fross, a Mr. Gotlieb Zable, and my husband, were yet alive.

The Indians then asked the women if they
along with them, promising to save all
and threatening all who refused wit

Some were willing to go, others refused. I told them I chose to die with my husband and my children. My husband urged me to go with them, telling me that they would probably not kill me, and that I could, perhaps, get away in a short time. I still refused, preferring to die with him and the children. One of the women, who had started off with the Indians, turned around, hallooed to me to come with them, and, taking a few steps toward me, was shot dead. At the same time, two of the men left alive, and six women, were killed, leaving, of all the men, only my husband alive. Some of the children were also killed at this last fire. A number of children yet remained around the wagons; these the savages beat with the butts of their guns until they supposed all were dead. Some soon after rose up from the ground, with the blood streaming down their faces, when they were beaten again and killed. This was the most horrible scene I had yet witnessed.

I stood yet in the wagon, refusing to get out and go with the murderers, my own husband, meanwhile, begging me to go, as he saw they were about to kill him. He stood by the wagon, watching an Indian at his right, ready to shoot, while another was quite behind him, with his gun aimed at him. I saw them both shoot at the same time. Both shots took effect in the body of my husband, and one of the balls passed through his body and struck my dress below the knee. My husband fell between the oxen, and seemed not quite dead, when a third ball was shot into his head, and a fourth into his shoulder, which, probably, entered his heart.

I now determined to jump out of the wagon and die *beside* my husband; but, as I was standing up to jump,

I was shot, seventeen buck-shot, as was afterward ascertained, entering my body. I then fell back into the wagon-box. I had eight children in the wagon-bed, and one in a shawl. All these were either my own children or my step-children. What had now become of the children in the wagon I did not know, and what was the fate of the baby I do not even now know.

All that I then knew was the fact that I was seized by an Indian and very roughly dragged from the wagon, and that the wagon was drawn over my body and ankles. I was not dead. I suppose the Indians then left me for a time, how long I do not know, as I was for a time almost, if not quite, insensible. When I was shot the sun was yet shining, but when I came to myself it was dark. My baby, as my children afterward told me, was, when they found it, lying about five yards from me, crying. One of my step-children, a girl thirteen years of age, took the baby and ran off. The Indians took two with them. These latter were the two next to the youngest. One of them, a boy four years of age, taken first by the Indians, had got out of the wagon, or, in some other way, made his escape, and came back to the dead body of his father. He took his father by the hand, saying to him, "Papa, papa, don't sleep so long!" Two of the Indians afterward came back, and one of them, getting off his horse, took the child from the side of his father and handed it to the other on horseback, who rode off with it. This child was afterward recovered at Camp Release. The other one I never heard of. Two of the [illegible] away on the first attack, and re[illegible] eighty rods *distant*. One climb[illegible]

aged seven, remaining below. This eldest boy, aged eight years, witnessed the massacre of all who were killed at this place. He remained in the tree until I was killed, as he supposed. He then came down and told his brother what he had seen, and that their mother was dead. While they were crying over the loss of their parents, August Gest, a son of a neighbor, cautioned them to keep still, as the Indians might hear them, and come and kill them too.

Here these boys remained for three days, hiding as well as they could from the savages, who were passing and repassing. They went to neighboring houses and turned out cattle and horses, and whatever live stock was shut up in stables, sheds, or pens, and, in this way, occasionally found something to eat. On Wednesday morning, the 20th, they saw our house on fire. On the third night after the massacre, they concluded to go to the fort, twenty-seven miles distant, in reaching which they spent eight days and nights, traveling only at night, and hiding by day in the grass. They all reached the fort in safety, but made some very narrow escapes. They saw Indians often, but were not themselves discovered.

At one time these children, hungry and lonely, found a friendly cow, on whose rich milk they made a delicious meal. Another time, on their journey, while lying hid in the prairie grass, they discovered a team coming on a road near by. It carried, most likely, some white family to the fort. They were almost ready to jump up and shout for joy at the sight; and now, when about to run toward the team, what an awful shock these little children were doomed to experience! Behold, a

company of painted savages arose from a clump of grass close by them, who ran and captured the team, and, turning it the other way, drove off; the screams of a woman in the wagon rending the air as long as her cries could be heard in the distance! Thus disappointed, they hid closer in the grass until night, and again took up their weary march toward the fort. They knew not how many dangers unseen they had escaped. They saw on the route many dead bodies of men, women, and children, and animals. In one place, seven dead Indians were all placed in a row. This was near Beaver Creek, as they supposed. There were also many white people dead at the latter place.

I must now turn back for a moment, to trace the fate of my baby. My step-daughter, aged thirteen years, as soon as the Indians had left the field, started off for the woods. In passing where I lay, and supposing me dead, and finding the baby near, crying, she hastily took it up, and bore it off the field of death in her arms. The other girl, my own child, six years old, arose out of the grass, and two of the other children, that had been beaten over the head and left for dead, now recovered also, and went off toward the woods, and soon rejoined each other there. These last two were also my step-children. I was still lying on the field.

The three largest of the children who [illegible] woods returned to the place of [illegible] baby in charge of the girl six y[illegible] to the field, they found seven o[illegible] who yet evinced signs of life, [illegible] recovered. These children [illegible]

man, aged two and a half years; two sons of August Horning, one three and the other one year old; a son and daughter of Mr. Groundman—daughter aged four, son aged about one year, the girl having her hand shot off; two sons of Mr. Tille, one aged two, and the other not one year old; and a son of Mr. Urban, aged thirteen. All these were covered with blood, had been beaten by the butt of the gun, and hacked by the tomahawk, except the girl, whose hand had been severed by a gunshot. The woman found was Anna Zable. She had received two wounds—a cut in the shoulder and a stab in the side. These were all taken to the house of my husband by these three girls. It was now on the evening of Wednesday, the 20th of August. They remained in the house all night, doing all that could be done for each other. This was a terrible place!—a hospital of invalid children, with no one older than thirteen years to give directions for the dressing of wounds, nursing the infant children, and giving food to the hungry, in a house that had already been plundered of every thing of value!

The children cried piteously for their mothers, who were dead, or in a bondage worse than death itself. The poor child with its hand off moaned and sighed, saying to its suffering fellows, that "Mother always took care of her when she was hurt, but now she would not come to her." Poor child! her mother was already among the dead.

When daylight first dawned, Mrs. Zable, thinking it unsafe to remain at this place, awoke the eldest girls, and, on consultation, concluded to leave the young children and go into the woods, or into the prairie. The

girl of thirteen years, and principal dependence of the little company, awoke my two step-children, and the one six years old, who had taken charge of the baby in the woods the day previous, and August Urban, aged thirteen. These, taking with them the baby, quietly left the house, and went to the place of the massacre to look after me, as they knew I had been left on the field the day previous. As this little company were looking over the field, they saw a savage, as they supposed, coming on horseback, who turned out afterward to be Antoine Freniere, a half-breed, from the fort. As he approached the field of slaughter, he exclaimed, "O, my soul, bless God!" or words to this effect. In this expression the children may have been mistaken; but so they reported to me. Freniere came from toward my house, where the children had been left. He did not see the hunting party, who had dropped in the grass at his approach, first supposing him to be an Indian, a mistake easily made by children. Freniere soon hurried away toward the fort, as they supposed, and was directly out of sight.

These children and Mrs. Zable, after seeing Freniere, went about eighty rods from the field of the late massacre, and hid in the grass, near a small creek. They were here but a very short time, when the savages from the river, with the ox-teams previously taken from the party now dead, came to the field, and, stripping off the clothing from men and women, went toward the houses. They were soon seen at our house, gathering plunder; and, when this was completed, they set to the house, and with its destruction p seven children *left* there a short time bef

awful scene the escaping party were eye-witnesses! The Indians departed while the house was in flames, and the children came to Mrs. Tille's house, near the woods, and, being very hungry, diligently hunted the house over, and found flour and butter, and there cooked their dinner. Here, too, they fed the baby. They remained in the woods and around the houses of the settlement for three days. The third day they saw a body of Indians go to August Fross's house, plunder it of all valuables, and carry them away in a wagon. The baby had been left at Mr. Tille's house, asleep on the bed, where the party had last taken dinner.

The little girls and Mrs. Zable, being frightened by the sight of these Indians, hid themselves in the woods until dark. They then started for the fort, and soon passed by our house, yet smoldering; they also passed the field of death, resting by day and traveling by night. In this way they journeyed eleven days, and all arrived at the fort alive.

The incidents of this wonderful journey would be worthy of a long description. They saw many dead bodies, both of white people and Indians. The latter, in small parties, were frequently seen prowling over the prairie, and in the timber. The food of the children was principally corn, eaten raw, as they had no means of making a fire. They found a camp-kettle, which they used in carrying water during a part of the time. They left the baby at the house of Mr. Tille, and no further tidings has ever been heard of it. Who shall tell the fate of the innocent sufferer?

Our escaping party, when in sight of the fort, did not know the place. They feared it was an Indian

camp. Before this, one had come near being left for dead. The child six years old, on the last day of their travel, had fallen down from exhaustion and hunger, and Mrs. Zable advised the eldest girl to leave her and go on; but the other children screamed and cried so piteously at the very idea, that the advice was not heeded. The little sufferer, too, showed signs of life. They all halted, and the advanced ones came back, and being near a creek, the child was taken to it, and was soon revived by the free use of water upon the head. Here they remained for some time, and, finding the rind of a melon in the road, gave it to the fainting child, and by rest, and the tender care of the other children, it was again able to journey on with the others.

They had ascended the hill near the fort, and there sat down to deliberate what to do. Whether what they saw was an Indian encampment, or Fort Ridgley, they could not readily determine. The children first claimed the discovery that what they saw was Fort Ridgley; but Mrs. Zable supposed it the camp of the savages! In this dilemma, it was hard to decide what to do. Finally, the children declared that they saw the troops plainly. This turned out to be so, as the troops soon came toward them, having discovered this little company on the prairie. The five children were soon in the wagon brought for their rescue; but the doubting Mrs. Zable, supposing the Indians coming, made off from the rescuers as fast as she could. The troops caught her, and all were brought into the fort. They were a forlorn-looking company: some with hatchet-cuts, others beaten by the

others still bleeding from wounds made by gunshots; and all nearly famished by hunger and parched by thirst, and scantily covered by a few rags yet hanging to their otherwise naked persons!

[The reader will recollect that our narrator has related all she knew of the little sufferers, before she completed the sad story connected more immediately with her own personal history. We now return to that awful field of slaughter once more, and record her most horrible, wonderful, and yet truthful story.—EDITOR.]

I remained on the field of the massacre, and in the place where I fell when shot, until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, on Tuesday, August 19. All this time, or nearly so, unconscious of passing events, I did not even hear the baby cry. All that part of the narrative covered by this period of time I relate upon the testimony of my children, who reported the same to me. At this time of night I arose from the field of the dead, with a feeble ability to move at all. I soon heard the tread of savage men, speaking in the Sioux language. They came near, and proved to be two savages only. These two went over the field, examining the dead bodies, to rob them of what yet remained upon them. They soon came to me, kicked me, then felt my pulse, first on the right hand and then on the left, and, to be sure, felt for the pulsation of the heart.

I remained silent, holding my breath. They probably supposed me dead. They conversed in Sioux for a moment. I shut my eyes, and awaited what else was to befall me with a shudder. The next moment a sharp pointed knife was felt at my throat, then, passing downward, to the lower portion of the abdomen, cut

only the clothing entirely from my body, but actually penetrating the flesh, making but a slight wound on the chest, but, at the pit of the stomach, entering the body, and laying it open to the intestines themselves! My arms were then taken separately out of the clothing. I was seized rudely by the hair, and hurled headlong to the ground, entirely naked. How long I was unconscious I can not imagine, yet I think it was not a great while. When I came to, I beheld one of the most horrible sights I had ever seen, in the person of myself! I saw, also, these two savages about eight rods off; a light from the north—probably the aurora—enabled me to see objects at some distance. At the same time I discovered my own condition, I saw one of these inhuman savages seize Wilhelmina Kitzman, my niece, yet alive, hold her up by the foot, her head downward, her clothes falling over her head; while holding her there by one hand, in the other he grasped a knife, with which he hastily cut the flesh around one of the legs, close to the body, and then, by twisting and wrenching, broke the ligaments and bone, until the limb was entirely severed from the body, the child screaming frantically, "O God! O God!" When the limb was off, the child, thus mutilated, was thrown down on the ground, stripped of her clothing, and left to die! The other children of Paul Kitzman were then taken along with the Indians, crying most piteously. I now [illegible] knew nothing more

Hearing no[illegible]
a long time
on my left

and useless. I now discovered, too, that my clothing was all off. I tried to find some dead persons, to get clothing from them to cover me. I could not get any; for, when I had found a dead person with clothes yet on, I saw Indian ponies close by, and, fearing Indians were near, I made no further attempt. I then crawled off toward my own house, to hunt something to put on me; and, when near the house, I discovered something dark, close by, which turned out to be my own clothes. I bound them around me as well as I could, and, not daring to enter the house, which was not yet burned, I turned my course toward Fort Ridgley. It was yet night, but it was light—from the aurora, perhaps; at least, I saw no moon.

I made first to a creek, some five hundred yards from the house, and washed the blood from my person, and drank some water. This night I made six miles, according to my estimate of the distance passed over. I here came to a settlement in the timber, on some creek that put into the Minnesota River. I did not know the name of the settlement. It was now near daylight. Here I remained, weak, sick, wounded, and faint from the loss of blood, for three long days, drinking water; and this was my only nourishment all this time. At the end of these three days I heard Indians around, and, being afraid of still other injuries, made my way to the left, through the prairie, and thought to find the Chippewa Indians, but I found none. I saw plenty of Sioux Indians.

I think it was Saturday, the 23d day of August, I lay down, and thought I should die of hunger. I then *took to* eating grass, and drank water from the sloughs.

In this way I traveled at night, and lay by during the day. On Sunday night I came to a creek, and found many dead persons. I turned over one of these, to see whether he was a white man or an Indian. He smelled so badly I turned him down again without ascertaining. He had on a white shirt and dark pants, and I supposed he was a white man. I saw great quantities of bedding and furniture, and books scattered and torn in pieces, at a creek far out on the prairie. It was not Beaver Creek. The same night I crossed this creek. The water was up to my armpits, and the cane-grass tall and thick. Here again I saw more dead persons. One woman was lying on her back, and a child near by, pulled asunder by the legs. I then traveled around on the prairie, saw no roads, had nothing to eat, and no water for three days.

During my wanderings, early in the morning, I gathered the dew from the grass in my hand, and drank it; and when my clothes became wet with dew, I sucked the water from them. This gave me great relief from the burning thirst I experienced. Finally, at the end of these three terrible days of suffering, I came to a road. This road I followed, and, in a low place, found some water standing in puddles in the mud, and tried to get it in my clothes, but the water was too shallow. I then got down and sucked up and eagerly drank the water from the mud. My tongue and lips were now cracked open from thirst. After this, I went on and found two dead bodies on the road, and, a
further, a number of men, women, and
dead! On the thirteenth day I came to I
and, for the first time, found out, for cer

was. Here I discovered a house in a field, went to it, and saw that every thing had been destroyed. The dog was alive, and seemed to be barking at some one, but showed friendship for me. Being afraid that savages were around, I went again into the woods. After staying there for a short time, a shot was fired, and then I heard some person calling. I thought the person calling was a fireman. I did not answer the call. It was not intended for me, as I thought. But after all was still, I went to the house I never lived with, went to the hill, and then saw an Indian, with a gun pointed at some object. He soon went off in an opposite direction without discovering me. Fearing Indians were about, I went to the woods and, being wearied, lay down and slept. I do not know how long I slept, but when I awoke, it was light.

I was again lost, and did not know where to go. I wandered about in the woods, looking for my way, and, finally, as the evening star appeared, I found my way, and took an eastern course, until I came to a creek again. I now saw that I must be near the Minnesota River. I went into a house near by, took a piece of buffalo-robe, went to the river bottom and lay down to rest. Here I found wild plums, and ate some of them. This night it rained all night long. On the next morning, I found that I was too weak and tired to travel, and so remained all that day and all the next night, wishing that the savages might come and put an end to my sufferings. It rained all this day.

Here I felt sure I must die, and that I should never leave this place alive. The cold sweat was on my forehea[illegible] eat effort I raised up to take one more

look around me, and, to my surprise, I saw two persons with guns, but could not tell whether they were white men or Indians. I rejoiced, however, because I thought they would put an end to my sufferings. But, as they came near, I saw the bayonets, and knew that they were white soldiers, and made signs for them to come to me. The soldiers, fearing some trick, seemed afraid to come near me. After making sundry examinations, they finally came up. One of my neighbors, Lewis Daily, first advanced, and, seeing I was a white woman, called to his partner, who also came up. They soon brought me some water, and gave me a drink, and wet my head, washed my face, and then carried me to a house near by. Here they proposed to leave me until the other troops came up; but, yielding to my earnest entreaty, they carried me along until the other portion of the soldiers came up. One of them went into a house and found a dress, and put it on me, the clothes I had on being all torn to pieces. Dr. Daniels came along directly, examined my wounds, and gave me some water and wine, made a requisition for a wagon, fixed up a bed, and had me placed on it. Now the train followed along the river bottom some distance, then took to the open prairie. Here we found a woman, cut into four pieces, and two children by her, cut in pieces also. They buried these bodies, and passed down from Henderson's house in the direction of the fort. All the soldiers seemed to take great care of me. The Doctor dressed my wounds, and did all that could be done for me. The wagon I was in soon came into company with the burial party who were going into camp at Birch Coolie.

The savages attacked this burial party on the same night after I was rescued by the soldiers, or rather on the following morning, Tuesday, the 2d of September. In that disastrous affair, it was thought proper to overturn all the wagons, as a means of better security against the murderous fire of the Indians. When they came to the wagon in which I lay, some one said, "Do not overturn that wagon, for it contains a sick woman," and they passed by. This was the only wagon left standing. Behind the wagons and the dead horses, killed by the Indians, our men lay on the ground, and fought the savages with a determination seldom, if ever, equaled. It was victory or death. I was in a good position to see and hear all that went on during the battle. I was, too, in the most exposed position. The wagon was a fine mark; standing up, as it did, above every thing else on the open prairie, it afforded the best possible target for savage marksmen. The wagon was literally shot to pieces. Some of the spokes were shot off. The cover was completely riddled with ball-holes. The cup in which I attempted to take my medicine, during the fight, was knocked away from my mouth by a passing rifle-ball. I did not attempt to reclaim it. The smell of gunpowder almost took my breath from me. Some five slight wounds was all the actual damage I sustained in this awful battle. I saw it all, from the commencement to the close. Sleep was impossible, and my hearing was wonderfully acute. The battle lasted all the day, Tuesday, and all the night following, until about midnight, when the firing ceased for awhile on both sides. Whether the weary white *men* or the savage Indians slept, I know not; but,

I could not sleep. About daylight, on Wednesday, the 3d of September, the firing commenced again on both sides. Some time in the forenoon of this day, I heard our soldiers crying aloud for joy. The shout went up, "Reinforcements coming!" The Indians ceased their firing, and went toward the soldiers coming to our relief. Finding they could not drive off the reinforcements, the Indians soon returned, making good time to keep out of the way of the shells which the coming soldiers were occasionally dropping among them. The Indians have a great dread of cannon, and particularly of the "*rotten balls*" they sometimes throw out in advance, to drive out a hidden foe from some secret hiding-place. Soon as the Indians found that Colonel Sibley had prepared himself well with big guns throwing shells, they fled over the prairie like chaff driven by the wind. They were soon out of sight.

When the Indians left to go toward the reinforcements, the Doctor and an officer came to look after me, supposing I could not have escaped so murderous a fire. They seemed perfectly astonished on finding me alive, and unhurt, except by the slight marks left by some five balls, merely drawing blood from the skin. How I escaped must ever remain a mystery to myself and others. The blanket given me by a soldier, and on which I lay wrapped up in the wagon during the battle of Birch Coolie, was found, on examination, to have received over two hundred bullet-holes during the fight, and yet I was not hit, except as stated. Who can imagine such an escape? Yet I did escape, and am now alive to tell the story.

When the troops had buried their dead, they returned

to Fort Ridgley. Here I was placed under charge of Dr. Müller, surgeon of the post. I hardly knew whether I was in the hospital or at the Doctor's own house; but I shall never forget the kind care taken of me by Mrs. Müller. The Doctor extracted some nine buck-shot from my shoulders, and the other eight are yet there, as they could not be taken out. My various wounds did not trouble me much, but were soon all healed.

At the fort I found four of my children; all but one, children of my first husband. Two of my own boys were already sent from the fort to St. Paul. These two boys were the two who escaped with August Urban, a lad of thirteen years of age. My oldest boy was nine, and the other eight years old. Here, too, I found the five girls who came in with Mrs. Zable. Three of these were my first husband's children; one of them my own by my first husband. After remaining two days at the fort, I was able to go on to look up my other children. The third day I came to St. Peter, a distance of forty-five miles, and from that place, by steamboat, came directly to St. Paul; and, from the latter place, made all haste to my mother's, in Wisconsin, to see my children, who had been taken there. I returned soon after, to look after the child that had been a prisoner among the Indians; but, when I arrived at St. Paul, the child had already been sent to Wisconsin by a Mrs. Keefer. I had missed her on the way.

In St. Paul I became acquainted with John Jacob Meyer, a countryman of mine, who had lost all his family by the late Indian massacre. On the relation of our mutual sufferings, we soon became attached to each

other, and, on the 3d day of November, A. D. 1862, we were married. My present husband is (June, 1863,) in the service of the Government, under Brigadier-General H. H. Sibley. I was twenty-eight years of age on the 17th day of July, 1863. My experience is a sad one thus far. I hope never to witness another Indian massacre.

# CHAPTER XV.

## Narrative of Justina Boelter.

[JUSTINA BOELTER, in 1854, left her home, near Posen, in Prussia, for America. Her parents, Jacob Wendland and Caroline Cobitsche, then aged, were left behind. Justina was the second child, an elder brother and a younger sister constituting the family. In 1856, at the age of twenty-two, and after stopping near Buffalo, New York, she settled in Marquette County, Wisconsin, and was married to John Boelter, whose name she bears. In June, 1862, she, with her husband and three children, removed to the county of Renville, in Minnesota, and settled on Beaver Creek, making a homestead claim on a hundred and sixty acres of land, secured to settlers by act of Congress known as the "Homestead Law." They had selected a delightful spot, not far from the Minnesota River, and some ten miles from the Lower Sioux Agency. Her husband and herself had here erected a comfortable log-house, surrounded it by a fence, and inclosed a garden spot for vegetables and flowers. With a few cows, an ox-team, an ordinary supply of farming utensils, and the common household furniture of settlers in a new country, Justina and her industrious husband had made a fair commencement for a prosperous future in the land of their choice. The distance that separated her from parents and home in the fatherland was scarcely thought of, surrounded by her children, and happy in the little paradise of her enchanting new home. The Government had been liberal in the bestowment of its wide domains, and settlements were fast springing up in every direction; so that new society and congenial friends, many of her own country, gave a

buoyancy to the young heart of Justina Boelter, that caused it to overflow with delight and gratitude to the Creator, whom she adored and loved. But Justina Boelter was not permitted long to indulge in these fond reveries in her happy home. An unknown and unsuspected enemy, even while her guileless heart was full of joy and gladness, had determined the fate of all that happy valley.

We must leave the reader here to the perusal of the simple, sad story of Justina's most grievous trials, and her unheard-of endurance.]

On the morning of the 18th of August, A. D. 1862, while we were at breakfast, a Sioux Indian squaw came into our house, and seemed very much pleased about something. She staid but a short time, and then left. The squaw had an ax with her, which she left outside of the door. We were quite surprised at the manner of the squaw, and I arose from the table and went to the door to look after her. She had taken up the ax and had gone some distance from the door, and joined some other squaws, who seemed to be moving off from the house. I followed them for a short distance, to see if there might not be others, and, if possible, to learn their intention. As I was following after them I heard five guns go off, in the direction of a neighbor's house near by. Believing that something wrong was going on at our neighbor's, Eusebius Reef's, I returned and told my husband what I had seen and heard. He then went out to hunt up the cattle, to prevent their being frightened off by the Indians. After he had left the house, I looked out again for the Indians. The squaws, three in number, came toward the house, disappeared, and again soon after returned, attended by four Indians. These Indians and squaws all came to the house to-

gether. I was alone with the children. They asked for a drink of water, which I gave them. Three squaws and two Indians then left. The remaining two came into the house, and took my husband's gun, and examined it, to see if it was loaded, and again hung it up on the wall from which it had been taken. These two then followed after the others, who had just left. They walked around Eusebius Reef's house, near by, and, after closely examining the place, went off, and soon disappeared down a little descent.

Just at this time, Michael Boelter, my brother-in-law, in great haste, came from toward Reef's. On inquiring why he so hurried, Michael replied, "The report is that the Indians are killing the whites." He then inquired for John, my husband. We consulted but a moment for safety. He determined *first* to go down to the bottom, where his father was making hay, and tell him what he had heard. He soon returned, without finding any one. It turned out afterward that Michael's father and father-in-law had both been already killed by the Indians. While Michael was gone, I went to the house and put a loaf of bread to bake in the stove, and, being already frightened, I took my three children and started to go over to Mr. Reef's. While going toward the house, Michael met me, coming back in great haste from Reef's. His manner was sufficient. He did not even speak. I saw it was useless to ask him what had happened. I knew that something dreadful had taken place there. Michael caught up my baby, and I took the two older children, telling Michael he had better call John; at the same time, looking toward Reef's, I saw the Indians killing

Mrs. Reef and the children. We heard Mrs. Reef halloo; the cry was heard but a moment, when all was hushed! Michael started off in a hurry, carrying my baby. I called him, but he, being in such haste, did not seem to hear, and, no doubt, supposed I would follow him. He was directing his course toward Fort Ridgley. I soon found I could not keep up with him, burdened, as I was, with my two children, and turned my course toward the timber, on the Minnesota River. I never saw nor heard of my husband after he left, on the morning of the 18th of August, to look after the cattle.

After the Indians had followed me for a short distance, for some reason, to me wholly unaccountable, they turned back, and I pursued my flight to the timber on the banks of the Minnesota, and finally found a place of temporary security. Here I lay concealed in a thicket, as well as I could. The children seemed to understand the terrible reality of our situation. I remained in the timber all that day and night, and until the afternoon of the next day, Tuesday, the 19th. During the night, I heard Indians going past my hiding-place. They passed me and went to their tepees just over the Minnesota River, on the opposite side from where I lay concealed. Monday night I slept none. I heard the Indians talk all night long. The children slept well, and I was thankful that they could sleep. Toward daylight the Indians were all silent. Directly I heard one voice. It seemed to be an Indian making a speech. After the speech was delivered, all were silent again. I heard nothing more of the In-

dians during all of Tuesday. They seemed to have left their camping-place.

On the forenoon of Tuesday, the eldest child became sick. I went to Beaver Creek, and put water on her head, which seemed to relieve her somewhat. The child then became hungry, and wanted to go to the house to get something to eat. When I came out from the woods, I saw the door of the house standing open, and, fearing Indians were there, hardly dared venture at first; but finally, taking courage, and being anxious to satisfy the children, who wished to go home to see their father, and get something to eat, I went with them to our deserted home. I found the house plundered of every thing. The feathers from the beds were lying about the house, inside and out. I found nothing to wear but an old dress, and nothing to eat except some raw potatoes. I soon returned, taking the dress and the potatoes, and sought a different place of retreat, about half a mile distant from my first hiding-place, and, this time, on the lands of my brother-in-law. I remained in my new retreat until Friday, eating nothing myself, and the children eating the raw potatoes. On this day, (Friday,) about noon, I went to the house of my brother-in-law, about a quarter of a mile distant. When I looked into the house, I saw my mother-in-law dead on the floor, her head severed from her body, the premises plundered, and feathers strewed about the house and door-yard. I was greatly shocked at the sight of the headless body, and made so hasty a retreat that I did not discover the dead bodies of the children of my brother-in-law, which were afterward

found by the soldiers in the door-yard, near the fence. I staid but a moment in the house, and passed into the garden, and hastily pulled up some hills of potatoes, gathered a few cucumbers in my apron, and returned to the woods to the children, the younger one being asleep, and the elder one watching by it in my absence. Here I remained one week and a half, living on the potatoes and cucumbers—the children eating the potatoes raw, which my stomach rejected. I had lived as yet almost entirely on rain-water, the cucumbers affording but little if any nourishment. The baby being taken from me, the next elder child, now over two years of age, had taken to the breast, on the next day after I left the house. At the end of five weeks, the elder of the two children died of starvation, and I had become too weak to get about, except with great difficulty. The night before the child died, it asked piteously for water; but it was dark, and I was, in my weak condition, unable to get water for the suffering child. I told it to wait until morning, when I could see, and she should have some water. But the dear little sufferer never saw the morning; she died during the night; and a chilly, dark, rainy, and dismal night it was! I had no fire, and the thin clothing we had on when we fled was not sufficient to keep myself and the children warm. It now rained for four days continually. I was barefooted, and so were the children. The dress I had taken from the house, on my first visit, was our only cover from the elements. Cold, wet, and starving, I staid by the body of the dead child, being too weak to either bury it or get away from it. The body now became offensive, and I crawled off some

feet from the place where the dead child lay. Here I remained until the Sunday following the death of my dear child, which occurred on the Wednesday previous; and, from Friday until Sunday, I ate the leaves of the grape-vine, which, from trial, I had learned would sustain life. My milk had failed at the same time the eldest child died, and I now commenced feeding the one yet living on the grape-leaves. The first I gave it was on Sunday, the fourth day after the failure of its nourishment from the breast.

The flies had now become so troublesome near the dead child, that I was unable to remain longer by it. The strength I had gained from the grape-leaves enabled me to remove some fifty yards away. Here I remained about two weeks longer, living on grape-leaves and water. But now another affliction came on me. A heavy frost came down from the cold heavens, and killed the grape-leaves. My hopes of life seemed to fall, with the falling leaves, to the earth. The sources of life, one after another, were failing. Weak, and now emaciated, I still clung to life, though the future seemed dark and cheerless. Trusting in the gracious hand that feeds the young ravens when they cry, I put forth all my strength to go in search of some sheltered spot, where the leaves might have escaped the ravages of the frost, but found only a very few in a long, weary search. I retraced my steps, and sought my living child, but could not find it. I searched from morning until mid-day, and my perseverance was finally rewarded. I found the lost child! In this mode of life I re until all the green leaves were gone.

To live in the woods seemed no longer pos

now sought the field of my brother-in-law, to seek for food, leaving the child in the woods. After long labor, I reached the field, a quarter of a mile distant, and found a few potatoes and a small pumpkin. Unable to carry both at once, I carried the potatoes a short distance, then returned for the pumpkin, and thus, by alternate efforts, finally succeeded in getting them both to the place where the child was. But now another affliction, horrible beyond expression, came upon me! The whole family of snakes came to me, large and small, crawling around me in every form! And, as one company would leave, another would come. But, finding they did me no harm, they soon ceased to be annoying; and, indeed, their company seemed agreeable, in my lonely condition. They were serpents in name, but angels beside the savages I had escaped.

On Sunday, after I had been in the field of my brother-in-law, I heard firing of guns near Mr. Eusebius Reef's house. I supposed they were Indians, and almost gave up all hope. Occasionally the dogs came around me. I thought they were, probably, the dogs of the Indians; and yet they may have been the dogs of soldiers. After hearing the firing of the guns, I remained another week. The weather had now become so intensely cold I [illegible] endure it any longer. I concluded to return [illegible] house, and, if I must die, to die [illegible] I had hope that mercy was [illegible] red so much. Trust[illegible] than man, [illegible] fears, I took [illegible] used as a can[illegible]

but now desolate and cheerless home. I gathered the scattered feathers into a bed on the floor, and laid the child down, as near dead as alive, and as white as alabaster. It was Saturday night, and I lay down with my child, and slept in my own house, after an absence of nine weeks. On Sunday morning I went out in the yard adjoining the house, and found three young turnips, which had grown from the seed scattered by the Indians while plundering the house, on the 18th of August. These turnips were all I found to eat.

On Sunday morning the sun rose bright and pleasant, and all nature looked cheerful, contrasting greatly with my lonely condition. I seemed more to enjoy the out-door world than my own desolate abode. As the sun had ascended the heavens some two hours, the thought came forcibly upon me to seek my retreat in the woods, and trust to the protection of a kind Providence, away from the abodes of civilized life, now so attractive to the Indian savage. In the woods, too, I had left a few potatoes, which, perhaps, the child could eat. But, previous to my intended departure, among the rubbish of the plundered house, I had found a mutilated copy of the Bible which I had been accustomed to read. It seemed an old friend. I opened its sacred pages, and read its consoling truths. Heaven and its calm joys came into my mind very gently, and gave me great consolation. I felt comparatively happy. While in this exercise, trusting to the guiding hand of a gracious Providence, two soldiers came to the door and gently pushed it open, a brick only being placed against it to keep it shut. As they looked cautiously in, I crawled up to meet them, under the impression that they were

Indians, come to kill me. I could not, even at a short distance, distinguish any object. My sight had almost entirely failed, and yet my hearing was much more acute than ever before. I had been able to detect the slightest moan of my child, asleep or awake. I heard the soldiers clap their hands together, probably horrified at the sight of such an emaciated being as I was before them; and yet I did not see who they were. I crawled up to them, and took one of them by the hand, and prayed them not to kill me. Looking up, I saw the tears running down the face of the man I had by the hand, and also of the other one, who stood by. I knew then that these men were not Indians, and was overjóyed at the idea that they were white men, and soldiers, on whom I could depend for protection. A number of soldiers now came up. As yet, they did not speak, but all shed tears. I shed no tears; I could not. I told the soldiers that I had a child, alive, in the house. I told them, also, that one of my children had died of starvation in the woods. Directly one man started to the woods, to find and bury the dead child, and one of them went after a team; one remained with me, and another went over to neighbor Reef's house, and found a chicken; and, in a very short time, by the aid of an old kettle found in the woods, and the use of an old stove yet remaining in the house, but much injured, the soldiers succeeded in making, for me and the child, some weak chicken-soup, of which I ate about a coffee-cupful, and the child took a small portion. This food gave relief to the stomach, but caused the limbs to cramp and become feeble. The soldier returned from the woods without finding the body of the dead child.

The team was driven up to the house, and the soldiers carried me out and put me into the wagon, one of them pulling off his coat and putting it on me to keep me warm. I was then taken, with my child, to Colonel Sibley's camp, at Yellow Medicine, some fifty miles from Fort Ridgley. Here the soldiers put some crackers into a cup of coffee and gave me. I remained at this camp about one week.

It was nine weeks from the day I first left my home until the soldiers rescued me. I now began to suffer great pain in my limbs, caused by cramp, quite losing the use of one hand and both feet. I was now entirely unable to move, and yet I was getting better at heart every day. The intense pain in my limbs lasted about a week, and then gradually wore off in part; but even yet (while testifying before the Sioux Commission, at St. Peter, in May, 1863,) I have spasms or paroxysms of pain in one of my hands. A special team came down with me and two half-breed girls to Fort Ridgley, where I staid one night, and was brought on the next day to St. Peter, where I still (June, 1863,) reside.

I have not yet seen the baby; it is among its friends in Wisconsin. It was brought by my brother-in-law to Fort Ridgley, thence to St. Peter, thence to St. Paul, and finally, supposing the mother dead, it was taken to Wisconsin, where it is doing well. I expect to see it soon.

[Such is the simple story of Justina Boelter. When before the Sioux Commissioners, in May, 1863, the child older than the baby, was almost three years old, was with her, looking quite hearty. Mrs. Boelter herself was comparatively well.

The following, in relation to Mrs. Boelter's sufferings, we take from the St. Peter *Tribune*, of November 4, 1862. It will be re-

membered that she left her home on the morning of the 18th of August.

This account states that, "on Monday, October 27, Mrs. Boelter and her child, about three years of age, were brought into camp at Yellow Medicine, she having been alone with her child in the woods for more than eight weeks, not having seen fire, having sustained herself on raw potatoes during that period. She lost one child by starvation. She is now, as well as the child, a mere skeleton, and can speak only just above a whisper, from extreme weakness. No conception can figure the vast number which have been murdered, but it must far exceed the general estimate of the public. The foraging party which brought in Mrs. Boelter buried forty-seven bodies, and left unburied seventeen. It is our impression that nearer two thousand than one thousand have been massacred. Doubtless hundreds that have been slain, and left upon the surface, will never be found, as decomposition is nearly complete, and the prairie fires now ravaging the whole upper country will consume what may yet remain. Hundreds, no doubt, have gone to their long home, of whom no tidings will ever reach the ears of anxious friends and inquiring relations."]

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### Narrative of Mary Schwandt.

[John Schwandt, having a wife and five children—Caroline, aged nineteen, wife of John Waltz, Mary, aged fourteen, August, aged twelve, Frederick, aged six, and Christian, aged four years—resided on a small stream called Sacred Heart, in Renville County. They were all massacred, except Mary and August, as were also the son-in-law, John Waltz, and a hired man, named John Fross. The story of Mary is as follows:]

In the forenoon of the 18th of August, 1862, the Indians came to my father's house, shot my father while on the house shingling, killed my mother and sister Caroline in the yard. Frederick and Christian, and

John Waltz and John Fross were all killed in the house, or near by. August was beaten by them, and left for dead, but afterward came to, and saw the murders all committed, while lying in the grass near the house. I was, at the time, away from home, living with Joseph B. Reynolds, at Red Wood, ten miles above the Lower Sioux Agency.

August, on his way to Fort Ridgley, found a child, five years old, and carried it several miles, when, by the advice of a German woman, who had fallen in with him, he left the child in a house some eighteen miles from the fort. She urged, as a reason for this course, that she herself was badly wounded, and, although a large boy accompanied her, she did not think the party could escape, incumbered with this child, who would have to be carried all the way. Yielding to the advice of the wounded woman, the party proceeded, leaving the child alone, in bed. It was afterward recovered at Camp Release, so much injured by wounds and exposure that it died soon after reaching Fort Ridgley.

On the morning of the 18th of August, Mattie Williams, Mary Anderson, Mr. Patoile, Mr. L. Davis, a Frenchman, and myself, put our clothing into a two-horse wagon and started for New Ulm. When we arrived at John Moore's, a half-breed, we were informed that the Indians were killing all the whites on Beaver Creek and Sacred Heart, and were advised to keep off from the road and follow Mr. Reynolds, who had gone on ahead of us. Mr. Patoile, thinking he could do better, kept the road until we had crossed the Red Wood. He then left the road, turning up the Red Wood, and kept out in the open prairie; and, when about eight miles from this

stream, an Indian on horseback came up behind us and stopped us, and told us to turn round and go to Big Stone Lake, and stay there till Tuesday, and he would come up and tell us what the Indians were going to do. Mr. Patoile refused to return, and continued on toward the Lower Agency, keeping off on the prairie to the right. We could see the smoke of burning buildings, as we supposed them to be, at the Agency, if the Indians were indeed killing the whites, of which we were not yet entirely certain, as we had been within about two miles of the Agency at one time, and could see the buildings yet standing.

We soon after met an Indian, armed with a bow and tomahawk, and without any gun. Mr. Patoile asked him if it was true that the Indians were killing the whites at the Agency, and on Beaver Creek. He replied that he did not know. Patoile told him he had heard that it was so, and that we were making our escape to New Ulm. When he heard this, he went up to a horse the Frenchman was then riding, and taking hold of the bridle, demanded the animal, claiming it as his. The Frenchman got off the horse, and Mr. Patoile then got out of the wagon and told the Indian the horse was his, who became angry, and shot an arrow at the Frenchman, but missed him, when he left the horse, and sprang into the wagon, and we drove on as fast as possible, leaving the horse behind us.

The Indian ran after us on foot, and kept shooting at us as long as his arrows lasted, and then turned back and went after the horse which we had left behind us. We subsequently supposed that he crossed the river and

sent the Indians after us, as our captors came from that direction.

When we arrived opposite the fort, Mr. Patoile, supposing we could not cross the river, as there was no ferry there, continued down on the New Ulm road. The horses were now very tired, and we frequently got out and walked. When within about eight miles of New Ulm, some fifty Indians, with horses and wagons, and barrels full of flour, and all sorts of goods and pictures, taken from the houses, came from the direction of that town. They seemed to be all drunk, were very noisy, and perfectly naked, and painted all over their bodies. Two of them, on horseback, came on ahead of the rest, one on each side of us, and ordered us to stop. The team was turned out of the road, and all but Patoile jumped out of the wagon. They came up and shot him, some four balls entering his body, and he fell out of the wagon dead, and they left him lying there. The rest of us ran toward the woods and hid in a slough, in the tall grass. The men were both killed in the slough. When we jumped from the wagon, Davis exclaimed, "We are lost!" I heard nothing said by any one else. The Frenchman ran in a different direction from where we were. I have a faint recollection of seeing him fall when he was shot. Mr. Davis was with us, and was shot about the same time. Mary Anderson was away behind us, and was shot through the lower part of the body, the ball entering at the hip and coming out through the abdomen. She was not killed, and the Indians must have carried her to the wagon, as, when I again saw her, she was in a wagon, being drawn by one

of the savages. As they came toward us we screamed, when one of them took hold of Mattie and tore off her "shaker," and two took hold of me, one hold of each arm, and forced us back to the wagon. They put Mattie in the wagon with Mary, and me in another, driven by the negro Godfrey. The wagon with Mattie and Mary went toward the Agency, and the one I was in went off into the prairie.

I asked Godfrey what they were going to do with me. He said he did not know. He told me they had chased Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and, he thought, had killed them. About two or three miles out on the prairie, we came to the squaws, for whom Godfrey told me they were looking. Here we all sat down, and the squaws took bread from the wagons, and all ate; and the Indians fixed up their hair, and tied it up with ribbons.

It was now about five o'clock. We remained where we were about one hour, and then went on to the house of Waucouta, a chief of the Wapekuta tribe, about half a mile from the Agency. Here I found Mrs. J. W. De Camp, who, with her two children, was captured at the Lower Agency. It was about eight o'clock when we arrived at Waucouta's house, and the buildings were still burning at the Agency when we got there. We could see them plainly from where we were. I had been there about half an hour when an Indian came, whom Mrs. De Camp supposed to be friendly, as he was a farmer Indian, and, fearing others would come and abuse us, she asked him to stay. After awhile a number more came, and, after annoying me with their loathsome attentions for a long time, one of them laid

hands forcibly upon me, when I screamed, and one of the fiends struck me on my mouth with his hand, causing the blood to flow very freely. They then took me out by force, to an unoccupied tepee, near the house, and perpetrated the most horrible and nameless outrages upon my person. These outrages were repeated, at different times during my captivity.

[The details of this poor girl's awful treatment, in our possession, are too revolting for publication.—EDITORS.]

At ten or eleven o'clock, Mattie and Mary Anderson came. The ball was yet in Mary's body, and Waucouta tried to cut it out, but failed. Mary then took the knife from the hand of Waucouta, and removed it herself. We remained here some four days. Cold water was poured upon corn-meal for Mary to drink, but we had nothing to eat, except some potatoes we dug in the garden, for those four days. On the fourth day we went to the camp of Little Crow. Mary Anderson was taken along, but died at about four o'clock on the morning of the 22d of August. We had some chicken here, but no bread. Mary ate of the chicken, and drank some of the broth. This was the last she ever ate. I was with her when she died. It rained very hard a part of the night, and the water ran through and under the tepee, on the ground, and Mary was wet, and had no bed-clothing to keep her dry or warm. She was very thirsty, calling for water all the time, but otherwise did not complain, and said but very little. I watched while Mattie slept, and she watched while I slept. I was awake when she died, and she dropped away so gently that I thought she was asleep, until

Mattie told me she was dead. She was a good girl, and, before she died, she prayed in the Swedish tongue, but I did not understand what she said. She had a ring on her finger, which she wished Mattie to give to her mother, if she died; but, after her death, her finger was so swollen that we could not get it off, and it was buried with her. Joseph Campbell, a half-breed, assisted us in having her buried. Mattie and I saw her carried to the grave by the Indians, wrapped in an old piece of tepee-cloth, and laid in the ground near Little Crow's house. She was subsequently disinterred, as I am informed, and buried at the Lower Agency. A likeness of a young man, to whom she was to have been married, we kept and returned to him; and her own we gave to Mrs. Reynolds, who yet retains it.

When at Waucouta's, Mary wanted some clothing very much, as that she had on was all bloody, and Waucouta gave her a black silk dress and shawl, both, no doubt, stolen from some white woman, either by himself or some other person.

The Indian who took me prisoner gave me to his niece, *Wenona*. The whites called her Maggie. Her husband's name was *Wakinyan Waste*, or Good Thunder. I was forced to call them father and mother. We remained at the village of Little Crow about a week, or perhaps a little more, and then moved toward Yellow Medicine, and camped about fifteen miles above Crow's village. The next morning they heard the soldiers were coming, and they awoke me and took off the squaw dress they had compelled me to wear, and put my own on me again. But the soldiers did not come, and we started again for Yellow Medicine, which we

we reached about noon. After we got started, they again heard that the soldiers were coming, and a scene of dreadful confusion followed. Some ran out in the prairie and scattered out in all directions; while others hastened the teams along as fast as they could go. But again were we doomed to disappointment: no soldiers came. When within about four miles of Yellow Medicine, they ordered me out of the wagon, and compelled me to walk.

We remained at Yellow Medicine some time, I think some three weeks. Here we had potatoes and beef to eat, and sometimes a little bread. They made me carry water and make bread. We usually got water from the nearest slough. At first, they were very good to me in some respects; waking me up at breakfast, and bringing me soap, water, and a towel, to wash myself; but this lasted only about two weeks, when they took off my clothes, and dressed me in squaw garments. They told me the Sisetons were coming down from Big Stone Lake, and would kill me unless I dressed like a squaw. They wanted to paint my face, and put rings in my ears; but I refused, and they did not insist. We finally left Yellow Medicine and moved on, day by day, until we reached the place where we were subsequently rescued by the forces under Colonel Sibley, since known as Camp Release.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**Narrative of Mrs. Lavina Eastlick, of Lake Sketch.**

EARLY in the morning of August 20, 1862, Charles Hatch came to our house, and greatly alarmed us by information that the Sioux Indians were close upon us. He informed us that he had just come from Mr. Hurd's; that the Indians had killed Mr. Voight, and that they were then at Mr. Koch's. We had heard quite enough, and staid no longer to listen to details. My husband caught up his two rifles and the babe, and hastily left for Mr. Smith's house. The child had nothing on but a night-dress. I asked my husband if I should take my clothes. He said "No." I wanted to get my shoes. He said, "You have no time to spare;" so I started barefooted, with quite a load of powder, shot, and lead. I was so frightened that I could hardly run. We finally came in sight of Mr. Smith's house, which gave me great courage; but when I got to the house, and found no one there, I thought I must sink to the ground helpless. I then happened to think of my boy that was a Mr. Wright's, and hurried on with greater speed tha ever. We soon overtook Mr. Smith and his wife, goir to Mr. Wright's, which, Mr. Smith thought, the best place of defense. Six Indians wer

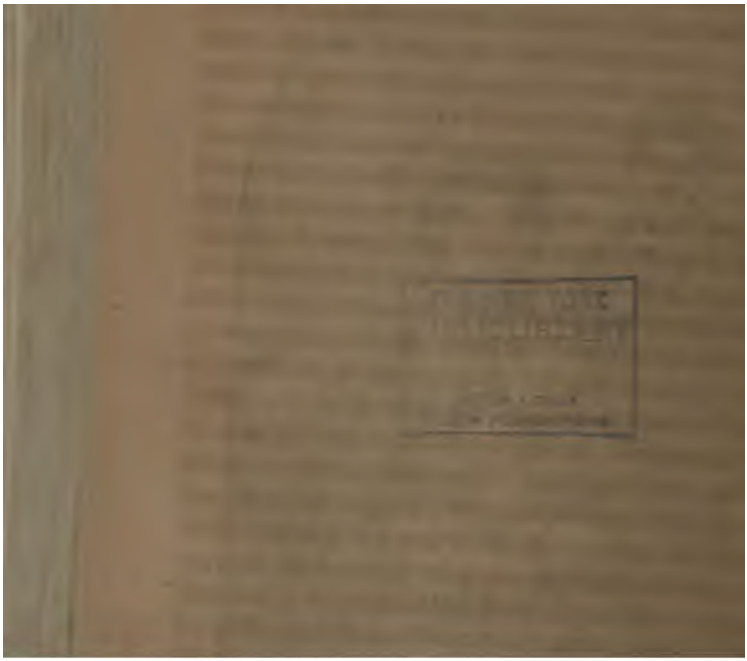
Mr. Wright's, and, as soon as they discovered us, they waved their hands, and told us to come on.

We soon reached the house, and found every thing in confusion. Indians were running here and there, loading their guns, throwing off their clothes, pounding out balls, hiding their packs, and having quite a time. They told the men that they would fight for them, and pretended to be very sorry for the whites. Mr. Duly had not come yet. I went up stairs, to keep a look-out from the window. Mr. Ireland and Mr. Duly were soon seen coming, without their families. When they came up, they said their wives and children were left behind, Mr. Duly hiding his, after they had passed Smith's farm. Some of the Indians proposed to go for the women and children who were left behind, but did not. Mrs. Koch now came. Her clothes were wet to her waist. She said she had waded through the lake (Sketek) and through the sloughs, to give information to the folks at the lower end of the lake. She said the Indians came there and took Mr. Koch's gun from the house, and went out and shot him with it. Mrs. Koch felt very bad. I tried to get her quiet. I told her that my husband might be killed before night, and then I should be worse off than she was; for I should be left with five children, and she had none. She said she could not stand it; for her husband lay in the barn-yard, with his face in the mud. She told Pawn the same. He said that was very bad; and if two white men would go with him, he would bring Mr. K. down there. None would go with him. He then started for the women and children, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Duly, and some Indians going along. They soon met



MRS. LAVINA EASTLICK AND HER SONS,

MERTON AND JOHNNY.



Mrs. Ireland with her children. Mrs. Duly showed greater courage than any woman there. She ran and met Mrs. Ireland, and carried her child for her.

The Indians soon came back with Mrs. Duly and her children; and Mr. Ireland and Mr. Duly soon returned also, and said they could not see any thing of the Indians yet. They then took the horses into the back part of the house, knocked out some chinking on every side of the house, got clubs and axes, and put them up stairs with the women, determined to fight the Indians, should they come into the house. The women would all have fought well, for we were all determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. My husband brought me my knife, and told me to use it, if it became necessary. It was not a small knife by any means. Had we staid in the house, I certainly should have used it, had the Indians come in. Some came to Mr. Smith's house. We saw them taking clothes out of the house, shaking them, and folding them up. Some of the Indians rode out into the field as fast as their horses could run, fired their guns, and then rode back, and cut a good many such capers. Pawn told the men that, if they would fire their guns, it would scare the Indians. They all fired their guns, Mrs. Wright with the rest. Two or three of the Indians did not fire. I thought there was something wrong going on. I told Mr. Smith and my husband that, should they fire again, to let the Indians fire first. I feared that they wished the men to fire, and then turn and shoot them before they could reload.

The Indians soon came in sight, and Paw
more Indians went and met them, and tal

with them. These new Indians were on horseback. They rode back. Pawn then came to us and said there were a great many Indians near, and that they would burn the house. He acted as though he was badly frightened. He started off, and wanted us all to go to the timber. The men hardly knew what to do. Some wished to stay, and some desired to go. Some started, and some remained behind. I ran up stairs and caught up my babe, then asleep, left my bonnet and my butcher-knife on the bed, and was soon, with others, hurrying over the prairie. Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Hatch went with the horses to Mr. Everett's, to get a wagon to carry the women and children. They soon overtook us, and the women and children all got in but myself and Mrs. Wright. We walked about a mile, and then got in also, Mrs. Duly and some of the children getting out.

I then saw the Indians leave the house, and come after us as fast as they could ride. I saw ten coming from Mr. Wright's house. We urged the horses on as fast as they could go, but did not get them off of a walk. The Indians soon came so close that the men thought we had better leave the wagon. We did so, and hurried along as fast as we could, the men keeping along with us. Mr. Smith and Mr. Rhodes then ran on and left us. Some of the men called to them, while others commanded them to stop and come back. My husband told Mr. Rhodes to come back and bring his rifle, as he had the best one among them; but nothing would stop them. There were two or three Indians that were trying to head them off, or drive them back. The Indians behind us came up to the wagon and be-

gan to strip the harness off the horses. Several of the men turned and fired upon them. They soon mounted the horses and came on, keeping up a dreadful fire. The men then told us to go to a slough not far off, the Indians, meanwhile, trying to surround us. While running, I was shot in the heel, but did not stop. William Duly's oldest son and daughter were both shot through the shoulder. Mrs. Ireland's youngest child was shot through the leg, all while running for the slough. We all soon got to the grass, and hid ourselves as well as we could—the men standing round the edge, trying to get a shot at the Indians, who were then skulking behind the hills. The Indians had got the advantage, and too well they knew it. My husband snapped four caps at an Indian. He then took a pin and pricked some powder into the tube, (he had loaded his gun while running,) fired at an Indian, and shot him, but did not know whether he killed him or not.

The Indians had now surrounded us entirely. I soon heard some one groaning, and heard another ask who was shot. Charlie Hatch said he was. Mrs. Everett wished to go to him. He told her not to come. She then wished him to come to her, but he said they had both better keep still. Mrs. Ireland's next to youngest child was shot through the bowels. The ball and shot, at this time, fell around us like hail. I was then struck with a ball, which passed through my clothes and just grazed my side. It was not long until a small shot struck my head, and I told John, my husband, that I was shot, and thought I should die. I told him not to come to me; but if he had any chance of shooting an Indian, to stay and shoot him, for he could not

do me any good. Mr. Everett was shot, and Mrs. Everett wanted to go to him; but he said she had better keep still, for the Indians might see her. She replied, "O, Billy! *do* let me come." He replied, "No, Mirie; stay where you are." She was soon shot in the neck, and bled very freely. I heard her say to Mr. Everett, "We will both have to die." She then asked Mr. Everett if they should not pray. He replied, "Yes." I then heard Mrs. Everett praying. I next heard a ball strike some one. I could tell when a ball struck any one. I heard some one groan twice. I asked my husband if he was shot. He made no answer. I asked him again. Mrs. Koch then said he was dead. I thought I would go to him, but Mrs. Koch told me it would do no good. She said she was sure he was dead, and that I had better stay where I was with my children. Now my children clung so close to me that I could scarcely move, asking me over and over again if their father was dead. I replied, "You must keep still, or you will be killed."

It was now very warm in the tall grass. The sun was hot, and not a breath of air stirring. I tried several times to crawl away from the children, but could not; for, as soon as I moved away, they came after me. Frank and Fred seemed to think that mother could save them. The Indians did not now shoot quite so often. I think quite a number of them were killed. They came so close that we could hear them talking quite plainly. They fired two or three times, and shot Mrs. Smith through the hip. She screamed several times, and the Indians laughed about it. They now commenced to talk, and called to us to come out. I asked Mr. Everett if

he had not better talk with them. He then called to Pawn, and requested him to come to him; but Pawn excused himself, and wished Everett to come to him. Everett told Pawn that he could not, for he was then almost dead. Pawn said Everett lied; and then two of them shot at Everett, but did not hit him. He told his wife that he would say no more, and wanted her to tell Pawn that he was killed. Mrs. Everett then got up and told Pawn, in the most pitiful tone, that her husband was dead. Pawn wanted her to come to him. He said he would not kill her; he wanted her and Mrs. Wright for his wives. Mr. Everett told his wife perhaps she had better go. She said she would go if I would go with her. I told her some one had better go that could talk with them, and, at the same time, asked Mrs. Wright if she would not go. She said she would; and she and Mrs. Everett took their children and went out to the Indians.

I saw Pawn take some of the children in his arms. Mrs. Wright told us that the Indians said they would not kill any of the women and children, and I then got up and went to my husband. He lay on his left side, with his right hand on his face. I kissed him two or three times. I felt of his face and hands. They were cold. I could not shed a tear, although I knew it was the last time I should ever see him. I then started for the Indians, but found it was with [illegible] difficulty that I could walk. My two oldest ch[illegible] helped me along. Mrs. Wright, th[illegible] trouble I had to walk, came and hel[illegible] helped Mrs. Smith there. The [illegible] the Indians standing around—

guns, and one or two getting on their horses. One Indian took a shawl and a bag of shot from Rosa Ireland.

As it now began to rain, the Indians seemed to be in a great hurry. One Indian took Mrs. Koch and started. Some more of them took Mr. Ireland's two oldest girls. The largest, blackest Indian took Mrs. Duly and myself by the hand, and started off, neither of us making any resistance. I looked back to see if the children were coming. Freddy started, when an old squaw run and struck him over the head with something, I did not know what, and pounded him on the back. She then left him to get up and come on after me, his face all streaming with blood. Not satisfied with her fiendish cruelty, she then ran after and knocked him down again, pounded him more, took him up in her hands, raised him up as high as she could, and threw him down on the ground. Pawn told me to go on. I went a few steps, looked back, and saw Frank on his knees, with both hands raised, and calling "Mother!" the blood running out of his mouth in a stream.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Ireland were both shot on the spot where we first went to the Indians. Old Pawn told me again to go on. The Indian that was leading me went on and left me. I started again, and asked Pawn if he was going to kill me. He said he was not. I saw Mrs. Duly, with one child in her arms, and one at her side, holding on to her dress, and she was pleading for their lives. They told her the same as the rest, that they would not kill them. She had not gone three rods, when they shot her eldest son. I saw Mrs. Everett running toward her husband, and an Indian

just ready to take hold of her. Some Indian shot, and she fell. Pawn stopped, and loaded his gun. I trudged on, thinking how brutally my children had been murdered, and I could not help them. As I was hurrying along to overtake Mrs. Wright, Pawn shot me, the ball entering my back, and passing out at my side, just above my hip, and passing through my right arm.

I had given Merton my babe, about fifteen months old, and told him to carry him as long as he could. He passed by where I fell, and supposed I was dead. When I fell, I thought my back was broken; I also thought that there were some ponies behind, and they might step on me. I then tried to move, and found I could crawl. I crawled about a rod out of the trail, when a young Indian came along and pounded me over the head and shoulders with a rifle. I expected every moment he would take my scalp, but he did not. He threw the rifle down by my side, and went on.

I remained perfectly still for two hours or more, thinking there might be more Indians about. I tried to move, when, to my astonishment, I found I could get up, but with great difficulty. When I raised up, I found I had been bleeding very badly. It was now raining hard, but not hard enough to wash away the blood. I sat up until dark. I heard William Duly call "Mother! mother!" and then "Mrs. Smith! Mrs. Smith!" This frightened me very much, for I had supposed he was dead. I got up, and started back where the women and children were killed. I passed by William Dul
but did not speak to him, as I thought the b
feel very bad if I went away and left him; s
I would not let him know that I was ther

on his face, as he fell. I next found Mrs. Smith. I felt of her face. She was quite dead. I then thought I would take her apron off and put it around me, as it was still raining very hard, and I was quite wet and cold. I then hunted around for my children that had been murdered. I found Mrs. Ireland, lying on her back, dead. I took two pins out of her waist. Her child, about two years old, was sleeping, with its head upon her breast. It had been shot through the leg slightly. I found one of my children dead, with his limbs straightened out, and his arms lying by his side. It seemed he had died without a struggle. I felt of him, and all the rest of them. I then found Freddy, the one the squaw had beaten. He was quite warm. He rattled very badly in his throat. I called him, and rubbed his limbs, but he did not answer. I found Mr. Everett's child near. The eldest, a boy, was dead. The youngest boy and the oldest girl were living. Charley was lying on his back, sobbing in his sleep, like a child that had worried itself out crying. Lilly lay with her head and knee drawn under her, as though she was cold. I spoke to her. She raised her head, and said, "Mrs. Eastlick!" I answered her, and she then said, "I wish you would take care of Charley." I said, "I can not, Lilly, for I must go and find Johnny." I knew that he and Merton were somewhere alive. She then asked for a drink. I told her that I could not get her any. She then asked if there was water in heaven. I said, "Yes, Lilly; when you get to heaven, you will have all you want." I thought it would be a comfort to her to tell her so. I was very sorry to leave them, but was obliged to, for I had hard work

to get along myself. I could not find Frank around there.

It was now quite light, and I went into a bunch of weeds and lay down, and lay there until night. This was Thursday, the 21st of August. A little more than one day had passed since we were all at our homes, but, seemingly, an age had passed over since that time. I could not find my children. I imagined they had gone to sleep somewhere among the dead and wounded. About nine or ten o'clock, the Indians came back to where they had fought our folks. I heard them shooting. During the day I heard the children crying most of the time; sometimes I heard them screaming and crying. I could not see them, for I had gone over the ridge a little. No one can imagine my feelings. I wished I could die. I thought then, and think now, that they were torturing the children. It was a great punishment to me to hear the children crying and moaning under the cruel tortures of the Indians. I thought they were my children that I heard. I wanted to die, and yet I feared to die by the hands of the Indians. Had I not feared this horrible mode of death, I should have run away out of hearing of these innocent sufferers.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I heard three guns fired. The children then ceased crying. Poor, innocent ones!—they were now at rest. I kept until dark, and then started for the timber. see a great way off. Toward midnight I clothes being wet about a foot or more was very heavy, and I was very thirsty. had a drop of water, nor a bite to eat,

tried to dip up some dew with my hands, but could no more than wet them. I then took up the skirt of my dress, and drank the water out of it; it tasted very good.

While I was lying in the grass I heard something stepping along; it stopped close by my side, and I heard it smelling around. I supposed it was a fox. After resting awhile, I started on again. I soon got into a slough, and was directly where I found water. I stooped down and dipped some up with my hand, and drank it. I now got out where the water was so deep that I could drink without sitting down. The grass was so heavy that I could hardly get along. I had to stamp the grass down with my left foot, as I could not raise my right three inches from the ground. I can not tell how long I was going through this slough; it must have been a large one, for the moon arose while I was in it, and when I got out, the moon was at least an hour high. I was tired enough to lie down and sleep. I took a good nap, then got up and looked around. I saw, about half a mile off, what I supposed to be Buffalo Lake.

As I was eager to get away, I walked on as fast as I could. Think of my surprise when I heard chickens crowing, and saw houses in different directions. I then knew that I was at *Lake Shetek*, from which I had fled on the morning of the 20th of August! I looked around for a place to lie down. I was almost discouraged, but hid myself in the grass until about noon, when I again got up, and thought I would go to the house, to look after something to eat. I had a narrow slough to cross, in which the water was very deep. It was with the

greatest difficulty and pain that I succeeded in getting through this slough. I then had a hill, not very high, but steep, to climb up. I went about a rod up the hill, and lay down among the bushes, entirely discouraged. I thought I would die then. But, after lying there a long time, I found I could not die when I pleased. I then took a cloth and wrapped around my feet, for they were very sore, the flesh being almost all worn off my toes, which gave me great pain. I then crawled to the top of the hill and lay down again, rested a few moments, arose, and went on again. Seeing a corn-field a little way off, I went to it and pulled an ear of corn, and ate a little. The corn made me sick. I lay down on the damp ground, and, pretty soon, began to feel better.

I got up and went to the house. Every thing was torn to pieces. A dead dog lay in the corner of the house, and several dead pigs lay around outside, and also the head and horns of a steer. There were five different places where they had built their camp-fires. I found a small tin can, went to the well and got a drink. I then hid in some brush close by, and staid there until sundown. I then went to the hen-house, caught a chicken, tore off its breast, and put it into some brine that was left in a barrel, to salt it. I then put it into a tin pail, with three ears of corn. I was now fixing to start away. I looked around and found an old coat, and put it on. I then started for Buffalo Lake the second time. I knew I must travel east to find the road. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone very bright, and the north star was my guide. I walk more than a quarter of a mile with This night I got along very comfortably. I

quite warm. The old coat was a great help to me. I traveled all night, and made the distance of two miles and a half. I was so weak that I could not go very far at one time without resting.

When I reached the wood, I lay down and slept a long time. When I arose, I found I was quite a distance from Buffalo Lake. I went on very slowly. I found, after resting, that I was very lame, but I managed to get to the lake finally. Now, I had an outlet of the lake to cross. In this outlet I fell, and got wet to my waist. I got out the best way I could, took off my skirt, wrung out the water, and hung it on the bushes to dry. I then lay down and slept for some time, and, when about ready to start again, I saw some ducks fly out of the slough. I thought there might be Indians coming. I looked back, and could just see a horse. I supposed it was an Indian, and got back in the brush as quick as I could. I soon found that I was mistaken: it was the mail-carrier. I stepped out in sight and called to him. He stopped, and seemed much surprised. He talked to me in the Indian tongue, but I could not understand what he said. I knew he was a Frenchman, so I talked to him in the same tongue. I told him the people were all killed at Lake Shetek. He then said, "You are pretty white for a squaw." I then knew that he thought I was a squaw. I could not blame him for thinking so, for I had on an old, ragged coat, and an apron over my head. I told him I was no squaw, but a white woman, who was wounded, and wanted to get away. He said he could carry me as far as Dutch Charley's, a Dutchman, who lived about eleven miles from there. I rode with him. We got there about four o'clock, and found Mr. Ireland

there. The family were gone, and Mr. Ireland was there alone. I was greatly surprised to see him, for I thought he was dead. He was so discouraged before we got there, that he could not get himself a drink. He looked more like a ghost than any thing else. He was very pale, his eyes sunk in his head, and his voice was very weak.

The mail-carrier fed his horse, and then looked around for something to eat for himself. He had eaten nothing since morning. He soon found some cheese, and we all ate what we wanted, and rested ourselves awhile, and then started again, taking some of the cheese with us. Mr. Ireland was so much encouraged that he walked several miles that night. At the end of seven miles we stopped for the night, taking care to get far enough from the road, so as not to be seen or heard. I did not sleep much. It rained two or three hours that night. Mr. Ireland had told me, when I first saw him, that Merton had started with Johnny to try and get to some settlement. I thought I heard Johnny cry a great many times through the night.

We started at daylight the next morning, the wind blowing very hard, and the air quite cold after the rain. The Frenchman tried to make me as comfortable as he could. He put his blanket around me, but I was very cold. He was very kind, and did all he could for Mr. Ireland and myself. At ten o'clock, just as we reached the top of the hill, I saw three obj[illegible] I took for white men. I told the men what [illegible] them a few moments, and [illegible] they were Indians. The [illegible] horse around, and drove [illegible]

a mile. He then crept to the top of the hill and watched them until they went out of sight. He said he was certain they were Indians. He did not know what to do. He soon came to the conclusion that he would go on at all events. When we came near the place where we last saw them, the Frenchman went on before, and crawled to the top of a high hill, where they had gone. He saw nothing of them. I drove on, and, when we got to the top of a high ridge, I saw the same objects, and was satisfied that one was a woman, and that the others were children. We hurried along as fast as we could. I waved my hand, and the woman stopped and sat down. One of the children went on out of sight. We soon came up, and found it was Mrs. Hurd. She was very much overcome with joy. She said she had taken care of my babe, and that Merton and Johnny were on ahead, and were the objects I saw. Johnny was my youngest and Merton my oldest child.

Mrs. Hurd said the Indians came to her house early Wednesday morning, the 20th of August. She knew the most of them. One, Robert, she knew well. She reached out her hand to shake hands, and he drew his hand away. She then thought something was wrong. The Indians then wanted some tobacco. Mr. Voight, a German living there, gave them some. He then went out into the yard a short distance, and turned around, when one of the Indians shot him. Mrs. Hurd ran to him, and found that he was shot through the breast, and quite dead. She made some noise, and the Indians told her to keep still and they would not kill her. They were ten in number, besides their squaws. They soon plundered the house, and then told her to go to her

mother. She then went away with her two children. She got lost, and was four days and a half getting to where I overtook her. She had but very little to eat during this time. When I came in sight of the children, I could hardly wait for the horse to get to them.

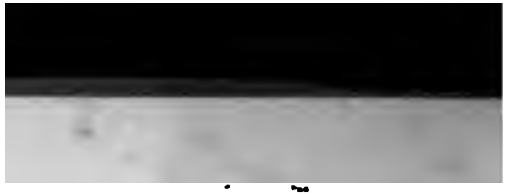
Merton stood by the side of the road, with Johnny sleeping in his arms. O, how I wanted to press him to my bosom! He had carried his little brother, fifteen months old, a distance of fifty miles! I did not think he could carry him so far. Merton was very poor; more so than the babe. Johnny was very sick. I laid him down in the bottom of the sulky. He did not seem to notice much of any thing. His face was covered with a scab. He had pulled the hair all out of the back part of his head. He did not look much like *my* Johnny. We were then about two miles from the house of Mr. Brown, where we expected to get help; but when we reached the house, we found the folks had all fled, taking the most of their goods with them. We found some bread on the table, and that was all we found cooked. There was plenty of pork and potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds, and plenty of fat chickens.

The mail-carrier left us all at this place, saying he would go on about seven miles, to another house, where there lived a man he could get, he thought, to come for us that same night. But no one came. We waited until Wednesday; on that day the mail-carrier came back in the afternoon. The Frenchman told us that New Ulm was burned. He saw soldiers or Indians there; he did not know which. He came quite close to two Indians; they both fired their guns at him. He ran into a slough, and made his escape. He had left his horse about ten

miles back from New Ulm. He said he came back Friday night to Brown's place, and came to the house in the night, but thought we were all gone. He then went into the corn with his horse, and staid that night and the next day until almost dark. He had nothing to eat, except green corn, while he was gone. We tried to persuade him to go to Mankato, but he would not. He said he would go back to Sioux Falls, and send the soldiers from there to take us away. There were about fifty soldiers at Sioux Falls at the time he left. We were so frightened when we heard the Indians had made a general outbreak, that we could not stay in the house any longer. I finally persuaded the Frenchman to carry me on his horse about half a mile from the house, into the brush, on the bank of the Cottonwood, and leave me there. Mrs. Hurd cooked enough victuals to last us two days, and brought bed-clothes and pillows to our retreat in the woods. Here we staid two nights and one day. We suffered in this retreat more than ever; the mosquitoes nearly ate us up. We were a short distance (about half way) between the top of the bank and the water in the river; and the brush was so thick that not a breath of air could get to us. Mr. Ireland, after trying to persuade us to go back to the house, returned alone without us, and went toward the house.

Before the mail-carrier started back for Sioux Falls, he kissed us all, and bade us good-by. We had cooked for him some chickens, and prepared him a small quantity of parched corn. I now felt that our last hope was gone. There was no one left to report our circumstances, or procure us any aid. We all felt our sad

condition keenly. I believed we would soon be discovered by some band of Indians, and be brutally murdered. I told Mrs. Hurd to go and leave me; that, perhaps, she and her children might get to some place of safety. She replied, that she would not leave me; so we all staid here over night, but could not sleep, troubled as we were by mosquitoes, and being in momentary dread of the approach of the savages. The next morning, Mr. Ireland determined to go to the house, where he could rest. He started, and had hardly time to get out of the bushes, when we heard the barking of two dogs, which we took to be the dogs of the Indians, and expected every moment to hear the report of their guns. We were much frightened. We heard something coming through the brush toward us. I held my breath, and could hear my own heart beat. Soon the dogs came within a few yards of us, and stood and looked at us. I feared they would bark, and thus reveal our hiding-place; but they soon went off. Mrs. Hurd was so frightened that she soon became quite ill. The dogs came back the second time; the largest one approached me and lay down, and looked very wistfully at me. I snapped my fingers toward him, when he got up, wagged his tail, and went slowly away. I told Mrs. Hurd if they came back again I would try and make friends with them. Some time in the afternoon they came back. We began to take more courage, concluding the dogs belonged to some white man. I called them to me, and gave them some meat, which they ate. Soon after, Mr. Ireland came back, and told us that he thought the dogs belonged to Mr. Brown, as they seemed perfectly at home at the house. We remained





another night at our place in the brush, and such night as we spent there can hardly be imagined.

None of us closed our eyes to sleep except the litt ones, and their sleep was very much broken. Mr Hurd continued ill through the most part of the nigh and, O! how pitifully she implored Jesus to have mercy I can not describe my feelings. The next morning M Ireland came and begged us to go to the house. I con cluded to go, if I could get there; but I could not wal without help, and Mr. Ireland's assistance was hardl sufficient—wounded as he was by several gunshot through his body—to render me much aid. I got dow on my hands and knees, and crawled to the house. was so weak, from loss of blood, that I could not stan when I got there. I could not raise my head fro my pillow without fainting. About noon I recovere strength to sit up long enough to have my foot dressed I could not leave the house, and had no disposition t try. Indeed, I had suffered enough in the brush. consoled myself by thinking how much worse we migh be situated than we really were. I thought if it wa God's will for us to live and get away, it would so turn out in his own good time. Mr. Ireland said to us, for our comfort, that if he kept on gaining as he now did, he would be able to start for New Ulm the next Monday. I was truly glad to see him doing so well.

Monday came, and he started, saying he would succeed or die in the attempt. I felt now more lonely than ever. There we were, with our children, all alone. O, what long days were the Monday and Tuesday that followed! We lay down at night, still hoping that Mr. Ireland had been so fortunate as to reach New Ulm.

About midnight we were awakened by the dogs barking most furiously. I could not get out of bed to see what was the matter. I hoped the soldiers had come for us; but the dogs were so fierce, I concluded Indians were about the house. Mrs. Hurd went to the window and listened. I asked her several times what she heard or saw. She made no reply. I thought certain our time had come. I could see my little ones tortured in the most cruel manner. It seemed to me that I could hear the hatchet cleave their skulls. I prayed the Lord to give me strength to die without a groan. I had forgotten every thing, only that myself and children must die. But, imagine how I started when I heard Mrs. Hurd exclaim, "My God! Koch, is that you?" I jumped off the bed, but could not walk. Mr. Koch and Mr. Wright, two of our neighbors, and fifteen soldiers, came into the house. Mrs. Hurd and myself wept for joy; and there were but few, if any, dry eyes among the soldiers.

A guard was set around the house, by order of the Lieutenant in charge, and Messrs. Koch and Wright were ordered to get supper for the soldiers. Chickens were soon dressed and cooked, and the soldiers on guard were called in to partake of the joyous midnight meal. We were requested to eat, but could not, so great was our joy at the idea of soon getting away. By the time the repast was fairly over, it was nearly daylight, when we all left the house of Mr. Brown for New Ulm. When about five miles on our journey, Mr. Brown's family, and three men and three women not of his family, were found murdered. Mrs. Brown's head was split open with a hatchet, and some of the men were

scalped. Their wagon was left standing in the road, and, among the goods left by the Indians, were two feather-beds and a large quantity of books. The soldiers carried the beds away with them. Within a few miles of New Ulm, three more wagons, all plundered, were found in the road, and one man, lying dead, had been scalped. About noon we reached New Ulm. The people of the town had all left. Captain Dane, with a company of soldiers, was guarding the place. We were taken to Captain Dane's head-quarters. I was taken out of the wagon by . Robertson, a stranger to me, and carried up two flights of stairs, and put upon a bed. Here I was well cared for, and my wounds dressed, some of them for the first time. This was the fifteenth day since I was wounded and left for dead at Lake Shetek.

We remained at New Ulm two days, and, on the third, were all sent to the hospital at Mankato, thirty miles from New Ulm. Captain Dane accompanied us in person one-half the way, taking with him a guard of twenty men. I had no other clothes than those I had on when driven from my home, and a part of these I had lost. Captain Dane found some clothes in the street at New Ulm, and also a piece of delaine, which he gave to Mrs. Hurd and myself; and Lieutenant Roberts gave each of us a dollar.

It was after dark when we reached Mankato. The next morning Mrs. Hurd and her children went to St. Peter, while I remained at the former place, and received very good care. My wounds soon healed, except the one on my foot. I can not speak too highly of the generosity and kindness of the ladies of Manka

administering to the wants of myself and children. We were made comfortable while there. I was taken to the hospital for treatment. I wished, as soon as possible, to go to my friends in Ohio, but had not the means to do so. I applied to Judge Charles E. Flandrau, who gave me a pass to St. Paul, and advised me to go to General Pope for further assistance. General Pope directed me to Governor Ramsey. I called on Governor Ramsey with a sad heart, thinking that he would do nothing for me and mine. But I was disappointed. I found him to be a kind-hearted, sympathizing man. He gave me fifteen dollars, and paid my fare to Winona. With the fifteen dollars and the help of many kind-hearted strangers I reached my friends, who were very glad to see me and my children.

[As the foregoing narrative presents a most remarkable case, some persons might wish to know still more of the woman who endured these perils among savages. In a letter to the author, accompanying this narrative, she says, at the request of her father and mother, she sends the following note.—EDITOR.]

I was born in 1833, at Colesville, Broome County, New York. My father's name was Giles Dat. When I was one year old he removed to Ohio. Here I remained with my parents until fifteen years of age. I then went with my father to the western part of Ohio, when I became acquainted with my husband, John Eastlick, and, at the age of seventeen, I was married to him. We remained in Ohio for a few years, and saw a little family growing up around us, and thought it time to look out for a home. We had then three children. We removed to Indiana, and remained ther

years and a half. In the spring of 1857 we removed to Illinois. Here Freddy, my fourth son, was born. In the fall of 1858 we removed to Minnesota, and settled in Olmstead County. Here my two youngest children were born: Willis, who died at he age of three months, and Johnny, the little one who was carried so far by his brother. In 1861 we removed to Lake Shetek, in Murray County, Minnesota. Here we found a home, and were contented and hap r, and had no fear of the Indians. My husband said he should here spend his days; but little did he think his days would be so short!

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Narrative of Mrs. Alomina Hurd.

[MRS. HURD was born in Western New York, and passed her childhood in Canton, Steuben County, in that State. In 1857 she married Phineas B. Hurd, and removed to La Crosse, Wisconsin. Here they remained about two years, and removed to Nicollet County, Minnesota, with the intention of settling near St. Peter, but finally joined in the emigration still westward, and, with a few others, settled at the north end of Lake Shetek, in Murray County, Minnesota, about one hundred miles south-west of St. Peter. Here, upon the margin of this beautiful lake, with a few other hardy pioneers, they selected a home. The Indian title to these lands had been extinguished, yet the natives lingered still upon their former hunting-grounds, and mingled freely with the white settlers.

Mrs. Hurd gives the following statement, first made before United States Commissioners, at St. Peter, for the adjustment of claims for damages for injuries done by the Annuity Sioux Indians in Minnesota. Her testimony bears date April 28, 1863, and was soon after published in the Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette*, by a correspondent of that paper.]

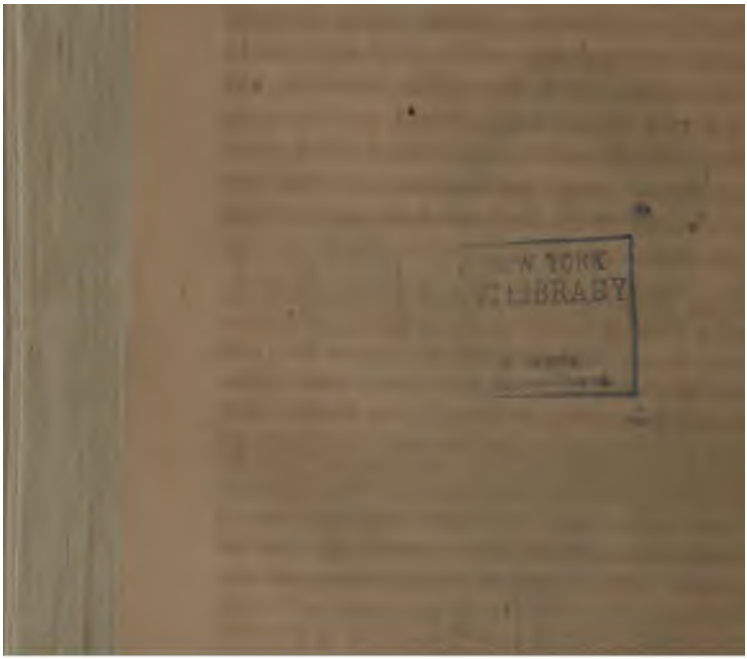
ON the 2d of June last, Mr. Hurd, with another man, left home, on a trip to Dakota Territo[illegible] to be absent a month, taking a span of
and such other outfit as would h
an expedition. I was left

Mr. Voight, who had charge of the farm. On the morning of the 20th of August, about five o'clock, while I was milking, some twenty Indians rode up to the house and dismounted. I discovered among the horses one that had been taken away by Mr. Hurd. I got into the house before the Indians, who entered, and began smoking, as was their custom. Five of them I knew: one was a half-breed, who could speak English. The children were in bed, and, at the time of the entrance of the Indians, asleep. The youngest, about a year old, awoke, and cried, when Mr. Voight took it up and carried it into the front yard, when one of the Indians stepped to the door and shot him through the body. He fell dead, with the child in his arms. At this signal some ten or fifteen more Indians and squaws rushed into the house, they having been concealed near by, and commenced an indiscriminate destruction of every thing in the house; breaking open trunks, destroying furniture, cutting open feather-beds, and scattering the contents about the house and yard. We had on hand two hundred pounds of butter and twenty-three cheeses; the latter the Indians threw into the yard and destroyed.

While this destruction was going on, I was told that my life would be spared, on condition that I would make no alarm, and leave the settlement by an unfrequented path or trail leading directly east across the prairie, in the direction of New Ulm. I was ordered to take the children and depart at once. Upon pleading for the children's clothes, I was hurried off. I was refused even my own sun-bonnet or my shawl. The youngest child I took in my arms, and led the other (a boy, then



MRS. ALOMINA HURD.


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three years old,) by the hand. The Indians, seven in number, escorted me, on horseback, a short distance from the house. Here I bid adieu to my once prosperous and happy home. The distance across the prairie, in the direction which I was taking, was sixty or seventy miles to a habitation. Before taking leave of me, the Indians repeated the conditions of my release, and told me that the whites were all to be killed, but that I might go to my mother. Thus I was left, with my two children almost naked, myself bareheaded, without food or raiment, not even a blanket to shelter myself and the children from the cold dews of the night or from the storm.

[The remainder of her testimony before the Commissioners was brief, setting forth, in broken sentences, her many wanderings, for the first five or six days, before she reached the abode of a white man, often weeping at the recollection of her sufferings, and once was taken from the room by her attorney, that she might compose herself. At times, during her narrative, the audience were melted to tears, business was suspended, and the Court of Justice turned into a house of mourning. The great anxiety to learn more of her history than could be properly elicited from her examination upon the stand, the deep interest felt in her case by the Commissioners, induced me, at their request, and with the consent of Mrs. Hurd, to visit her at her rooms, in company with her attorney, C. H. Berry, Esq., of Winona, and gather from her the substance of her history.]

After the Indians left me, three miles from my home, on the prairie, we took our way through the unfrequented road or trail into which the Indians had conducted us. It was clear, and the sun shone with more than usual brightness. The dew on the grass was heavy. My little boy, William Henry, being barefoote

and thinly clad, shivered with the cold, and, pressing close to me, entreated me to return to our home. He did not know of the death of Mr. Voight, as I kept him from the sight of the corpse. He could not understand why I insisted upon going on, enduring the pain and cold of so cheerless a morning. He cried pitifully at first, but, after a time, pressing my hand, he trudged manfully along by my side. The little one rested in my arms, unconscious of our situation. Two guns were fired, when I was a short distance out, which told the death of my neighbor, Mr. Koch. I well knew its fearful meaning. There was death behind, and all the horrors of starvation before me. But there was no alternative. For my children, any thing but death at the hands of the merciless savage; even starvation on the prairie seemed preferable to this.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, a thunder-storm suddenly arose. It was of unusual violence; the wind was not high, but the lightning, thunder, and rain were most terrible. The violence of the storm was expended in about three hours, but the rain continued to fall slowly until night, and, at intervals, continued until morning. During the storm I lost the trail, and walked on, not knowing whether I was right or wrong. Water covered the lower portions of the prairie, and it was with difficulty I could find a place to rest when night came on. At last I came to a sand-hill or knoll; on the top of this I sat down to rest for the night. I laid my children down, and leaned over them, to protect them from the rain and chilling blast. Hungry, weary, and wet, William fell asleep, and continued so until morning. The younger one worried much. The night

wore away slowly, and the morning at last came, inviting us to renewed efforts. As soon as I could see, I took my little ones, and moved on. About seven o'clock I heard guns, and, for the first time, became conscious that I had lost my way, and was still in the vicinity of the lake. I changed my course, avoiding the direction in which I heard the guns, and pressed on with increased energy. No trail was visible. As for myself, I was not conscious of hunger; but it was harassing to a mother's heart to listen to the cries of her precious boy for his usual beverage of milk, and his constant complaint of hunger. But there was no remedy. The entire day was misty, and the grass wet. Our clothes were not dry during the day. Toward night William grew sick, and vomited until it seemed impossible for him longer to keep up. The youngest still nursed, and did not seem to suffer materially. About dark, on the second day, I struck a road, and knew at once where I was, and, to my horror, found I was only four miles from home. Thus had two days and one night been passed, traveling, probably, in a circle. I felt almost exhausted, and my journey but just begun; but, discouraging as this misfortune might be, as the shades of night again closed around me, the sight of a known object was a pleasure to me. I was no longer lost upon the vast prairie.

It was now that I felt for the first time it would be better to die at once; that it would be a satisfaction to die here, and end our weary journey on this traveled road, over which we had passed in our l
I could not bear to lie down with my litt
unknown and trackless waste over which

wandering. But this feeling was but for a moment. I took courage, and started on the road to New Ulm. When it became quite dark, I halted for the night. That night I passed as before, without sleep. In the morning early I started on. It was foggy, and the grass wet; the road, being but little traveled, was grown up with grass. William was so sick this morning that he could not walk much of the time, so I was obliged to carry both. I was now sensibly reduced in strength, and felt approaching hunger. My boy no longer asked for food, but was thirsty, and drank frequently from the pools by the wayside. I could no longer carry both my children at the same time, but took one a distance of a quarter or half a mile, laid it in the grass, and returned for the other. In this way I traveled *twelve* miles, to a place called Dutch Charley's, sixteen miles from Lake Shetek. I arrived there about sunset, having been sustained in my weary journey by the sweet hope of relief.

My toils seemed about at an end; but what was my consternation and despair when I found the house empty! Every article of food and clothing removed! My heart seemed to die within me, and I sunk down in despair. The cries of my child aroused me from my almost unconscious state, and I began my search for food. The house had not been plundered by the Indians, but abandoned by its owner. I had promised my boy food when we arrived here, and, when none could be found, he cried most bitterly. But I did not shed a tear, nor am I conscious of having done so during all this journey. I found some carrots and onions growing in the garden, which I ate raw, having no fire. My eldest child con-

tinued vomiting. I offered him some carrot, but he could not eat it. That night we staid in a corn-field, and the next morning, at daylight, I renewed my search for food. To my great joy, I found the remains of a spoiled ham. Here, I may say, my good fortune began. There was not more than a pound of it, and that much decayed. This I saved for my boy, feeding it to him in very small quantities. His vomiting ceased, and he revived rapidly. I gathered more carrots and onions; and, with this store of provisions, at about eight o'clock on the morning of the third day, I again set forth on my weary way to the residence of Mr. Brown, twenty-five miles distant. This place I reached in two days. Under the effects of the food I was able to give my boy, he gained strength, and was able to walk all of the last day. When within about three miles of the residence of Mr. Brown, two of our neighbors from Lake Shetek settlement overtook us, under the escort of the mail-carrier. Both of them had been wounded by the Indians, and left for dead, in the attack on the settlement. Thomas Ireland, one of the party, had been hit with eight balls, and, strange to say, was still able to walk, and had done so most of the way. Mrs. Eastlick, the other person under escort, was utterly unable to walk, having been shot in the foot, once in the side, and once in the arm. Her husband and some of her children had been killed. The mail-carrier had overtaken this party after the fight with the Indians at the lake, and, placing Mrs. Eastlick in his sulky, he was leading his horse.

As the little party came in sight, I took them to be Indians, and felt that, after all my toil and suffering, I must die, with my children, by the hand of the

savage. This was a little before sunset, and we all arrived at the residence of Mr. Brown that night. This house was also deserted and empty; but, being fastened up, we thought they might come back. Our company being too weak and destitute to proceed, we took possession of the house, and remained ten days. There we found potatoes and green corn. The mail-carrier—leaving Mr. Ireland with us, as he was lame—proceeded, on the next morning, to New Ulm, where he found there had been a battle with the Indians, and one hundred and ninety-two houses burned. A party of twelve men were, soon after, sent with a wagon to our relief. It was now that we learned the fate of Mr. Brown and family. All had been murdered! We also learned of the general outbreak and massacre of all the more remote settlements; and the sad, sickening thought was now fully confirmed in my mind that my husband was dead!—my fatherless children and myself made beggars!

[Mrs. Hurd had resided at the lake three years, and was well acquainted with many of the Indians, could speak their language, and had always treated them with much friendship. It is to that fact that she attributes their mercy in saving her life. The entire settlement of Lake Shetek was destroyed, and most of the people murdered. She is a woman of medium size, rather good-looking, twenty-six years old, and of unusual intelligence. She enjoyed good health up to the time of her misfortunes, but now feels most keenly the shock that has so weightily fallen upon her. She returned from here to La Crosse, where she now resides.

The Commissioners have dealt kindly with her, and she will probably be paid for loss of property; but who can bring back to her the murdered husband—the beauty, loveliness, and enjoyment that surrounded her on the morning of the 20th of August 1862, or blot from her memory those awful, dreary nights of

ing alone upon the broad prairie, in the storm and in the tempest, amid thunderings and lightnings? Or who can depict that mother's feelings, as her sick and helpless child cried for bread when there was none to give? or as she bore the one along the almost trackless waste, and laid it down amid the prairie grass, and then returned for her other offspring?

The Mantuan bard has touched a universal chord of human sympathy in his deep-toned description of the flight of his hero from the burning city of Troy, bearing his "god-father" Anchises on his back, and leading the "little Ascanius" by the hand, who, ever and anon falling in the rear, would "follow with unequal step." The heroine of Lake Shetek bore her two Ascanii in her arms; but, unequal to the double burden, was compelled to deposit half her precious cargo in the prairie grass, and, returning for the other, to retrace, for the third time, her painful steps over the same. This process, repeated at the end of each half or quarter of a mile, extended the fearful duration of her terrible flight through the lonely and uninhabited prairie.

The force of nature could go no further, and maternal love has no stronger exemplification. But for the plentiful showers of refreshing rain, sent by a merciful Providence, these poor wanderers would have fainted by the way, and the touching story of the heroine of Shetek would have been forever shrouded in mystery.]

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Narrative of Duncan R. Kennedy.

[MR. KENNEDY was a member of the firm of Dailys, Pratt & Co and, at the time of the Sioux outbreak, was in charge of their store, at Yellow Medicine. He says:]

ON the night of the 18th of August, I was sleeping in our store, at Yellow Medicine. J. D. Boardman, a clerk in our employ, was sleeping with me.

At about one or two o'clock in the morning of the 19th, Joseph Laframbois, a half-breed Sioux, came to the store, awoke us, and told us to save our lives by flight; that the Indians had killed Myrick, Divoll, and others, at the Lower Agency, as well as a company of soldiers from the fort. The Indians had told him so. He had taken his family three miles below, on Monday, and, hearing this news, had returned in the night, to give us warning. He directed us to take each a buffalo-robe and throw over our heads, and to go back from the river, and lie in the grass during the day, and travel only at night.

We started, but had not gone fifty yards, when we discovered three Indians in the same path, coming toward us. The bank of the Yellow Medicine being close to the path, we jumped down some six feet, and

about three feet back from the bank along which the path ran, and dropped down in the grass. They went on toward the store, talking in Sioux, about me, as I heard my name mentioned as they passed us.

As soon as they were gone, Boardman wished to leave, but I would not go until I saw what they would do with the store. I heard them pounding at the door, calling me, and trying to get into the store. In about ten minutes two of them came back, and passed us a second time, saying, as they passed, that I had gone for my horses. As soon as they went back again, we started and went up the hill, to the Government warehouse, where we separated. I saw Boardman enter it, and then I started for the river, crossed it, and struck out about ten miles into the prairie, before turning toward Fort Ridgley. I had traveled from that time until about eleven o'clock A. M., without seeing Indians, when I discovered two going toward the Minnesota River.

I had with me a double-barreled gun, and I instantly dropped upon my knee, with my gun at an aim, ready for them, determined, if I must die, to sell my life as dearly as possible. I waited, perhaps, ten minutes, and hearing nothing of them, I raised my head out of the grass, and, to my great satisfaction, saw them a quarter of a mile off, walking rapidly from me. Evidently, they had not seen me. I then crawled back about two hundred yards, to a clump of weeds, where I hid myself, and went to sleep. When I awoke, I turned to the left, and went back about four miles further from the river, and then made a second detour toward the fort. At about four o'clock I came in sight of Beaver Creek. Here I saw Indians gathering up cattle. There were

a large number of them, and some stragglers standing on the high ground around. I went on, and toward evening I saw Indians driving cattle in toward Beaver Creek. They came so close to me that I had to hide in the grass, where I remained until a heavy thunder-storm came on, when I started on again, under cover of the rain, and made the crossing of Beaver Creek at about dark. From here to Fort Ridgley I kept in the road. When between Birch Coolie and the fort, and within ten miles of the latter, I saw a dark object on the road, coming directly toward me. I supposed it was an Indian, and stepped to one side of the road, and, cocking both locks of my gun, aimed at the moving object, and waited until he got within twelve yards of me. The horse saw me, and shied a little; but, as I was about to fire, the thought occurred to me that it might be a white man; and, as I felt that, in any event, I had the advantage, I called out, "Who comes there?" He replied, in great haste, "For God's sake, don't shoot; *I am a white man!*" It proved to be Antoine Freniere, going up to the Upper Agency, to look after the fate of Major Galbraith's, Major Brown's, and other families there and in the vicinity.

Freniere went on up the river, and I proceeded toward the fort, which I reached early on Wednesday morning, without seeing any thing of Indians again. I remained in the fort until the next Monday night, a little after dark, when I left, crawling a mile and a quarter on my hands and knees. I then raised up, and walked up the ravine a mile, and crossed it. I went out to carry dispatches, and hurry up reinforcements to the relief of the fort. I struck the St. Peter road ten miles out.

A short distance from the spot where I came into the road, I stumbled over the dead body of Mauerle, who was killed the Saturday before. The ruins of his house were still smoldering, as were also those of Kouse and Bush, at Lafayette, and Horner's, at Swan Lake, when I passed them. I saw no live human being until I got within seven miles of St. Peter, when I met Thomas Cullen and two boys. I met Colonel Sibley's command on the prairie, near St. Peter, and told him the condition of affairs at Ridgley. A force was started out to their relief, which reached them, and raised the siege, on Friday morning, about sunrise.

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### Narrative of Anton Manderfeld.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY ERNEST MEYER, OF ST. PETER.

In the early part of July, 1862, George Loth, my brother Henry, my cousin Hilliar Manderfeld, from New Ulm, and myself, with two wagons and two yoke of oxen heavily loaded with provisions and clothing and different kinds of tools, started for Big Stone Lake, in order to perform different kinds of labor, such as making hay, burning coal, building a blacksmith-shop, stables, etc., contracted for with the Indian Agent, Major T. J. Galbraith. We arrived at the Lower Agency, and hired a boy, sixteen years old, to serve as cook. This boy was from Beaver Creek, by the name of John Schmerch. We were now altogether five persons. It took us six days to reach the lake, where we put

camp near Myrick's store, which store was occupied by two young Frenchmen, whose names I do not remember, and the clerk, John McCole, who went to Yellow Medicine, in the latter part of July, to attend the Indian payment. Our daily visitor was a half-breed, by the name of Hypolite Campbell, a brother of Joseph and John Campbell, of the Lower Agency, and who killed, at the latter place, five years before, a half-breed, and has lived since that time near Big Stone Lake. He came to see us often; sometimes two or three times a day, pretending to be a good friend of George Loth, whom he had known for eight years. The Indians, at this time, had all gone to the payment at Yellow Medicine, with the exception of Hypolite Campbell, who, since the murder committed by him, had received no annuity. About two weeks before the Indian massacre, Hypolite went to the Lower Agency, to bring his wife up from the payment. Three days after his departure, one evening, he came back on horseback, and informed us that the Cut-heads (who were, at that time, about to make a treaty with Galbraith, in order to give the whites the privilege of coming into their territory unmolested) had broken open the warehouse at Yellow Medicine by force, and had plundered all the stores, and were intending to kill all the whites at Big Stone Lake.

The Cut-heads are a mixture of Yanktons and Sissetons, and are more treacherous than the Yanktons themselves. At this news our consternation was great, and we made up our minds immediately to break up c camp; but Hypolite told us that he intended to m a treaty of peace with the Indians, and that we d

give them provisions, powder, and lead, assuring us that we should not be injured. As Hypolite had told us, the next morning the savages were seen coming up to our camp, in small parties, and were met by Hypolite, who delivered to them a sack of flour, fifty pounds of pork, and ten pounds of sugar, notwithstanding we then needed all our provisions. Besides what we gave them, the Indians also took clothing, knives, and other things such as they desired. With the plunder thus obtained, they left us, without doing any more harm. Hypolite Campbell also left us the next day, to go for his wife, as he told us, promising to come back soon, and pay us for our losses; but we never saw him afterward. About two days afterward, we had finished making hay, and began to cut logs for the shop and stables.

We put up our camp near to the woods, about a mile and a half from Robert's store, and about a mile from the lake, on the bank of which was an Indian village. Here we worked, not anticipating any danger, until the 21st of August, when, at daybreak, we were waked up by an Indian, who appeared suddenly in the door of our tent, telling us to get up and leave, as the Indians were killing all the whites, and that there was not a white man left on the whole reservation, from Big Stone Lake to New Ulm. I immediately arose, and, on going outside, I saw, about one hundred rods off, a band of Indians coming toward our camp. I then called out the other three men, my cousin having followed me immediately; but, in the mean time, the Indians were in front of our tent. It had rained all night, and the Indians had, therefore, wrapped up their g

blankets. I was standing about twelve steps from the tent, near the timber, watching their movements, and, even then, not anticipating much danger, when one of them, casting his eyes toward me, uncovered his gun, and immediately fired. But, seeing his movements, I jumped back to a small ravine, avoiding the ball, which entered the tree against which I was leaning. It was clear to me now that they had come to murder, and, considering a few moments what to do, I felt a curiosity to know what might be the fate of my companions. With that idea I went a few steps up the ravine, where I could see our camp over the hill-top, without being noticed. I saw my brother coming out of the tent, but he immediately fell back, pierced by a ball. The next moment I heard another shot, and then a third; then a piercing cry, which seemed to be the voice of our cook. Now I thought it was time for me to leave; but where to go to save myself, I did not know.

Without having any fixed plan, I started directly into the woods. This grove was only a mile and a half long, and I very soon found myself on the prairie. I stopped a moment to gather my thoughts and regain my presence of mind. An escape seemed to me impossible, as I knew the country, and that there were different Indian villages situated along the bluffs of the lake, which is about thirty miles long, and from two to three miles wide; and that the Indians there, young and old, were all on the alert. So, advancing again, in doubt what to do, I perceived some one running along the bank of the lake, about half a mile from me, and immediately recognizing my cousin Hilliar, who had left the tent at the first warning, I called him, and

made signs for him to stop, and, overtaking him, I told him, in a few words, all that I had seen. Encouraged by the company of my cousin, I formed some plans of escape, and advised him to go down with me to the bank of the lake and hide in the tall grass and rushes, where we could not be seen from the prairie. At the same time, I discovered a small boat coming toward us, having three men in it, and supposing them to be after us, I told Hilliar to lie down in the high brush, so that we might not be discovered by the Indians in the boat. I told him that going any further would endanger our lives, as the Indians from the lake would see us, and signal the Indians on the prairie. At the same moment, we heard the Indians coming along the lake shore. I motioned Hilliar to follow me, and crept into the brush; but Hilliar, being now almost out of his mind, would not listen to my advice, and continued his course along the bank of the lake. Since then I never saw him.

The Indians on the bluffs, having probably heard some noise along the lake where we were, came down, passing within about ten steps of me, looking for tracks, and examining the shore; and then, exchanging a few words with the Indians in the boat, they started in the direction which Hilliar had taken. About ten minutes after they passed me, I heard the Indians in the boat yelling, and immediately afterward three shots, when, I suppose, my cousin was killed. To leave my hiding-place in the day-time was impossible, as the prairie was full of Indians, on horseback and on foot. Two hours afterward, I saw the Indians with our oxen and wagon, and all the plun

from us. I had now time to think of some plan of escape. It seemed to me the only way of getting out was to cross the Minnesota River into the county of Renville, and leave the reservation. But, in following this plan, I had to make a circui te, to avoid the Indians and their villages betwee d the crossing-place. I started in the evening, a rk—I believe it was on Friday—passed between dian villages unnoticed, and arrived at the river ssed about daylight. I was then sixty-five miles any settlement, hungry and exhausted. The next house was this side of Lac qui Parle, where a half-breed lived, by the name of Launche, with whom I was very well acquainted. I traveled all day, and reached his house in the evening. I was barefooted, and my feet were all blistered and torn to pieces. Here I found John Launche, Joseph Laframbois, and another Frenchman, who were very much surprised at seeing me, informing me of the sacking of the Lower Agency. Joseph Laframbois had come the same day from Yellow Medicine, having been told that the Indians had killed all the whites from that place to New Ulm, and that New Ulm itself was now probably taken and burned; and that they had attacked Fort Ridgley, and that there was no doubt they would take the fort, as there were no reinforcements near. I had not eaten any thing since last Thursday evening, and could go no further. I was obliged to beg some food of John Launche, which he gave me, and likewise a pair of good moccasins, to cover my bleeding and worn-out feet. Although very much in need of re and very desirous to remain there one night, I could t permission to stay, as my friends told me they c

not answer for my life for a single moment; for, once seen by the Indians, it would be my certain death. They told me that the only plan for my escape was to start immediately toward the Chippewa River, which was about three miles from this place, and travel northeast on that river, until I could see, in an easterly direction, the Big Woods, and then take an easterly direction until I should reach the Mississippi, advising me, at the same time, not to travel by day, but to lay by, and travel at night. Joseph Laframbois told me, also, that it was impossible for them to get through with their families, or else they would have been gone long ago; and that he had come out to look for his sister Julia, who was teacher at Lac qui Parle at the same time with Mr. Huggins. The Indians had killed Mr. Huggins, and John Launche had taken Mrs. Huggins and the three children and Julia Laframbois from the missionary station opposite his house, on the other side of the river, on the reservation, and had hid them in his house. After seeing and speaking to these two women, and taking once more exact instruction as to my course, I departed, thanking my benefactors.

I crossed the Chippewa River the same night, and traveled up that river until morning, when I hid myself in some brush until dark. In this way I traveled three nights more, until I perceived, in an easterly direction, some woods, and, consequently, changed my direction the following night. It was about twelve o'clock next night after this when I reached the
presuming that there were some settle
skirts of the woods, and being ne
hunger and fatigue, I began to lo

which I did by following the fences. Having reached a farm-house, I crept up to it cautiously, to see whether I could not find some living being, or, at any rate, something to eat. Every thing was quiet; coming up to the house, and finding the door open, I concluded to enter, when a terrible stench coming from the house drove me back. But hunger finally overpowered my repugnance, and stepping into the door, I stumbled over something in the dark, which I recognized at once to be the body of a man, and, on going into the next room, I found the body of a woman, and, by her, three children, all dead. With horror I left the house, and went to the next farm, when I found two bodies in the yard; and I then went on to several other houses, and found the inhabitants gone or dead. I did not then dare to go near any more houses, as the stench around them was perfectly intolerable. There were still some cattle and dogs and hogs left, which, at the discovery of a human being, made a terrible noise, and followed me back into the woods. This annoyed me very much, as I thought it might attract the attention of the savages, still heard by their yells around on the prairie. I only tried to steal into the gardens, to get some beans, turnips, or corn. Once I found, traveling along a road leading through the woods, some boxes of candles and soap, and broken barrels of sugar, and other things out of a store, and some letters, by which I ascertained that I was near Green Lake. In this way I wandered two nights in these woods, and finally finding out that I did not get ahead, as the roads were leading round the lakes from one farm to the other; and after traveling thirty miles in one night, and finding, in the morning, that I had not made

more than two miles, I concluded to take a course southward, and strike toward the Minnesota River. My idea was that I could reach the river in one night, or, at least, reach the settlements near the river.

When I started toward the prairie again, I passed a house which was locked, and seeing nobody, I went into it by the window, and found, to my great rejoicing, about four pounds of salt pork. I ate a part of it, and became enabled thereby to travel on all night, although there was then raging a great thunder-storm, and the night was very dark. I discovered the track of a wagon, which I followed, believing that I was traveling in a right direction; but, at daylight, I was convinced that I had been traveling all night south-west instead of south-east. I was obliged to stay, during the day, at a little lake, in consequence of thirst produced by eating the salt pork. The next night, following the wagon-track, I found some bed-clothes and a large looking-glass, and concluded there must have been white people traveling that way; but, not long after, I found a small ax, and an Indian tobacco-bag full of Indian tobacco. This indicated to me that Indians had stolen the team, the track of which I was following. I kept on traveling until after daylight, and saw, about ten o'clock, in the direction of the Big Woods, some men on horseback, who were traveling westward, and who were, undoubtedly, Indians. The next night being clear and bright, and strengthened by eating the remainder of my pork, I left the road which I had now followed so far, and took a still more south-easterly direction, and, about ten o'clock in the evening, I struck a well road. Here I discovered fresh tracks of

horses, at the same time seeing, about half a mile distant, on a little hill, a band of Indians, who had with them a drove of cattle, and were just then engaged in roasting meat at several fires. Fortunately, I passed undiscovered, and following this road all night, I heard, at daybreak, the noise of cattle, and advancing a little further, I found, to my great surprise, a house which seemed to be inhabited, and several rows of white tents. Not knowing whether this was not an Indian camp, I advanced cautiously, but soon ascertained the camp to be white soldiers, and that I was not far from Fort Snelling. The pickets brought me to General Sibley, who directed several questions to me, but being too tired to answer, he gave me some buffalo-robes, on which I rested until the next morning. I remained with General Sibley until a train, escorted by soldiers, was going to St. Peter. With this train I arrived safely at that place. I was out ten nights after leaving Lac-qui-Parle.

# CHAPTER XIX.

### Statement of J. H. Adams.

[J. H. ADAMS removed from the State of Iowa to the State of Minnesota, and settled at Columbia, on Crow River, in the county of Monongalia, in the month of June, 1857, where he resided at the time of the Sioux outbreak, in August, 1862. Mr. Adams says:]

ABOUT ten o'clock on Tuesday night, the 19th of August, a man by the name of Hart, who lived at the east end of Green Lake, about five miles from my place, came to me and informed me of the murders at Acton, ten miles from his house. Some of those to whom he told the story did not believe it, and some did. Some believed the murders were done by a few drunken Indians, and some of us believed that it was a general massacre. Those who did not believe the report staid at home. Others of us got together and watched the remainder of the night.

On Wednesday, Mr. Kontz, Mr. Thomas M. Clark, and Mr. Silas Foote started to go to Acton, to learn the truth of the report. When within three miles of Acton, they heard that there was a general massacre at the Lower Agency, Yellow Medicine, and all through the *country*. They then returned. I had been work-

ing all day with my boy, cutting hay, and heard the firing of guns in the direction of the Norwegian settlement, four miles distant. I supposed the Indians had found plenty of game, but had no idea they were shooting white people. I afterward learned that they killed the whole settlement that day— some four or five families—leaving only one woman and a small child alive. On the same day, a preacher, Rev. Mr. Jackson, had gone up to a Swedish settlement about fifteen miles north-west of my place. While there preaching, the Indians came to the houses of those absent at church, and got food from the children. They then sent the children to the church, to have the people come home, as they wanted to see them. While they were returning to their homes, the Indians met them, and killed thirteen of them.

After meeting, Mr. Jackson left for Norway Lake, to hold a meeting among the Norwegians on the same day. Norway Lake is north-west from Columbia about eight miles. While Mr. Jackson was there preaching, one of the Swedes from the settlement he had just left came to them for help, bringing the awful story of the murders in their neighborhood. The Norwegians turned out and went to the help of their Swedish neighbors, leaving their families alone. Jackson came down near Columbia and gave the alarm, in another part of the Swedish settlement, and they all began to pack up their goods and prepare to leave, without giving the alarm to others. About four or five o'clock, the party from toward Acton came back, and gave the alarm. Then I took my family, and some beds and other articles, and went to the house of Mr. Thomas.

the neighbors were congregating, and, before Thursday morning, some forty families, with their stock and some of their furniture, were assembled, in a terrible rain.

Early on Thursday morning the Swedes all left, Rev. Mr. Jackson leading them, taking the direction of Forest City. We started, about ten o'clock, for the same place, distant about twenty-eight miles. When we had gone about four miles, we discovered a wagon coming up, and supposed it was Solomon Foote, brother of Silas. We had three of his children along with us. When they came up, we inquired if they knew any thing of Solomon Foote. The Swedes with the team told us that they had heard firing down at Foote's, and supposed they were all killed. We had now some twelve wagons in our train. We moved on, and when we reached Diamond Lake, all the inhabitants were gone. At a short distance from St. John, the town at Diamond Lake, we saw a team of oxen unyoked, and loose cattle from the team ahead of us. One wagon, with goods in it, stood in the middle of the road. Here I found my cows, and Foote and Thomas found theirs. We collected them together, and started them along the road with the train. After going a mile and a half further, the Swedes in our train halted to bait their teams.

We went on about a mile further, and ate dinner, such as we had with us, some only having milk from the cows in the train. Here the balance of the train overtook us, and we moved on once more. We had gone but about a mile when Indians appeared, on horseback, in our rear, in hot pursuit. The women and children driving the cattle left them and came forward, leaving the old *men*—two Swedes, who refused to come—

to take cha of the cattle. These men—Mr. Bockland and Mr. Lawrenson—were both killed soon after the Indians appeared. Our party prepared for defense as well as we could under the circumstances, each man acting on his own notion, and fi henever an opportunity offered for a good shot. l, in all, some five guns fit for use, but had with us e ten or twelve of all sorts, some of no use at all. re were seven Indians. After they had killed the two hen, they attempted to cut us off from the high d; but we reached an elevation, and they took possession of another on our left. Here shots were frequently exchanged. About this time one Indian went out, on a horse, about half a mile on the prairie north, and another about the same distance south of us. This last one sat down on the prairie, and looked on. *He was, probably, a picket.* They were all dressed in citizens' clothes. Some twenty or thirty shots were fired at us during the fifteen or twenty minutes that the fighting lasted. None of us were injured, although the balls fell all around the teams among the women and children. William Kontz had the good fortune to hit one of the red-skins, who was carried off the field, apparently dead. The firing at the train then ceased, and they commenced killing the cattle, and did not cease until they had destroyed fifteen head.

As soon as the firing at us was discontinued, we commenced "*fortifying,*" by digging a "*hole in the ground*" for the women and children, and surrounded it with wagons and goods. The men remained above gro inside the line of wagons. We were now protected against any ordinary attacks of the

Here we remained all night, without being molested. The next morning was exceedingly foggy, but we pushed on with our teams toward Forest City. Our friends, the Indians, had kindly relieved us of all our cattle. On the evening previous, we had started a messenger on horseback to Forest City for assistance. When within eight miles of that place, in attempting to avoid a piece of brush, where Indians might be lurking in ambush, he lost his horse in a slough. Here he remained all night, and, in the morning, as we were starting out for the same place, he was making his way into Forest City on foot. He was, therefore, of no other use to us than the disabling of our only horse-team, and carrying the news of our condition to Forest City one hour before our own arrival.

We left on the ground where we fought the Indians one buggy and one two-horse wagon, including beds, bedding, clothing, and other articles, to the value of several hundred dollars—saving our lives with the loss of nearly all we possessed. We remained at Forest City one night, and then went to Kingston, eight miles distant; thence to Clearwater, twenty miles further, on the Mississippi River. Here a general dispersion took place, some going one way and some another. I went to St. Cloud, after remaining at Clearwater about a week, and from thence to Fort Snelling. I now reside near St. Peter.

A Norwegian, living about four miles from me, who had been there only some three or four weeks, did not hear of the outbreak for five or six days. One of his girls, who was working out, was with us. He went to a Norwegian neighborhood, some six or eight miles

from his house, and there heard of the trouble. They started for St. Cloud, and were attacked by the Indians on the Paynesville road, but, fortunately, none of them were either killed or wounded, although the savages attacked them in the night, firing into their wagons and fighting them till within three miles of Paynesville. They arrived at St. Cloud in safety.

Solomon Foote, who resided near Eagle Lake, went, on Wednesday evening, to the house of Mr. Erickson, about half a mile distant from his house. At Erickson's was a family of Swedes, who had fled from their home, leaving an old man, their father, to take care of the cattle and the house. The Swede went back that night to the house for his father, and to look after his things, and when he returned to Erickson's, on Thursday morning, the Indians were there. They seemed very friendly with him, and induced him to do many little acts of kindness for them; and, after manifesting great friendship for the whites, when all was accomplished that they desired, they shot him, while digging potatoes for them, and then scalped him. They then shot the old man, who, not being quite dead, crawled into the grass, where the Indians afterward found him, and cut his throat from ear to ear. Foote was standing in the door, talking to them, when they shot the two Swedes. He knew them all as well as he did his neighbors. As they fell, he turned to go into the house, when he was shot also, three buck-shot entering his back. He fell forward, and his wife drew him into the house. He asked for his gun, which his wife gave him. The savages were now firing at the house. He killed an Indian the first shot he made. The second was equally

successful. An ounce-ball now struck him, passing through his lungs, and disabling him. They had burned Foote's house that morning. Erickson was already wounded; and the only person left who could do any thing was Mrs. Foote, and she did nobly, firing at the savages, and keeping them at bay all day. Toward sundown they left. The two women took Erickson up stairs, and laid him on a bed, leaving Foote in a bed below. The blood from Erickson's wound ran through the floor on Foote's bed below. About noon on Friday the women left the wounded men at the house alone, and went over to Silas Foote's, about six miles distant. They found the house deserted, and remained there all night. On Saturday, Dr. Masters, of Le Sueur Prairie, came across them, and took them to Forest City, some thirty miles distant. While on the way, toward night, they saw Indians, and concealed themselves till dark, and then drove all night, and got in on Sunday morning. From Forest City they went to St. Cloud, fully believing their husbands were dead. In the mean time Mrs. Erickson's mother, who lived two miles from there, went with a wounded boy over to Erickson's house, to see what had become of the folks. When they got there they found both the men alive. They hitched their oxen to Foote's wagon. The old lady carried Erickson out of the chamber on her back. Mr. Foote was too heavy for her to carry, but, by exerting all his remaining strength, by her aid he, too, was got into the wagon. They then drove to Forest City. Fearing he would fall into the hands of the Indians, Foote requested his wife, before she left the house, to place his gun on one side of him

and a razor on the other, preferring to die by his own hand rather than fall into the hands of the Indians. At one time, supposing he heard them coming, he put a cap on his gun, and, placing the muzzle in his mouth, pulled the trigger with his toe. The cap failed to explode. He tried again, with a similar result. He then cut his arm with the razor, but the wound did not bleed. He is now alive. He went from Forest City to St. Cloud, where he found his family. Erickson went to Clearwater, where he also found his family.

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**Statement of Nehemiah A. Miller, Blacksmith at the Upper Agency.**

On the evening of the 18th of August, 1862, as I was in my garden, at Yellow Medicine, after the day's work was over, a person by the name of Patoile came along, and told me I had better be going, as the Indians were going to murder us all the coming night. I told him I did not believe it; we had heard many such stories before. He replied that John Other Day was moving his wife to the Government warehouse, and he thought that meant danger. I then went to John Fadden's house, and found him getting his family ready to go to the warehouse. He told me the same as Patoile had. I then went to the warehouse, and found a lot of the emplo[illegible] there. John Other Day and his wife were there als[illegible] had not been out of my house but a little time the Indians attacked and plundered it. There

a sixty and seventy people in the warehouse. The was gradually getting louder, with occasionally a whoop. About ten or eleven o'clock, I distinctly l seven guns fired, and, in a little time after, some n came into the warehouse and stated that the In- had attacked the traders' store, and that S. B. ie had been shot by them, and had made his escape, ded, and had succeeded in reaching the warehouse; he was then in Major Galbraith's room, and that Wakefield was then dressing his wounds. The dreadful noise continued outside, at the stores, all . The Indians were plundering the stores, amid s and yells such as only Indians can give. We l men on guard, and prepared for the worst. The was passed in the most dreadful suspense! John Day was on the alert all night, frequently going nd returning with the news of what the Indians doing. In the morning, we concluded that we had get away, if we could. Three double wagons wo buggies were all we had. These we loaded the women and children. When we were ready to I asked where Garvie was. Some person (a man) out, that there was no room for him; that he l die, and had better be left. I then replied, that, rvie was to be left behind, I would stay also. John en said he could go with him, and made room for in the bottom of his wagon. I got two men, and ent up into Major Galbraith's room and got him, ht him down, and placed him in the wagon. We started, sixty-two persons in all, a little before e. We put ourselves under the guidance of John Day, who had used every means to defend us

during the night. In a little while we came to the Minnesota River, and drove the teams through it, some of us crossing in a skiff. When over the river, some wanted to continue the road down the stream, but Other Day said no. He then took us out into the middle of the prairie. We co not see any track, but he kept us traveling all d ie would be out, first on one side and then on a ahead, scouting around. We got to Kandiyom ist ip that night, and stopped at the house of a man named Charley Peterson, a Norwegian. John Fadden then took Garvie out of the wagon, and carried him into the house in his arms, where the women did all they could to make him comfortable. Peterson had sent his wife away the day before, and had every thing packed up, ready to go. As we were still in the Indian country, we were watchful, for we did not know what moment we might be attacked by them. In the morning, John Fadden again brought out Garvie in his arms, and placed him in his wagon. He was evidently failing. He had been shot in the bottom of the abdomen, with six buck-shot. We traveled all the next day, and came to Cedar City. All the houses at Cedar City were deserted, as were all those we had passed during the day. We went on to an island, where the settlers had met to defend themselves, where we stayed till the next morning. It rained dreadfully during all that night. I slept by the side of Garvie. We were all as wet as we could be in the morning. We started next morning about nine
Every thing had been done for the wounded
could be, under the circumstances; but he w
failing. We got about ten miles from

Mr. Peck's, where we left him. I reached Hutchinson in safety, while the rest of the company went on to Henderson, where they arrived about twelve o'clock that night. I learned that Garvie had died the second day after we left him. I sent and had his body brought to Hutchinson, where it lay in the school-house until a coffin was ready to receive it, when it was buried. A Baptist minister preached a funeral sermon, from the incidents I had given him of Garvie's life.

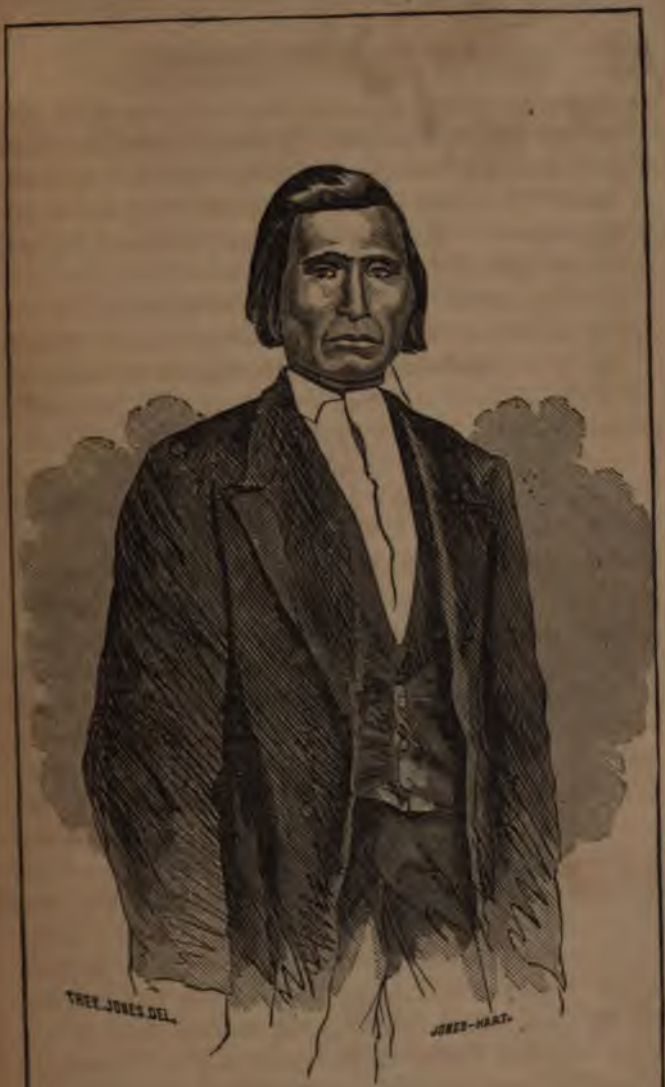
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### Statement of Mrs. Gure Anderson.

I WAS fifty-one years old at the time of the outbreak. I lived four miles west of Eagle Lake, Monongalia County. On the 21st of August, 1862, in the afternoon, we were all outside of the house, except my oldest son, who had gone to a neighbor's, when four Indians, whom we used to know, and who had often been in the house before, came through the gate at the front of the house. They shook hands with us, as usual. It was but a little time before one of them shot my husband; he did not fall. All four then discharged their guns at him, and at the son who was at home. My husband fell dead; my son was wounded, and ran into the house. I then took up the youngest child, a girl, three years old, and ran into the cellar. I saw, from the cellar, which had an outside entrance, the Indians dragging off my eldest daughter, aged seventeen years, and heard my other daughter, ten years old, screaming for me to save her, as two of them were dragging her away. I staid

in the cellar until dark, and then took my child and went out into the prairie. I walked anywhere that night; next day I walked again, but could find no road or track. I was out all the next night. My child was nearly starved. To pacify it, I tried to nurse it; but that was useless.

The next morning I found myself near home. Thinking I could but die, I went into the house. Every thing in it almost had been either carried away or destroyed. I could only find a little milk for my child. I then went out and caught one of my husband's and one of the neighbor's oxen, yoked them together, and hitched them to a light sled belonging to my husband. By this time it was quite light, and I saw my husband's body. A little way from the house I found my oldest son's body. He was from home at the time the Indians came, but they had met him and killed him. I then went into the house again, and I there found my second son, hid away behind the stove, and some rubbish thrown there by the Indians. He was shot through the shoulder by a ball, and was nearly crazy with fear and pain. I got him out of the house, and put him on the sled, and, putting a pillow under my husband's head, started for my son-in-law's place, about five miles distant. I got there toward evening, but was afraid to go to the house that night. In the morning I saw there was a wagon before my son-in-law's door. I wanted that wagon, to get away with. I had led my oxen about in the night, feeding them in the yoke. At last I went to the house, and found my son-in-law lying on his back, shot through the body, and another person, named Solomon Foote, who had been




JOHN OTHER DAY,

*WHO RESCUED SIXTY-TWO PERSONS FROM THE MASSACRE AT YELLOW MEDICINE.*



shot through the body twice. It appears that the Indians had attacked them in the house, and they had beaten them off. I hitched to the wagon, then carried my son-in-law out of the house on my back, put a board on the end of the wagon, and put him on the board, and, in this way, I got him into the wagon. Mr. Foote could still stand some, and I had not so much trouble in getting him into the wagon. I put in some food, and started for Forest City and Clearwater, after having got my son and the child into the wagon. I succeeded in getting safe into Forest City. From there I went to Clearwater, where I found my girls, who had escaped from the Indians in the night, when looking after their ponies, to keep them from straying. I then found the neighbors who owned the ox and wagon, which I delivered to them. My family consisted of two sons and three daughters, including the little girl three years old.

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**Statement of Ernestina Broburg.**

I AM the daughter of Andreas and Christina Broburg. Our family resided at Norway Lake, Monongalia County. It consisted of my father and mother, named Andreas and Christina Broburg, and two sons and two daughters. I am sixteen years of age. My two brothers were John, aged fifteen years, and Andreas, eleven years. My sister's name was Christina, aged eight years. I also had an uncle, who had been from Norway but nine weeks, and had been with us but five weeks. His name was

John Broburg. We had resided at Norway Lake about one year. On the 20th of August, 1862, there was a religious meeting at the house of Andreas Lundborg, a neighbor, living about two and a half miles from our house. About noon, a neighbor's boy came into the house and stated that the Indians were at my father's. Father, mother, my sister, and myself were at the meeting, my two brothers and my uncle John at home. My father and Andreas Lundborg, and four of his sons, started for home. I never saw them afterward. After some time, my mother also started for home, myself and my sister going with her. Another uncle, Daniel Broburg, going to his home, started with his ox-team and wife at the same time. Their road diverged from ours on the prairie. After we had got some way from the house, I saw two Indians coming. One of them continued to come after us, and the other went after my uncle Daniel. The Indian came on, and caught my mother. He tried to take her along with him. She screamed and struggled, and my sister and myself ran away a piece. My mother got away from him, and was running across the prairie, when he shot her. She fell on the ground. He then ran after my sister, and caught her and struck her down with his gun, and then beat her to death, either with his gun or a hatchet, I do not know which. My mother was sitting up on the prairie by this time; I saw her as I was running. The savage then went up to her, and beat her to death in the same manner. I then saw Andreas Lundborg coming from the direction of our house. I called to him, and ran up to him, and he and one of his sons took me past his house, where the meeting had been, and we

hid in the brush which was on that part of the prairie. I had seen the other Indian catch up with my uncle Daniel on the prairie, and shoot him, and drive off the ox-team. This was about one o'clock in the day. I staid in the bushes until after dark, when Andreas Lundborg and his son took me on an island in Norway Lake, where the settlers who had not been killed had fled for safety. Andreas Lundborg then told me that my father, my two brothers, and my uncle had all been killed.

While we were in the bushes, the Indians searched for us, and would fire their guns into the brush. Several charges came very near striking Andreas Lundborg. Two days afterward, Andreas Lundborg and some of the other neighbors went to the settlement, and they buried two of his own sons, my father, mother, my two brothers, my sister, my two uncles, John and Daniel Broburg, Daniel Broburg's wife, and two of my cousins. The Indians had shot my uncle Daniel, and then set fire to his clothes, which had nearly all burned up, except where he lay on them. His body was awfully burned. My aunt, his wife, had been beaten to death with some blunt instrument, and was much bruised and swollen. They were found in the road, a little way from their house. Just as the settlers had done burying the bodies, a party of armed men came from St. Cloud, Stearns County. This company went with the settlers on the island, and thence, with some more settlers from Paynesville, we went to that place.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Statement of Mrs. Valencia J. Reynolds.

[Mr. Joseph B. Reynolds resided, at the time of the Sioux massacre, at the Red Wood River, on the Lower Reservation, ten miles above the Lower Agency. He and his wife were located there, in charge of the Government school, near Shakopee's village, which had been established at this point for the benefit of that band. His house was ten miles from any *white* inhabitant upon that side of the Minnesota. John Moore, a half-breed trader, resided one mile from him, at or near the Indian village. In Chapter IV we have briefly referred to the remarkable escape of Mr. Reynolds and his wife from the hands of these savages. We here insert a full account of the terrible ordeal through which they passed unscathed, which they have kindly communicated to the authors. Mrs. Valencia J. Reynolds, wife of Mr. J. B. Reynolds, says:]

On the morning of the 18th of August I had arisen, and was busily engaged preparing breakfast, when Mr. Francis Patoile, of Yellow Medicine, came and called for breakfast for himself and another man with him. It was soon ready, and, while Mr. Patoile and the other persons then at the house were eating, Antoine La Blaugh, who was living with John Moore, came to the house and called for Mr. Reynolds. He said Mr. Moore had sent him to tell us that the Indians had

broken out, and had gone down to the Agency, and over to Beaver Creek, to massacre the whites.

We went back into the house, and asked Mr. Patoile if he would take us to New Ulm. He replied, that he would not go away without us, as we had but one horse and buggy. When I went into the kitchen, I found nine squaws and one Indian in the room.

Mr. Reynolds had, in the mean time, sent La Blaugh back after Mr. Moore, who came. Our horse was at the door when he arrived, and we were putting some things in the buggy. He told us to hasten our flight with all possible speed, and directed us what course to take. The three girls, Mattie Williams, Mary Anderson, and Mary Schwandt, got into the wagon with Mr. Patoile and his companion and Mr. Davis, making six persons in that wagon. There was also an ox-team, driven by a boy who was working for us.

Into this wagon we put a feather-bed, tied up in a quilt, and a trunk belonging to Mattie Williams. This boy was killed near Little Crow's village. Mr. Reynolds and myself took the buggy. When I went out, the squaws were clearing every thing off the table, dishes as well as food, and tumbling all into sacks, which they carried for taking away their plunder. One of them asked me if she might have the flour. I replied, "Yes." Another said to me, "Your face is so white you had better put some water on it," thinking me frightened, perhaps. We got into the buggy and drove toward the Agency. Before we reached the Red Wood River, which was but a short distance from the ho
we passed the boy with the ox-team, and
last we ever saw of either wagon.

was a half-breed, named Louis, standing on the opposite bank. Mr. Reynolds asked him what was the trouble. He replied, that an Indian had just come from the Lower Agency, who said they were killing all the whites there. We drove on to the top of the hill, on the east side of the Red Wood. Here we saw Shakopee and two other Indians. We stopped, and called Shakopee to us, and asked him what the trouble was. He said he did not know, and kept motioning to us with his hand to go out upon the prairie; but we kept the main road until we came in sight of the Agency buildings. We had seen only one old squaw while going over the road thus far, but now we saw the Indians running toward the Agency, and we turned to the right, and drove out on the prairie, and went around behind an elevation, which ran parallel with the Minnesota River, and hid us from the observation of those at the Agency. When opposite the buildings, we crawled up to the crest of the ridge on our hands and knees, looked over, and saw an Indian near us, driving in cattle. The doors of the stores were open, and Indians were all about.

We returned to the buggy, and hastened on toward New Ulm. After going on some distance in that direction, we saw Indians in the road going up toward the Agency. We met two squaws, who talked to us in the Sioux language, and urged us to turn back, and asked us where we were going. Mr. Reynolds told them we were going to hunt ducks, as we believed them to be spies. We pressed on, and soon met an India who wished Mr. Reynolds to write him a paper, fying that he was a good Indian, as he wished

Faribault, because the bad Indians were killing the white people at the Agency. "That," said he, pointing to a horse at some distance off, "is mine, and those are my wife and pappooses." He seemed frightened, and had no caps on his gun. He was a man somewhat advanced in age, though not an *old* man.

We soon overtook Mr. John Nairn, Government carpenter at the Lower Agency, and his family. Escaping with them were another man and a girl, Miss Frorip. We took two of Mr. Nairn's children into our buggy, and drove on.

We were now near the fort, on the opposite side of the river, and in plain sight, and thought we would go to it, and turned out of the road to do so, but a body of water intervening, we turned again toward New Ulm. We met Indians twice, with ox-teams, who turned out, giving us one-half the road, as is usual. The last one we met Mr. Reynolds hallooed to, but he would not answer a word. We met two squaws also, who were going toward the Agency, and one of them ran off from the road toward an Indian house. When we had got in sight of the buildings of the settlers, below the reservation, which were about a mile from us, we saw some sixty Indians, on the left of us, near half a mile away, on foot, and between us and them were two yoke of cattle attached to a wagon. There was, also, an Indian on our left, on horseback, and another, also on horseback, ahead of us, on our right, who had passed into a ravine. Between these two was a naked savage, on foot, about eight rods from us.

Mr. Reynolds hallooed to him, supposing he friendly, until he saw him change his gun fr

hand to the right, and look at the caps. The gun was a double-barreled one. Mr. Reynolds then turned his horse around, and the Indian raised his gun to his face, and snapped both caps, but they failed to ignite the powder. I turned my head, and saw an Indian coming after us, on a white horse. He shouted to us to "*Puckachee! puckachee!* PUCKACHEE!" Mr. Reynolds asked him which way. He pointed toward the Agency, and then rode between us and the savage who had attempted to kill us, with his gun leveled at him all the while, who tried again to get a chance to shoot us, but was foiled by our protector. Then the other two on horseback came up, and all started after us, when we moved off as fast as we could toward the Agency. This chase was kept up for about half a mile, when our friend on the white horse rode in before the other three, and between them and the buggy, and quite a parley took place between them, when they all fell in the rear.

We had gone, after this, about two miles, when we came into the midst of about twenty squaws and boys, and one old man, going toward New Ulm. The squaws turned out of the road, but the old man kept close to the track. Mr. Reynolds reined in the horse as we approached them, and asked the man if he wished to kill him. He replied, in good English, "No, no!—go! go!" and walked on without even stopping. The next rise of ground we reached we looked back, and saw one solitary Indian, on horseback, in pursuit of us. Soon after this we turned off from the road to the right, having decided to attempt to go to Fort Ridgley. Afte going about one mile, we struck the fort road lea from New Ulm. We had gone some distance a

road when the horse gave out, and we could not urge him off a slow walk. Mr. Reynolds and myself got out, leaving the children in the buggy. The grass was very tall, reaching above my head. It was a prairie, but flat and low. After passing through the tall grass we looked back, to see if they were following us. We saw two Indians standing some distance off, like sentinels guarding the road, their gun-barrels glistening in the sunbeams.

When we reached the bluffs back from the Minnesota River bottom, the children also got out, and we all walked a mile and a half further, to the river, opposite the fort. Mr. Reynolds then unharnessed the horse, and attempted to swim the river on his back, but both went out of sight together, under the water. Mr. Reynolds then slipped off the horse and swam along by his side, and they both reached the opposite shore. He then went up to the fort to get assistance to bring us across the river. As soon as he was gone, I hid myself and the children in the willows, near the river bank. I had moccasins on my feet, and, sending the children ahead, I followed them, covering their tracks with my own, turning my toes in, as much like a squaw as possible. We remained concealed until Mr. Reynolds and the men came down from the fort. They called to us that they could not see us, and wished us to come out in sight. We did so, and they came over to us with a boat.

While we were concealed I had heard the bushes crack near us, and supposed Indians were searching for us; and when we went to get in the boat, we saw fresh moccasin tracks all along the water's edge, clear up to

where we went into the willows. Mr. Randall, the post sutler, had sent his carriage down to the river for us, and we crossed over safely, got into the carriage, and rode up the hill to the garrison. I was bareheaded, with an Indian blanket on, and my dress had been badly torn in my journey to the river; but I felt thankful to escape even with life. At the fort, I went into the hospital and assisted Mrs. Müller, the wife of the surgeon, in the care of the sick and wounded for one day, and, after that, assisted in making cartridges during the siege. In this way I was very busy until after the last battle at the fort.

The day after reinforcements reached us we left Fort Ridgley, and came below, utterly destitute, the savages having destroyed or appropriated all the property we had in the world, even to our personal clothing, and, as we afterward learned, burned our house, with all its contents.

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### Statement of Mrs. Mary G. Worley.

[The statement of Mrs. Worley is pretty conclusive evidence that St. Peter very narrowly escaped the fate of New Ulm. Mr. Worley, the husband of the lady who makes the following statement, owned a farm seven miles from St. Peter. When the outbreak occurred, he moved with his family into that town. They were in the habit of going daily to the farm, to see after their crops and milk their cows. It was on one of these occasions that the incident related below occurred. Mrs. Worley says:]

On Saturday, the 23d day of August, 1862, I went out to our farm with Mr. Heim, for the

milking our cows. When we reached the place, Mr. Heim went for his cattle, which were some half a mile further off than mine were. Our houses were near together. His family, as well as ours, were in town. I succeeded in getting the cows into the yard. The Indians were reported to be at Swan Lake, on the way down, but I thought there would be no danger before we could get our cows milked; but, when I had got them into the yard, my courage failed me, and I started for Mr. Heim's house. When I had passed a little creek which crosses the road midway between the two houses, I stopped to fix a revolver I had with me, having gone part of the way up the bank through some hazel-brush, when an Indian, before unseen by me, placed one hand upon my shoulder, and seized my revolver with the other. He then spoke to me in English, and, seeing I was somewhat frightened, said he was a friend, and I must not be afraid. He then asked me where I lived, and, when I pointed to the house, he said, "Man no there!" I shook my head. He then asked me where I was going. I told him where. He then directed me to go on to the next house, (Mr. Lang's,) saying there was a woman and children there, and told me to tell Mr. Lang to send his wife and children to town, and himself to go above, for he was needed there, as the Indians were fighting the whites up the country. He then wished me to go to St. Peter, and tell Thomas Cowan that he said it was not safe to keep the women and children in the town, as the Indians intended to attack the place that night.

I told him that Mr. Cowan was very ill.

Judge Brown, of Traverse, would know him

yell as Cowan. He said: "Tell them that the Indians held a council at some point above, on Sunday previous to the attack upon New Ulm, and that there were in that council representatives of three other tribes besides the Sioux." I remember the Winnebagoes as one. He said they were all no more friendly to the whites than the Sioux were. During this time he had told me to put up my pistol; and, when I had done so, he made marks on the ground, showing which way these Indians all came from to the council, saying, in the peculiar manner of the Indian, "Far off, far off," signifying that they came from afar. In this council, he said it was determined to attack the settlements and destroy them; that they wanted to get possession of the country again, and intended to attack Mankato and St. Peter at the same time. He said I must tell Cowan or Brown that the Indians knew all the whites were doing; that they were all about here then. I asked him to go into town with me, telling him that Colonel Sibley was there. He said he knew it, but, with a smile, added that he must go toward the *setting sun*.

After making this communication to me, he disappeared, stealthily and noiselessly, in the bushes, and I saw him no more. I went to Lang's, supposing the family were in town, but, to my surprise, I found them there. They had come out with the intention of remaining, supposing it was now safe to do so. I told them what I had seen and heard, and Mrs. Lang and her two children went with me over to my house, I brought them with me to town. When I reac. home, Mr. Worley was not about, and I could not r the message to either Cowan or Brown. I saw

Ketchum, and told him that I had seen an Indian, and what he had said to me. He wished me to go to Colonel Sibley and tell him. I did so. He thought that nothing had better be said about it, as he did not wish the people to leave. They were safe here now, and there was no necessity for delivering the message to either Cowan or Brown.

This Indian was about six feet high, dark as an Indian, but said he was a half-breed. He was dressed in Indian costume, with a dark blanket and leggins, and moccasins richly wrought with fancy bead-work, and feathers in his head. His gun was so fixed that his hands were free for any use.

He had a long, bright-bladed knife and a hatchet in his belt. The belt around his waist, as well as over his shoulder, was highly wrought with fancy Indian-work. His blanket seemed to be so strapped on as to leave his arms entirely free. He was a far nobler looking savage than I had ever before seen.

[Judge G. A. Brown, of Traverse des Sioux, one of the gentlemen to whom the message was sent, says he has no doubt that the Indian whom Mrs. Worley saw was a half-breed, named Chinkopee, generally known among the whites by the name of Francis Roy. Roy had a Sioux wife and a large family of children among the Indians, which seemed to bind him to the fortunes of the tribes. Yet this incident goes very far to prove that, while remaining with the Indians, he lost no opportunity to warn and save the whites. Let the names of all such be cherished and gratefully remembered by that race whom they thus sought to warn and save from a terrible fate.—EDITOR.]

END OF NARRATIVES.

## CHAPT XXI.

Consequences of the Massacre—Loss rty—Number of Claims before the Sioux Commission—Amount of Cl le and National—Refugees—Their Flight to the River Towns—The... ...ng Condition—Numbers at St. Peter—Appeals for Aid—Critical Condition of Mankato and St. Peter.

THE consequences of the massacre we have detailed in these pages, to some extent, can be easily imagined, and the task of the historian, in narrating the sad events, might be transferred to the reader. But even the reader of fiction, much more the reader of history, requires some aid to direct the imagination in arriving at proper conclusions. A short account of the condition of the country, it is believed, in connection with the facts already presented, will suffice to exhibit this tragic epoch in our country's history in its proper light.

Minnesota, the first State in the North-west, bounded on the east by the great Father of Waters, had taken its place in the fair sisterhood of States with prospects as flattering as any that ever entered the American Confederacy. The tide of hardy, vigorous, intelligent emigrants had come hither from the older States, as well as from England, Ireland, and the differe countries on the European continent, until a thri population of two hundred thousand had taken abode upon her virgin soil, and were in the

aceable enjoyment of her salubrious climate. Her ystal lakes, her wooded streams, her bewitching water- lls, her island groves, her lovely prairies, would have lded gems to an earthly paradise. Her Lake Superior, er Mississippi, her Red River of the North, and her innesota, were inviting adjuncts to the commerce of ie world. Her abundant harvests and her fertile and during soil gave to the husbandman the highest hopes certain wealth. Her position in the track of the dal human current sweeping across the continent to ie Pacific coast, and thence around the globe, placed er forever on the highway of the nations.

Minnesota, thus situated, thus lovely in her virgin outh, had one dark spot resting on the horizon of her herwise cloudless sky. The dusky savage, as we have en, dwelt in the land. And, when all was peace, with- it a note of warning, that one dark spot, moved by e winds of savage hate, suddenly obscured the whole y, and poured out, to the bitter dregs, the vials of s wrath, without mixture of mercy. The blow fell like storm of thunderbolts from the clear, bright heavens. ie storm of fierce, savage murder, in its most horrid d frightful forms, rolled on. Day passed and night me;

> "Down sank the sun, nor ceased the carnage there—
> Tumultuous horrors rent the midnight air,"

til the sad catalogue reached the fearful number of o *thousand* human victims, from the gray-haired sire the helpless infant of a day, who lay mangled and ad on the ensanguined field! The dead were left to ry the dead; for

> "*The dead* reigned there alone."

In two days the whole work of murder was done, with here and there exceptional cases in different settlements. And, during these two days, a population of *thirty* thousand, scattered over some eighteen counties, on the western border of the State, on foot, on horseback, with teams of oxen and horses, under the momentum of the panic thus created, were rushing wildly and frantically over the prairies to places of safety, either to Fort Ridgley or to the yet remaining towns on the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers. Flight from an invading army of civilized foes is awful; but flight from the uplifted tomahawk, in the hands of savage fiends in pursuit of unarmed men, women, and children, is a scene too horrible for the stoutest heart. The unarmed men of the settlements offered no defense, and could offer none, but fled before the savage horde, each in his own way, to such places as the dictates of self-preservation gave the least hope of safety. Some sought the protection of the nearest slough; others crawled into the tall grass, hiding, in many instances, in sight of the lurking foe. Children of tender years, hacked and beaten and bleeding, fled from their natural protectors, now dead or disabled, and, by the aid of some trail of blood, or by the instincts of our common nature, fled away from fields of slaughter, cautiously crawling by night from the line of fire and smoke in the rear, either toward Fort Ridgley or to some distant town on the Minnesota or the Mississippi. Over the entire border of the State, and even near the populous towns on the rivers, an eye looking down from above could have seen a human avalanche of thirty thousand, of all ages in all possible plight, the rear ranks maimed

hag, and faint from starvation and the loss of blood, continually falling into the hands of inhuman savages, keen and fierce, on the trail of the white man. An eye thus situated, if human, could not endure a scene so terrible. And angels from the realms of peace, if ever touched with human woe, over such a scene might have shed tears of blood; and, passing the empyreal sphere into the Eternal presence, we might see

> . . . . . "God lament,
> And draw a cloud of mourning round his throne."

Who will say, looking on this picture, that the human imagination can color it at all equal to the sad reality? Reality here has outdone the highest flights to which fancy ever goes! The sober-minded Governor Sibley, not unused to the most horrible phases of savage life, seeing only a tithe of the wide field of ruin, giving utterance to his thoughts in official form, says: "Unless some crushing blow can be dealt at once upon these too successful murderers, the State is ruined, and some of its fairest portions will revert, for years, into the possession of these miserable wretches, who, of all devils in human shape, are among the most cruel and ferocious. To appreciate this, one must see, as I have, the mutilated bodies of their victims. My heart is steeled against them, and if I have the means, and can catch them, I will sweep them with the besom of death." Again, alluding to the narrations of those who have escaped from the scenes of the brutal carnage, he says: "Do n't think there is exaggeration in th
tures given by individuals—they fall
dreadful reality."

The Adjutant-General of the State, in an official document, has attempted, by words of carefully-measured meaning, to draw a picture of the scenes we are feebly attempting to present on paper. But his picture is cold and stately compared with the vivid coloring of the living reality. "During the time that this force was being marshaled and engaged in the march to this point, (St. Peter,) the greater portion of the country above was being laid waste by murder, fire, and robbery. The inhabitants that could make their escape were fleeing like affrighted deer before the advancing gleam of the tomahawk. Towns were deserted by the residents, and their places gladly taken by those who had fled from more sparsely-settled portions of the regions. A stream of fugitives, far outnumbering the army that was marching to their relief, came pouring down the valley. The arrivals from more distant points communicated terror to the settlements, and the inhabitants there fled to points still further in the interior, to communicate in turn the alarm to others still further removed from the scene of hostilities. This rushing tide of humanity, on foot, on horse, and in all manner of vehicles, came meeting the advancing columns of our army. Even this sign of protection failed to arrest their progress. On they came, spreading panic in their course, and many never halted till they had reached the capital city of the State; while others again felt no security even here, and hurriedly and rashly sacrificed their property, and fled from the State of their adoption to seek an asylum of safety in some of our sister States further removed from the sound of the war-whoop."

To arrive at some idea of the field of slaughte

the position and number of the fugitive army suddenly driven from their homes and harassed by the infuriate savage in their flight, we here give a list of the counties and their population, estimated from the census of 1860:

| Counties. | Population in 1860. | Estimated for 1862. |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Blue Earth | 4,802 | 5,800 |
| 2. Brown | 2,339 | 3,000 |
| 3. Cottonwood | 12 | 100 |
| 4. Faribault | 1,335 | 2,100 |
| 5. Jackson | 181 | 3,000 |
| 6. Kandiyohi | —— | 200 |
| 7. Lincoln | —— | 100 |
| 8. Monongalia | 350 | 600 |
| 9. Martin | —— | 50 |
| 10. Meeker | 928 | 1,400 |
| 11. Murray | 29 | 50 |
| 12. McLeod | 1,286 | 2,000 |
| 13. Nicollet | 3,773 | 4,500 |
| 14. Renville | 245 | 700 |
| 15. Sibley | 3,609 | 4,300 |
| 16. Stearns | 4,505 | 5,500 |
| 17. Wright | 3,729 | 4,500 |
| 18. Watonwan | —— | 100 |
| Total | 27,123 | 40,000 |

Some idea can now be formed of the mass of refugees moving before their savage pursuers to places of safety. Thirty thousand panic-stricken inhabitants at once desert their homes in the midst of an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children. All this distracted multitude, from the wide area of eighteen counties, are on the highways and byways, hid *in the sloughs, and now* in the grass of the open

some famishing for water, and some dying for want of food; some barefooted, some in torn garments, and some entirely denuded of clothing; some, by reason of wounds, crawling on their hands, and dragging their torn limbs after them, were all making their way over a country in which no white man could offer succor or administer consolation. The varied emotions that struggled for utterance in that fragmentary mass of humanity can not be even faintly set forth in words. The imagination, faint and aghast, turns from the picture in dismay and horror! What indelible images are burned in upon the tablets of the souls of thousands of mothers bereft of their children by savage barbarity! What unavailing tears fall unseen to the ground from the scattered army of almost helpless infancy, now reduced by cruel hands to a life of cheerless orphanage! How many yet linger around the homes they loved, hiding from the keen-eyed savage, awaiting the return of father, mother, brother, or friend, who can never come again to their relief! We leave the reader to his own contemplations, standing in view of this mournful picture, the narration of which the heart sickens to pursue, and turns away with more becoming silence!

The scene of the panic extended to other counties and portions of the State remote from all actual danger. The Territory of Dakota was depopulated, except in a few towns on the western border. Eastward from the Minnesota River to the Mississippi, the inhabitants fled from their homes to the towns of Red Wing, Hastings, Wabasha, and Winona; and thousands again from these places to Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and some to distant New England friends.

While the inhabitants are flying from the frontier, let us glance for a moment at the material destruction left on the abandoned field. The extent of this field embraced a belt of country about two hundred miles in length, and, on an average, fifty miles wide. "The real value of the property destroyed or abandoned," says Major Galbraith, "as the immediate result of the raid, has not yet (February, 1863,) been ascertained, nor, indeed, can it be for some time to come; but, I believe I very nearly approximate the truth, when I set it down at two millions of dollars. Indeed, the data in my possession would justify me in placing it at a higher figure; and this does not include the losses on the reservation of Indian trust-property."

The number of claims examined and filed for examination before the Sioux Commission is two thousand nine hundred and forty. The time having expired, no further claims for damages can now be filed. These claims amount, in the aggregate, to the sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars. The amounts allowed can not now be stated. This class of claims is exclusive of the claims allowed by the State for property taken by the military operations prior to the 15th of September, A. D. 1862, which have been audited and paid by the State, amounting to over three hundred thousand dollars.

A large amount of this property destroyed by the Sioux was on the Sioux reservation at the Lower Agency, Yellow Medicine, and at Big Stone Lake, and was an entire loss to individuals or to the Government. But the greatest injury was done to the farming communities and villages scattered over the border a

ties, the county of Brown coming in for the heaviest share, resulting principally from the burning of New Ulm, a thriving county-seat of over two hundred dwelling-houses. The other counties, enumerated in the list on another page, all suffered in proportion to the number of inhabitants and their contiguity to the point of attack. In the counties of Brown, Renville, Murray, Jackson, Martin, Watonwan, Cottonwood, Monongalia, Kandiyohi, and Lincoln, the destruction of personal property was, with few exceptions, complete and entire, either from the direct plundering, burning, and robbery of the Indians, or the destruction by cattle, or the ruin occasioned by the elements, consequent upon the perfect abandonment of the country.

The county of McLeod, save in the towns of Hutchinson (a part of which was burned by the Indians on the 4th day of September) and Glencoe, was entirely plundered. In the county of Stearns, Paynesville was burned to the ground, only two houses being left standing, and the whole county, except in the town of St. Cloud, the county-seat, situated on the Upper Mississippi, suffered terribly. Forest City, the county-seat of Meeker County, was closely besieged by the Indians, and in the siege and defense the town suffered severely, and the county was depopulated and plundered. On the Minnesota, the counties of Sibley, Nicollet, and Blue Earth suffered greatly in the loss of crops, live stock, and in household goods, the inhabitants being driven from these counties by actual or imaginary danger from the savages, and their ripened harvests burned by the incendiary torch, wasted by the elements, or devoured by herds of cattle wandering at random

over the country. Houses and grain-stacks were burned in different localities, and in Nicollet a number of the inhabitants were murdered, some of them within less than six miles of the town of St. Peter. The town itself was in most imminent peril. A mile and a half from the place, at the farm of Colonel B. F. Pratt, a council of thirteen Indians was held as to the propriety of murdering the company of men then at work thrashing grain for the wants of the refugees who had fled to St. Peter for protection. This council, by a majority of one, determined not to make the attack, fearing that they might be pursued and killed by the people of St. Peter. These facts were learned from captives taken by the Indians, and subsequently released. The thrashers were all unarmed, and the town of St. Peter, at the time, was destitute of soldiers, Colonel Sibley not yet having arrived from Fort Snelling on his route to relieve Fort Ridgley.

Among the multitudes in flight for their lives to the river towns across the vast country, now without an occupant, one idea prevailed—that all was lost. The rear ranks of the moving host thought it a duty to appropriate all the valuable light articles abandoned by the more advanced front ranks. They reasoned thus with themselves: "What is left will soon fall into the hands of the Indians. It is better that the whites, hungry, ragged, forlorn, and, in some instances, naked, should be fed and clothed out of these forsaken homes, than that the Indian should here soon gloat over his ill-gotten gain." There were, however, in this distracted throng those who scrupulously regarded even the deserted domicile as too sacred to be visited for th

faction of appetite, or the love of gain. These, trusting in Him who controls the affairs of men, and had, thus far, in their behalf, restrained the wrath of savage men, sought the scanty means of relief in the wild fruits of the earth or the yet standing corn in fields already laid waste. It was a fit opportunity for the exhibition of the inclination of the human heart. Every passion could now be read in outward actions. Human restraint, through legal enactment, had ceased to operate; social relations were feebly felt; and this aggregate mass of some thirty thousand souls, for a time, seemed to have returned to a state of nature, where natural instincts and the absence or presence of a present fear or a belief in future reckoning became now the measure of human action. It is not in any way strange, therefore, that such a vast army of refugees, fleeing for life to places of safety, on arriving at St. Peter, St. Paul, or at intermediate places, should be found to have wonderfully confounded the ownership of such light articles as fancy or necessity might demand, gathered from homes of luxury or the abodes of poverty, over the wide field of their wanderings. It was a study for the philosopher, to witness the different moods of mind in which neighbors and friends, and even strangers, greeted each other in some common rendezvous. "Neighbor, are you done with my coat?" "Madam, where did you get my dress?" were some of the common salutations, followed by indignant or humorous replies. The scene was ludicrous, and yet the flowing tears of hearts rent with anguish, or dissolved in generous sympathy at the tales of suffering, and the presence of living remnants of friends, who had parted

fields of human gore, so connected the mind with the sad tragedy of recent events as to silence all volatile passions in the deeper, sadder, and far more noble emotions welling up from the depths of the human soul.

Thirty thousand human beings, suddenly forced from their homes, destitute of all the necessaries of life, coming suddenly upon the towns in the Minnesota Valley, can easily be supposed to have been a burden of onerous and crushing weight. It came like an Alpine avalanche, sweeping down, in the wildness of its fury, upon the plain. No wisdom could direct it; no force could resist it. No power of description is equal to the task of presenting it in fitting words. It was horribly "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." One faint picture must here suffice.

St. Peter, on the morning of the 19th of August, 1862, manifested some unwonted commotion. Couriers arrived before the dawn of that day, announcing the alarming news that the neighboring town of New Ulm was on fire, and its inhabitants were being massacred by the savages, led on by Little Crow. At the same time, or a little previous, came the tidings that Fort Ridgley was in imminent danger; that Captain Marsh had been killed, and his command almost, if not entirely, cut off, in attempting to give succor to the Lower Agency, which had been attacked on the morning of the 18th, the day previous, and was then in ashes. By nine o'clock the news of these events be-
response from the surrounding country.
footmen, from different parts of Nicolle
Counties, came hurrying into town, some
ammunition, but more without arms.

ing through the streets in search of guns and ammunition; some were running bullets, while others were [illegible] teams, horses, and provisions. Busiest among the excited mass were Hon. Charles E. Flandrau and Captain William B. Dodd, giving directions for a hasty organization for the purpose of defending New Ulm, or, if that was impossible, to hold the savages in check, outside of St. Peter, sufficiently long to give the men, women and children some chance to save their lives by hasty flight, if necessary. Every man, woman, and child seemed to catch the spirit of the alarming moment. Now it was ten o'clock. Judge Flandrau, as fast as with quick words of command, aided by proper [illegible] could mark with one hundred and thirty-five men armed as best they could be, with shot-guns, muskets, rifles, swords, and revolvers, took up the line of march for New Ulm. At an earlier hour, fifty volunteers, known as the Renville Rangers, on their way to Fort Snelling, had turned their course toward Fort Ridgley, taking with them all the Government arms at St. Peter.

With the departure of these noble bands went not only the wishes and prayers of wives, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children for success, but with them all, or nearly all, the able-bodied citizens capable of bearing arms, together with all the guns and ammunition St. Peter could muster. For one moment we follow these little bands of soldiers, the hope of the Minnesota V[illegible]

Their march is rapid. To one of these parties ry miles intervened between them and the n of New Ulm. Expecting to meet the n their route, flushed with their successful

massacre at New Ulm, the skirmishers—a few men on horseback—were kept in advance of the hurrying footmen. Before dark, the entire force destined for New Ulm reached the crossing of the Minnesota at the Red Stone Ferry. Here, for a moment, a halt was ordered; the field of ruin lay in full view before them. The smoke of the burning buildings was seen ascending over the town. No signs of life were visible. Some might yet be alive. There was no wavering in that little army of relief. The ferry was manned, the river crossed, and soon New Ulm was frantic with the mingled shouts of the delivered and their deliverers. An account of the hard-fought battle which terminated the siege is to be found in another chapter of this work. Such expedition has seldom, if ever, been chronicled, as was exhibited by the deliverers of New Ulm. Thirty miles had been made in a little over half a day, traveling all the time in the face of a motley crowd of panic-stricken refugees, pouring in through every avenue toward St. Peter.

The other party, by dusk, had reached Fort Ridgley, traveling about forty-five miles, crossing the ravine near the fort at the precise point where one hundred and fifty Indians had lain in ambush awaiting their approach until a few moments before they came up, and had only retired for the night; and, when too late to intercept them, the disappointed savages saw the Renville Rangers enter the fort.

But let us now return to St. Peter. What a night, and a day have brought forth! The quiet village of a thousand inhabitants thus increased by thousands, had become full to overflowing. Every private house, every

public house, every church, school-house, warehouse, shed, or saloon, and every vacant structure is full. The crowd throng the public highways; a line of cooking-stoves smoke along the streets; and vacant lots are occupied, for there is no room in the houses. All is clatter, rattle, and din. Wagons, ponies, mules, oxen, cows, and calves are promiscuously distributed among groups of men, women, and children. The live stock from thousands of deserted farms surround the outskirts of the town; the lowing of strange cattle, the neighing of restless horses, the crying of lost and hungry children, the tales of horror, the tomahawk wounds undressed, the bleeding feet, the cries for food, and the loud wailing for missing friends, all combine to burn into the soul the dreadful reality that some terrible calamity was upon the country.

But the news of the rapid approach of the savages, the bodies of the recently murdered, the burning of houses, the admitted danger of a sudden attack upon St. Peter, agitated and moved that vast multitude as if some volcano was ready to engulf them. The overflowing streets were crowded into the already overflowing houses. The stone buildings were barricaded, and the women and children were huddled into every conceivable place of safety. Between hope and fear, and prayer for succor, several weary days and nights passed away, when, on the 22d day of August, the force under Colonel Sibley, fourteen hundred strong, arrived at St. Peter, on the third day after the departure of the gallant band under the Hon. Charles E. Flandrau to the defense of New Ulm, and the Renville Rangers, led by Major Galbraith, had left for Fort Ridgley. The joy

of that arrival was never equaled. The vast multitude as one man, shouted aloud—the day of deliverance had come.

Now, as the dread of immediate massacre was past, we were seized with a fear of a character entirely different. How shall this multitude be fed, clothed, and nursed? The grain was unthrashed in the field, and the flour in the only mill left standing on the Minnesota, above Belle-Plaine, was almost gone. The flouring-mill at Mankato, twelve miles above, in the midst of the panic, had been burned, and fears were entertained that the mill at St. Peter would share the same fate. Nor had this multitude any means within themselves to support life a single day. Every scheme known to human ingenuity was canvassed. Every device was suggested, and every expedient tried. The multitude was fearfully clamoring for food, raiment, and shelter. The sick and wounded were in need of medicine and skillful attention. Between six and seven thousand persons, besides the citizens of the place, were already crowding the town; and some thousand or fifteen hundred more daily expected, as a proper quota from the two thousand now compelled to abandon New Ulm. The gathering troops, regular and irregular, were moving, in large numbers, upon St. Peter, now a frontier town of the State, bordering on the country under the full dominion of the Annuity Sioux Indians, with torch and tomahawk, burning and murdering in their train.

The action of State or National organizations would come too late to meet the present exigency upon this outpost. A committee of supplies, created by a mass meeting, took the heavy task in hand, to meet the diffi

culty. This committee, aided by expert clerks, opens an office for the distribution of such articles of food, clothing, and medical stores as the town could furnish, on their orders, trusting to the State or General Government for pay at some future day. So great was the crowd pressing for relief, that much of the exhausting labor was performed while bayonets guarded the entrance to the building in which the office of distribution was held. A bakery was established, furnishing two thousand loaves of bread per day, while many private houses were put under requisition for the same purpose, and, aided by individual benevolence throughout the town, the hungry began to be scantily fed. A butcher-shop was pressed into the needed service, capable of supplying ten thousand rations a day over and above the citizens' ordinary demand. Still, there was a vast moving class, single persons, women, and children, not yet reached by these well-directed efforts. The committee, feeling every impulse of the citizens, to satisfy the demands for food fitted up a capacious soup-house, where as high as twelve hundred meals were supplied daily. This institution was a great success, and met the entire approval of the citizens, while it suited the conditions of the peculiar population better than any other mode in which relief could be administered. Soup was always ready; and its quality was superior. The aged and the young could here find relief, singly or in families: the well relished it, and the sick found it a grateful beverage. In this way the committee, aided by the extreme efforts of private charity, ever active and vigilant, continued for weeks to feed the refugees at St. Peter, taxing every energy of

body and mind from twelve to sixteen hours per day. The census of the population was never taken; but it is believed, that, after the arrival of the refugees from New Ulm, and a portion of the inhabitants from Le Sueur County, east of the town, excluding the fourteen hundred troops under Colonel H. H. Sibley, who were here a part of the time, the population of St. Peter was at least nine thousand. This was an estimate made by the committee of supplies, who issued eight thousand rations of beef each day to refugees alone, estimating one ration to a person. The ration was from a half-pound to a pound, varied to meet the condition of persons and families.

But the task of feeding the living did not stop with the human element. The live stock, horses and oxen, with an innumerable herd of cattle from a thousand prairies, ruly and unruly, furious from fright, were so determined on food, that, in a few days, not a green spot could be protected from their voracious demands. Fences offered no obstruction. Some bold leader laid waste the field or garden, and total destruction followed, until St. Peter was as barren of herbage, with scarce an exception, as the Great American Desert. The committee could not meet successfully this new demand. The sixty tuns of hay cut by their order was only an aggravation to the teams of the Government and the necessary demands of the gathering cavalry. Some military power seemed needed to regulate the collection and distribution of food in this department. This soon came in an official order from Colonel H. H. Sibley to a member of the committee, assigning him to the separate duty of collecting food for Government use

at St. Peter. A wider range of country was now brought under contribution, and such of the live stock as was required for constant use was amply supplied. The cattle not required by the butchers were forced to a still wider extent of country.

Not only food, such as the mill, the bakery, the butcher-shop, and the soup-house could furnish was required among this heterogeneous multitude, but the infirm, the aged, and the sick needed other articles, which the merchant and druggist alone could furnish. Tea, coffee, sugar, salt, soap, candles, wine, brandy, and apothecaries' drugs, as well as shoes, boots, hats, and wear for men, women, and children, and articles of bedding and hospital stores, were demanded as being absolutely necessary. The merchants and druggists of the town honored the orders of the committee, and this demand was partially supplied. In all these efforts of the town to meet the wants of the refugees, it was discovered that the limit of supply would soon be reached. But the demand still continued inexorable. The fearful crisis was approaching! Public exertion had found its limit; private benevolence was exhausted; the requisite stores of the merchant and the druggist were well-nigh expended. It was not yet safe to send the multitude to their homes in the country. The fierce savage was yet in the land, thirsting for blood. What shall be done? Shall this vast crowd be sent to other towns, to St. Paul, or still further, to other States, to seek relief from public charity? or shall they be suffered to perish here, when all means of relief shall have failed?

On the 13th of September, 1862, after one month had

nearly expired, a relief committee, consisting of Rev. A. H. Kerr and F. Lange, issued an appeal, approved by M. B. Stone, Provost Marshal of St. Peter, from which we make a few extracts, showing the condition of things at the time it bears date. Previous to this, however, a vast number had left for other places, principally for St. Paul, crowding the steamboats on the Minnesota River to their utmost capacity. The appeal says:

"FRIENDS! BRETHREN! In behalf of the suffering, the destitute, and homeless—in behalf of the widow, the fatherless, and the houseless, we make this appeal for help. A terrible blow has fallen upon this frontier, by the uprising of the Sioux or Dakota Indians. All the horrors of an Indian war; the massacre of families, the aged and the young; the burning of houses and the wanton destruction of property; all, indeed, that makes an Indian war so fearful and terribly appalling, are upon the settlements immediately west and north-west of us.

"In some cases the whole family have been murdered; in others the husband has fallen; in others the wife and children have been taken captive; in others only one child has escaped to tell the sad story. Stealthily the Indians came upon the settlements, or overtook families flying for refuge. Unprotected, alarm and terror seized the people, and to escape with life was the great struggle. Mothers clasped their little ones in their arms and fled; if any lagged behind, they were overtaken by a shot or the hatchet. Many, many thus left their homes, taking neither food nor clothing with them. The Indians immediately commenced the work of pillaging, taking clothing and bedding, and, in many instances, giving the house and all it contained to the flames. Some have lost their all, and many, from comparative comfort, are left utterly destitute. A great number of cattle have been driven back into the Indian country, and where, a few weeks ago, plenty abounded, desolation now reigns.

"Every effort has been made to meet the most pressing necessities. Our houses are filled; a large soup-house has been opened; flour, bread, *and meat distributed.* The largest accession, at one

time, was after New Ulm, thirty miles west of us, had been evacuated. After battling with the Indians one week, with some forty killed and sixty or seventy wounded, and about half the town burned, the officers determined to evacuate; and, by guarding the train, brought some two thousand refugees safely away, most of whom came to this place; besides, families from all directions are here.

"Our position is this: we were appointed a committee of relief, and find, with the utmost we can do, we can not meet the present wants of the refugees. Food we can give them, for a time, but our ability to furnish clothing, is exhausted. Women and children are crying for clothing, shoes, or any thing to keep them warm. Crowded in some buildings, sickness has broken out, especially among the children. Some ten days after the alarm and rush to town, families began to return to their desolated homes, to save what was left. The next morning, however, a band of Indians on horses dashed upon a settlement eighteen miles distant, and killed four men. The families in that region fled again to town. Last Wednesday morning an attack was made on the settlers in another neighborhood, sixteen miles from this place, and five persons, while at work in the field, were killed. Another flight of families took place. The result is, that, for the present, these settlements are broken up—the women and children are here. The crops, in many cases, are utterly destroyed, houses pillaged, and starvation is before them, even if they could return with safety. A long, cold winter will soon be upon us. Many women, whose husbands have been killed, must remain here, with their little ones, for the winter. Some have gone to friends further east; but there is a mass of people who can not go; what to do with them we know not. We could relate cases heart-rending in their details, but we forbear. The cup of sorrow and suffering, to many, is overflowing. May God, in his mercy, send them relief!

"Friends of humanity—Christians, brethren, in your homes of safety, can you do something for the destitute and homeless? We ask for cast-off clothing for men, women, and children—for shoes and stockings; caps for boys, any thing for little girls and infants; woolen under-clothing, blankets, comfortables; any thing, indeed, to alleviate their sufferings. Can not a Church or town collect

such articles, fill a box, and forward to the committee? It should be done SPEEDILY."

Circulars, containing the appeal from which we have made the above quotations, were sent to Churches in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and throughout the towns and cities of New England. And similar appeals, from other places, were made, and met a universal response, worthy of men and women who honor the Christian profession. By these efforts, the refugees throughout the State were greatly relieved.

Charles Scheffer, State Treasurer, acknowledges the receipt of $5,039.49, as a credit to the relief fund. Besides this amount, sundry sums were received from various other sources. The citizens of Cincinnati contributed $3,000, and $2,000 more were donated by the Germans, for the sufferers at New Ulm. Other sums were received from a variety of sources. The total amount can not be stated with entire accuracy. It is supposed, however, to have reached the gross sum of $20,000. The State gave also $25,000 to this fund, for general distribution.

The Episcopal clergyman of the town, the Rev. Edward Livermore, in return for his own and the zealous efforts of Bishop Whipple, in behalf of the refugees scattered over the State, received many articles of apparel, greatly to the relief of those in need, at St. Peter and its vicinity.

We might also allude to the pressing of horses and wagons and oxen, congregated here from all points, the only means of hundreds by which their homes could be reached, or the business of the farm resumed, or any provision be made for the coming winter. Yet all thi

was borne with cheerful resignation, as the army was then the only hope of the country. Without the subduing power of the army, the country was ruined; and this species of property was needed for the use of the army. And if, from the crude organization of the forces at the time, and the hurried manner in which property was seized, without proper vouchers, grievous losses accrued, all this was borne with becoming resignation by all classes of persons, with whom life was far more important than the little property they had saved in their hurried flight from their savage pursuers.

We have now presented a general idea of the condition and burdens of St. Peter, and the character and sufferings of the refugees who fled here, either for support in their utter destitution, or for better protection from the cruel wrath of those who sought their lives. It will be remembered that St. Peter was, at the time, the extreme frontier town, the first reached by the flying refugee, and the last left in the rear of the army hastening to the defense of the frontier. It will be recollected, also, that while sickness, suffering, and death were causing a vail of deep mourning within, from the sundering of social, parental, and filial ties, from without the more horrible fate of an Indian massacre hung for weeks over the place, shrouding every earthly prospect in a gloom deeper than the shadows of the grave.

The neighboring town of Mankato, twelve miles above St. Peter, was in a more critical condition, for some time, than any other place on the Minnesota River. The Winnebagoes were located in its immediate vicinity, and Little Priest, one of the chiefs, with some thirteen men, was known to be in consultation with Little Crow,

and a constant communication was kept up between these men and the Sioux. The whole force of Wabasagoes were in the most violent agitation, holding secret councils and war-dances on account of some impending outbreak among them. The town of Mankato had no troops at the time to defend the place. A company of citizens had been raised and sent forward to the defense of New Ulm, on Wednesday, the 26th of August, three days after the outbreak; and had the Wabasagoes chosen at that time to attack the town, it must have fallen an easy prey to savage ferocity. Nor did the danger of this occurrence cease with the advance of the army, under Colonel Sibley, to Fort Ridgley. As late as the 2d of September, some three hundred Sioux had left the vicinity of Yellow Medicine, with the design of attacking Mankato and St. Peter, and had advanced as far as Birch Coolie, where they discovered a detachment of Colonel Sibley's forces; and the battle which then followed resulted in the discomfiture of the Sioux. Had they not discovered this company of whites, there can be no reasonable doubt that Mankato and St. Peter would both have fallen into their hands.

Other places on the frontier, such as Henderson, Chaska, Carver, and even Belle-Plaine, Shakopee, and St. Paul, felt, more or less, the crushing weight of the army of refugees, as they poured across the country and down the Minnesota Valley; but no place felt this burden so heavily as the frontier town of St. Peter.

One reflection should here be made. Had New Ulm and Fort Ridgley fallen on the first attack, Mankato and St. Peter would have been taken before the troops could have offered the proper assistance. *New Ulm fallen on the 19th, when it was* [illegible]

and Fort Ridgley on the 20th, when the attack was made on that place, Mankato and St. Peter could easily have been reached by the 21st, when the State troops were below, on their way to St. Peter. The successful defense of these places, New Ulm and Fort Ridgley, was accomplished by the volunteer citizens of Nicollet, Le Sueur, and Blue Earth Counties, who reached New Ulm by the 19th of August, and the Renville Rangers, who timely succored Fort Ridgley, by a forced march of forty-five miles in one day, reaching the fort previous to the attack on that post. Whatever credit is due to the State troops, for the successful defense of the frontier and the rescue of the white captives, should be gratefully acknowledged by the citizens of Minnesota. Such acts are worthy of lasting honor to all who were participants in those glorious deeds. But to the brave men who first advanced to the defense of New Ulm and Fort Ridgley, higher honor and a more lasting debt of gratitude are due from the inhabitants of the valley of the Minnesota. Let their names be honored among men. Let them stand side by side with the heroes of other days. Let them rank with veteran brethren who, on Southern battle-fields, have fought nobly for constitutional freedom and the perpetuity of the Union of these States. These are all of them worthy men, who like

> "Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
> Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
> Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
> Their names to the sweet lyre. The Historic Muse,
> Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
> To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
> Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
> To guard them, and immortalize her trust."

## CHAPTER XXII.

**Movement of Troops—Battle of Birch Coolie—Battle of Wood Lake—Bravery of the Troops—Indians retreat—Little Crow deserted by some of the Chiefs—Conduct of Standing Buffalo—Surrender of Captives—Indian Prisoners—Military Trials—The Negro Godfrey—The number condemned—Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall sent after Indians on the frontier—His success—Removal of the condemned to Camp Lincoln—Remarks of the Mankato Record on the Expedition of 1862.**

THE massacre being the main design of the history here presented, the movement of the troops in the pursuit and punishment of the Indians connected with the atrocious murders in August, 1862, must be exceedingly brief.

On the 19th day of August, 1862, the day after the outbreak at the Lower Sioux Agency, a special order was issued by the commander-in-chief to Colonel H. H. Sibley, directing him, without delay, to proceed with four companies then at Fort Snelling, and with such additional forces as might join his command, to the protection of the frontier counties of the State.

The main force under Colonel Sibley, increa
separate commands under Colonels Marshall
Phail, reached Fort Ridgley, August 2
without encountering any hostile Indi
deemed expedient by the colonel co
vance beyond this point until further

Indians had retreated beyond the scenes of their late depredations and massacres. But, as it was known that scattered fragments of families, yet alive, were concealed or wandering over the prairie, whose safety depended upon the assistance of the troops, a detachment was made up, of Company A, 6th Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, under Captain Hiram P. Grant, some seventy mounted men under command of Captain Joseph Anderson, and a fatigue party, who were sent out, accompanied by seventeen teams, constituting an aggregate force of something over one hundred and fifty men. This detachment, on the first day's march, encamped on the Minnesota bottom, at the mouth of Birch Coolie, and opposite the Lower Sioux Agency, having buried, during the day sixteen corpses on the route. On the 1st day of September, at the Minnesota River, the force divided. A mounted company, with one team and eight of the fatigue party, crossed the river, to make examination in the vicinity of the Lower Sioux Agency, while Captain Grant, with the remainder of the forces, remained on the east side of the river.

Near Beaver Creek, Captain Grant's party found Justina Kreiger, whose narrative is given elsewhere. The two divisions of the detachment buried, during this day, the mutilated bodies of fifty-five victims of savage barbarity, and, in the evening, united and went into camp at Birch Coolie. The usual precautions were taken, and no immediate fears of Indians were apprehended. In the language of the Adjutant-General of the State:

"Nothing of a suspicious character was noticed or reported until about half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 2d of

September, when one of the guards shouted 'Indians,' and, almost instantly afterward, a shower of bullets was poured into the encampment. The Indians, by crawling through the grass upon their hands and knees, had succeeded in almost reaching the line of sentinels before a sound was detected or a movement observed. Even when first noticed, the guard was in doubt as to whether they were not some four-footed beasts, but gave the benefit of his doubt to the safer side, and called them 'Indians.'

"The white tents of the soldiers were conspicuous targets, even in the darkness, and served to direct the fire of the attacking party to the place where our troops were posted. For a short time, perhaps a minute or two, the firing was all on the side of the Indians. During this period, and for some time afterward, from this short distance they poured into the encampment a succession of volleys that were truly terrific, and with effects that were alarmingly fatal. The tents were perforated by multitudes of bullets, but as the men were lying upon the ground, the first passed principally over them. Many of the men immediately sprang to their feet within their tents, and, while in this position, were killed or wounded. Others more judiciously crawled out under the canvas of their tents without rising, and were thus much less exposed to the enemy's fire.

"Great as was the mortality in our ranks at this stage of the fight, yet very many of the bullets intended for the soldiers were received and stopped by the horses and wagons surrounding the encampment. Had it not been for the protection thus afforded, it is almost impossible to conceive that a single member of the encampment could have escaped death during that first half hour of the attack.

"Captain Anderson promptly directed his men to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the wagons, and a very brisk fire was soon opened upon the assailants from this side of the encampment.

"The men under command of Captain Grant were no less prompt in seizing their arms, but for some time failed to seek the cover of the wagons and horses in their front, and were, in consequence, subjected to a greater amount of exposure and casualties. Nevertheless, a very active and galling fire was opened

the enemy before which he was driven from his first position, and compelled to take shelter in the ravines and timber adjacent. The proximity of these retreats was such as to leave our troops within very effective range of the enemy's guns.

"The first discharges of the enemy were very destructive to the horses of the detachment. All the horses, some seventy, were either killed or badly wounded, and, at an early hour in the morning, their carcasses were arranged in position of a breastwork, behind which our men took shelter, and continued the fire against the Indians.

"Shortly after daylight, the troops commenced the excavation of rifle-pits, immediately inside of the line of dead horses. But a small supply of intrenching tools were to be had, as there were but one pick and three spades in the camp. The men, however, worked with a will, using bayonets, knives, and tin-pans, in lieu of better implements. The ground was hard and difficult of excavation—but, notwithstanding all this, they soon had constructed an available line of pits, of an average length of two hundred feet.

"At an early hour in the morning, the guard engaged on picket duty around the camp near Fort Ridgley distinctly heard the volleys fired at the camp on Birch Coolie, a distance of fifteen miles in a direct line. The conclusion was at once arrived at that a desperate conflict was in progress between the detachment and the Indians.

"A second detachment of one hundred and fifty-five men was immediately organized, under the command of Colonel McPhail, and put under marching orders for the relief of the troops at Birch Coolie. A mountain howitzer was taken along with the detachment, and a force detailed to man it. When they had advanced to within some three miles of Birch Coolie, a large force of Indians, dressed in citizens' clothing, fired upon them from the front. The fire was returned with promptitude, and the howitzer was opened upon the foe about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the boom of the artillery reaching the ears of our little band at Birch Coolie, gave them the assurance that their friends were endeavoring to relieve them. Their hopes beat high for an early release, but they were doomed to a partial disappointment. So

great were the numbers opposing the march of the second detachment, that it was not thought possible to relieve the first without a greatly augmented force. A messenger was dispatched to head-quarters for further reinforcements, and the detachment fell back some distance, to a more favorable position, and encamped for the night.

"The Indians continued the attack upon the first encampment, but without occasioning any considerable loss after the construction of the rifle-pits. Although the enemy had the best of it in the first stage of the fight, yet the superiority of the guns in the hands of our men enabled them to hold their foes at a disadvantage after both parties had got into cover and fought at long range. The great number of dead and wounded that were seen carried over the prairie from the timber, renders it probable that the loss of the foe did not fall short of our own.

"Upon the arrival at head-quarters of the messenger from the second detachment, the whole remaining force of the expedition was put under immediate marching orders, and joined the detachment during the night, taking with them two additional pieces of artillery. The 7th Regiment had but recently arrived at the fort, but, though tired and foot-sore, the members joined with alacrity in the march for the relief of their friends.

"At daylight, on the morning of the 3d of September, the whole force advanced toward Birch Coolie. The Indians were soon again discovered, their numbers increasing as our troops progressed. A few discharges from the artillery compelled them to retire hastily to such a distance that their guns were utterly ineffective, and, refusing to make any further stand, they were permitted to retreat, for lack of an adequate mounted force to follow up the pursuit.

"A party of them had remained constantly around the encampment, and kept up the fire on our men until the reinforcements were almost upon them. In a few minutes after, the reinforcements marched into camp, and the survivors of the conflict were rescued.

"The battle of Birch Coolie was the most bloody of any in which our forces had been engaged during the war, thus far, and, for the numbers engaged, is one of the most bloody known in

Indian wa in which the savages failed to obtain the entire mastery.

"The loss of men, in proportion to those engaged, was extremely large. Twenty-three were killed outright, or mortally wounded, and forty-five were so severely injured as to require the services of the surgeon, while a gre hers had received scratches and slight abrasions, and s man remained whose dress had not been perforated with nore of the enemy's bullets. Thirteen of the dead were buri he ground where they fell; and, placing the wounded in wag as comfortably as circumstances would allow, the entire returned to Fort Ridgley, where they arrived about midnig This battle, in all probability, saved the towns of Mankato and St. Peter from the destruction contemplated by the savages. They had left Yellow Medicine and vicinity with the avowed intention of attacking these towns on the Minnesota, but, happily for the inhabitants of them, met with a signal defeat at Birch Coolie."

After the battle of Birch Coolie, all the marauding parties under the direction of Little Crow were called in, and a retreat was ordered up the valley of the Minnesota toward Yellow Medicine; and, on the 16th day of September, Colonel Sibley ordered an advance of his whole column in pursuit of the fleeing foe. The 3d Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers, now returned from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, as paroled prisoners, at the request of the commander-in-chief of the State forces, had joined the expedition, under the command of Major Abraham E. Welch.

On the evening of the 22d, the command of Colonel Sibley arrived at Wood Lake, near Yellow Medicine, and encamped for the night. On the following morning it was determined to cross the Yellow Medicine, three miles distant, and await the expected arrival of Captain Rogers, of the 9th Regiment Minnesota Vol-

unteers, who had been ordered from New Ulm to join the expedition by a forced march. But, before the movement had commenced, at about seven o'clock A. M., a force of three hundred Indians appeared suddenly before the camp, and, with yells peculiar to savages, came furiously down upon them, firing with great rapidity.

On the first alarm, Major Welch formed a line of battle with his command, and immediately sent out skirmishers in advance. Colonel Sibley had, at the same time, ordered out the Renville Rangers, under Lieutenant James Gorman, to hold the enemy in check. By this movement the savages were soon brought to a stand. The battle now commenced vigorously on both sides. The 3d Regiment needed no urging by officers. Each individual member seemed to be delighted beyond measure with the privilege of a hand-to-hand fight with these savages, who had outraged every principle of humanity in the massacre of the white settlers. They went in on a run, and were soon man to man, singling out some particular Indian doomed to certain death. The Indians seemed to dread them as the outpouring of a fiery element from a burning volcano. They gave way before them in every direction. None within rifle-range escaped their murderous fire.

John Other Day, the good Indian, who rescued sixty-two whites from certain death during the massacre, was in this battle, fighting against his own savage race, and was in advance of the entire force, and many an Indian fell before his unerring aim. How he escaped unhurt, at the battle of Wood Lake, seemed a mystery to every one present.

But, shortly after the 3d Regiment and the Renville

Rangers had engaged the foe in front, a portion of them attempted a flank movement on our right, to avoid the murderous fire of the 3d Minnesota. Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Marshall, of the 7th, with five companies under his immediate command, and two companies of the 6th, was directed to advance against them. He ordered his men forward, on the double-quick, and soon met the flanking party, amid a perfect shower of bullets. The foe was not only halted in his movement, but, under the enthusiastic charge of our troops, was soon seen fleeing in terror from the field.

A small force of savages had, in the mean time, appeared on the extreme left, with the evident design of inducing our forces to weaken the lines in front of the main body, pressed by the 3d Minnesota and the Renville Rangers. This strategy did not succeed. Major R. N. McLaren, of the 6th Regiment, with a small portion of his command, successfully held this portion of the line of savage warriors in check, while the center was giving way in panic before the rapid advance of our victorious troops.

We take the following extract from the report of the Adjutant-General touching this battle:

"From the time of the first commencement, the fight lasted about two hours, during which time the artillery, under command of Captain Mark Hendricks, of the State militia, performed an active part. The enemy suffered severely in front of the 3d Regiment, and, being driven at the point of the bayonet from the ravine by the force under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, lost all hope of gaining the ascendency over our troops, and began to give way at all points. Being followed up with celerity, their retreat was turned into a rout, and they fled from the field with the greatest possible precipitation.

"In this action four of our men were killed and nearly fifty wounded—Major Welch, commanding the 3d Regiment, being among the latter. As the hottest part of the enemy's fire was borne by the 3d Regiment and the Renville Rangers, the principal part of our loss was confined to these troops. The great disproportion between the number of the killed and wounded appeared to be chiefly owing to the inferior quality of the arms used by the Indians, as many of the wounds were inflicted by balls so nearly spent in force as to render them comparatively harmless. The enemy's loss was very much greater—fourteen of their dead being left upon the field, while the number carried off by them, and the wounded who made their escape, could not be estimated."

The battle of Wood Lake put an end to all the hopes of the renowned chief. He saw his fortunes had already begun to wane. His warriors were dispirited; many of the chiefs were in open rebellion against his schemes of warfare against the whites. On the same day that the battle of Wood Lake was fought, a deputation arrived, under a flag of truce, from the Wapeton band, asking for terms of peace. The response to this peace proposition was the demand for the delivery of all the white captives in the possession of these savages.

Wabasha, at the head of fifty lodges, immediately parted company with Little Crow, and established a camp near Lac qui Parle, with a view of surrendering his men on the most favorable terms. A flag of truce announced this action to Colonel Sibley, who, soon after, made them a visit, accompanied by a proper military guard. Of this interview the Adjutant-General makes the following report:

"Leaving the soldiers on the outside, he entered the camp, and requested that the chiefs and head men might be assembled, as he had something to say to them. They, accordingly, soon assem-

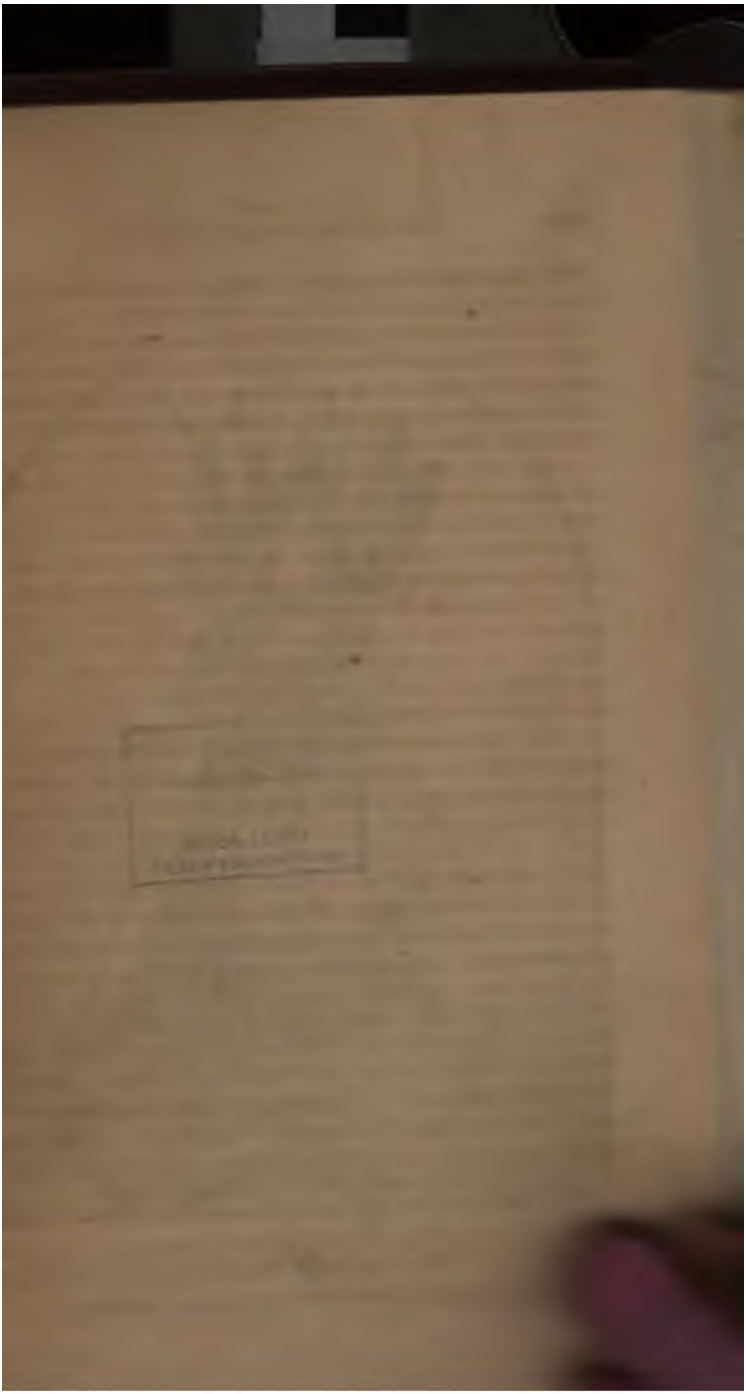
bled in considerable numbers, both of Indians and half-breeds, when he spoke briefly, and in condemnation of the late proceedings, and expressed to them his determination that all the guilty should be pursued and brought to punishment. He then demanded that all the prisoners in their possession should immediately be given up, that he might take them to his camp and have them restored to their friends.

"Several speeches were made in reply, in which the speakers strongly condemned their hostile brothers, and denied that they had any participation in their proceedings, and gave to the Colonel the assurance that they would not have dared to shake his hand if their own had been stained with the blood of the whites.

"They then assembled the captives, to the number of ninety-one pure whites, and nearly one hundred and fifty half-breeds, and formally delivered them over to the Colonel, who had them immediately conducted to the head-quarters of the expedition. When they had arrived among the tents of their countrymen, the most of them became almost frantic with joy over their release. Some few seemed to have become stolid and indifferent as to their fate; but the vast majority, relieved from the horrible suspense in which they had been kept, and especially younger women, freed from the loathsome attentions to which they had been subjected by their brutal captors, were completely overcome with gladness, and the human language seemed insufficient for the expression of their ecstasy and gratitude. In consequence of the release of the prisoners at this place, it was called Camp Release.

"The colonel commanding the expedition promptly ordered a military commission, consisting of Colonel Crooks, of the 6th Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, of the 7th Regiment, and Captain Grant, senior captain of the 6th Regiment. They were instructed to examine all the men in the adjoining camp, as well half-breeds as Indians, and to sift and inquire into the antecedents of each, so that, if there were any of the guilty among them, they might be discovered, arrested, and properly dealt with.

"The members at once entered vigorously upon the discharge of the duties of their commission, and sixteen of the friendly camp were, by them, accused of complicity and participation in the murders recently committed.





TA-TANKA-NAZIN (STANDING BUFFALO),

AN HEREDITARY CHIEF OF THE SIOUXUS, WHO REMAINED LOYAL TO THE GOVERNMENT.

"A military commission, consisting of five officers, was appointed for the trial of the accused, who immediately opened their court, and entered upon the duties assigned them. The first case tried by them was that of a negro by the name of Godfrey. He admitted the external acts charged against him, but claimed that he was compelled by the Indians to join in their forays against the whites, and had acted as charged only to save his own life, and had never fired a gun with the intention of injuring any of those against whom he pretended to fight. It was an easy matter to prove his apparent hostile acts, and impossible for him to prove his innocence or friendly intentions, upon the common rules of evidence. He was found guilty, and his name headed the roll on that long list of crime that was afterward made up from the registry of the names of those found guilty before the commission.

"His after acts, however, were such as to strongly corroborate the statements he has made regarding his own innocence, and he seemed like the scourge designed by Providence to direct the vengeance of just punishment upon the guilty murderers of our people. He seemed endowed with extraordinary perceptive qualities, and a memory for the retention of his perceptions such as is possessed by few, of any color or of any nationality. He immediately, after the termination of his own trial, became the accuser of numbers of the Indians; and, as they were captured or gave themselves up, extended his accusations to others, and became a witness against them, until it seemed impossible for any of the guilty to escape the vigilance of his scrutiny.

"He pointed out the murderers, and entered upon the detail of their crimes with such an air of candor, that those who heard him, instead of retaining their feelings of detestation, became prepossessed in his favor. The positiveness with which he spoke in making his accusations, and the minuteness with which he described all the circumstances relating to his knowledge of the crime charged, led some to question his veracity, and to look upon him as a false witness and guilty accuser. It is a circumstance, however, that should bind the mantle of charity firmly about his shoulders, that of the vast number by him brought to the bar of the commission, they all afterward admitted the justice of his

accusations, and the correctness of the circumstances by him detailed, with the exception of only two. Although this may not be positive proof of his own innocence, it puts the truth of his testimony almost beyond a question of doubt. The services that he has rendered in bringing the guilty to conviction are almost incalculable; and, if the savages forced him into a participation in their schemes, for the purpose of making his services subservient to their interests, they certainly could not have committed a more egregious blunder. Many a red-skin has, by his means, had the evidence of guilt fixed indelibly upon him, that would otherwise have been permitted to go unwhipped of justice, and have passed for 'a good Indian' in our midst.

"Some of the Renville Rangers, who had enlisted with an eye to the Southern war, were discovered in this camp of the Indians. The renegades found were all half-breeds, and had deserted from Fort Ridgley previous to the first attack upon that post, and were afterward in nearly all the battles, fighting in behalf of the savages. To these deserters was attributed (no doubt justly) the unserviceable condition of the fort artillery at the commencement of the first attack. They had thus endeavored to cripple the defenses of the post, previous to their going over to the enemy. They were put upon their trial before the commission, and one of them was proved guilty of having deliberately killed, and, in all probability mutilated the body of one of his former neighbors and previous companions in the company. Several other half-breeds had enlisted in the company, who remained firm in their allegiance to their State and country, were in all the battles in which the company was engaged, and conducted themselves with the most commendable bravery, and the utmost fidelity to the cause which they had espoused.

"Little Crow, after the disaster encountered by his arms in the battle of Wood Lake, fell back with rapidity to a point near what afterward became Camp Release, where he and his followers pitched their tents for a temporary period. Here he remained until he learned that the main body of the expedition was in motion and advancing toward him, when, perceiving himself deserted by some of his followers, and many whom he had expected to gain to his interests, he hastily abandoned his position and re-

treated in the direction of Big Stone Lake, some sixty miles distant to the westward. At or near this latter point it was expected that he would encounter opposition from the Siseton tribe of his own nation, under the leadership of Standing Buffalo. This latter chief had sent a communication to Colonel Sibley, in which he expressed his desire to remain on friendly terms with the Government, and declared his readiness and intention to annihilate the rebellious forces of Little Crow in case Colonel Sibley should fail to do so.

* * * * * * * * *

"On the 5th of October, Colonel Sibley sent a messenger to the principal camp of the deserters, to inform them that he expected to be able to pursue and overtake all who remained in arms against our Government, and that the only hope of mercy that they need expect, even for their wives and children, would be their early return and surrender at discretion.

"Up to this time about thirty, against whom charges had been made of participation in the late murders, had been brought before the military commission for trial. One hundred and seven white captives and one hundred and sixty-two half-breeds had been delivered up, making in all the number of two hundred and sixty-nine who had been thus rescued and restored to society and their friends. But a small portion of those who had been taken prisoners and granted the boon of life at the hands of their captors, only some twelve or fifteen, so far as could be ascertained, still remained in the hands of the brutal savages. Of these, one was a boy, who had been taken as a teamster, by Little Crow, when he commenced his flight to the James River, and but little hopes were entertained of obtaining his immediate release. The others were principally young girls, who had been retained as wives for some of the 'Big Indians,' but Colonel Sibley did not despair of obtaining their return to civilization before the close of the campaign.

"Although Standing Buffalo, with a part of the Sisetons, had remained the friends of the whites, and arrayed themselves in opposition to the murdering hosts of Little Crow, yet a portion of the band received but little profit from this good example, and joined with marauding parties upon our settlements. This por-

tion of the band were under the leadership of Grizzly Bear, and are supposed to have been the chief, if not the only actors, in the murders and robberies committed in the vicinity of Lake Shetek, in the county of Murray.

"By the 8th of October all the considerable parties of Indians who had lately been in front of the expedition had either fled the country or come forward and surrendered themselves voluntary prisoners of war. They had come in, in parties large and small, until, at this time, the prisoners thus surrendered numbered upward of two thousand. The military commissions still prosecuted their labors, the one acting the part of a grand jury, by examining as to whether there were sufficient evidences of guilt against any particular Indian to justify his being put upon his trial before the other commission, and the other acting the part of a petit or trial jury, by trying all against whom charges had been found before the commission of examiners.

"As the season was drawing near when active operations would no longer be practicable, if indeed possible, until the opening of another spring, it was thought best to send out a scouting party to ascertain whether there were any hostile camps of the savages located within probable striking distance of our frontiers, from which they might be able, by sudden marches, to fall upon and destroy our settlements before the opening of the campaign in the coming spring. On the 13th of October, therefore, orders were issued to Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall to take with him certain forces and proceed for this purpose.

"About this time Colonel Sibley, who had hitherto acted under State authority, received a commission from the United States authorities, appointing him a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. At one o'clock on the morning of the 14th, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall left the encampment at the head of a detachment, composed of fifty mounted men and fifty infantry of the 3d Regiment, under Lieutenant Swan; Company D, of the 6th Regiment, Captain Valentine, sixty-nine men; Company B, 7th Regiment, Captain Curtis, seventy-five men; and a squad of eight men in charge of a mountain howitzer, under command of Sergeant O'Shea, constituting an aggregate force of two hundred and fifty-two men. They took with them six days' rations, and proceeded to the

mouth of Lac qui Parle River. Following up its left bank for twelve miles without finding any Indians, they then struck across the plains to the westward, and passed the boundary of the State near the twenty-sixth mile-post south of Big Stone Lake.

"Near the edge of the Coteau de Prairie, and about forty-five miles from Camp Release, they found two lodges of straggling Indians. Making prisoners of the young men—three in number—they started the squaws, children, and an old man to deliver themselves up at Camp Release. From the Indians here captured they received information of twenty-seven lodges encamped near Chanppa (or Two-Wood) Lakes. Marching to these lakes, they found no Indians, but signs that they had only left that vicinity one or two days previous, their trail leading north-westwardly, toward the Big Sioux River.

"Fearing that it would be impossible for infantry to overtake them, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, at noon of the 16th, took with him the fifty mounted men and the howitzer, and started in pursuit, taking with them neither tents nor supplies of any kind, but leaving the infantry and supply wagons to follow after as fast as they could. They crossed the Big Sioux River, passing near and on the north side of Lake Rampeska.

"By following closely the Indian trail, they arrived, at dark, at the east end of a lake some six or eight miles long, and about eight miles in a north-westwardly direction from Lake Rampeska. Here they halted, without tents, fire, or food, until near daylight, when reconnoitering commenced, and, at an early hour in the morning, they succeeded in surprising and capturing a camp composed of ten lodges, and thirteen Indians and their families. From those captured at this place, information was received of another camp of some twelve or fifteen lodges, located at the distance of about one day's march in the direction of James River.

"Placing a guard over the captured camp, the remaining portion of the force pressed on in the direction indicated, and, at the distance of about ten miles from the first camp, and about midway between the Big Sioux and James Rivers, they came in sight of the second party, just as they were moving out of camp. The Indians attempted to make their escape by flight, but, after an exciting chase for some distance, they were overtaken and cap-

tured, without any armed resistance. Twenty-one men were taken at this place. Some of them had separated from the camp previous to the capture, and were engaged in hunting at the time. On the return march, which was shortly after commenced, six of these followed the detachment, and, after making ineffectual efforts to recover their families, came forward and surrendered themselves into our hands. The infantry and wagons were met by the returning party about ten miles west of the Big Sioux.

"The men of this detachment, officers and privates, evinced, to a large degree, the bravery and endurance that characterize the true soldier. They willingly and cheerfully pressed on after the savages, a part of them without food, fire, or shelter, and all of them knowing that they were thereby prolonging the period of their absence beyond the estimated time, and subjecting themselves to the certain necessity of being at least one or two days without rations of any kind before the return to Camp Release could be effected.

"The trial of the suspected parties progressed, and continued till about the 5th of November, when the commission, having gone through with the labors assigned it, was discharged. Three hundred and twenty-one of the savages and their allies had been found guilty of the charges preferred against them, three hundred and three of whom were recommended for capital punishment and the others only to suffer imprisonment. These were immediately removed, under a guard of fifteen hundred men, to South Bend, on the Minnesota River, there to be held to await further orders from the United States Government. As they were passing through New Ulm, the scene of some of their former depredations, they were set upon by some of the inhabitants of the town, and many of them pelted and beaten with stones and sticks, in spite of the guard accompanying them. The women and children of the place are said to have been the principal actors on this occasion, and were impelled to the act under the belief that the Indians were to be snatched from the punishment due their crimes by the United States Government.

"On the 7th of November, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, with a guard of some fifteen hundred men, started for Fort Snelling, in charge of the other captured Indians, comprising the women

and children and such of the men as were not found guilty of any heinous crime by the Military Commission. This detachment received no molestation from the settlers upon the route, and arrived safely at their destination on the 13th.

"From the commencement of hostilities until the 16th day of September, the war was carried on almost entirely from the resources of the State alone, and some little assistance from our sister States in the way of arms and ammunition. On this latter date, Major-General John Pope, who had been appointed by the President of the United States to take command of the Department of the North-west, arrived, and established his head-quarters in the city of St. Paul, in this State. The principal part of the active service of the season's campaign had previously been gone through with; but the forces, previously under the command of the State authorities, were immediately turned over to his command, and the after-movements were entirely under his control and direction.

"He brought to the aid of the troops raised in the State the 25th Wisconsin and the 27th Iowa Regiments, both infantry. These forces were speedily distributed at different points along the frontier, and assisted in guarding the settlements during the autumn, but they were recalled and sent out of the State before the closing in of the winter.

"It was contemplated to send the 6th and 7th Regiments Minnesota Volunteers to take part in the war against the rebels in the Southern States, and orders to this effect had already been issued, but, on the 6th of November, in obedience to the expressed wish of a large portion of the inhabitants of the State, these orders were countermanded. They were directed to remain in the State, and the 3d Regiment was ordered off instead.

"All the forces then remaining in the State were assigned to winter-quarters at such points as it was thought expedient to keep guarded during the winter, and, on the 25th of November, Major-General Pope removed his head-quarters to Madison, in the State of Wisconsin. Brigadier-General Sibley then remained in the immediate command of the troops retained in service against the Indians, and established his head-quarters at the city of St. Paul."

9th of October the Mankato *Record* thus speaks of this expedition:

"Considering the many serious disadvantages under which General Sibley has labored—a deficiency of arms and ammunition, scarcity of provisions, and the total absence of cavalry at a time when he could have ly pursued and captured Little Crow and his followers—the lition has been successful beyond the most sanguine anu lions. Of the three hundred white captives in the hands of the Indians at the commencement of the war, all, or nearly all, have been retaken and returned to their friends. Much private property has been secured, and some fifteen hundred Indians, engaged directly or indirectly in the massacres, have been captured; and those who have actually stained their hands in the blood of our frontier settlers are condemned to suffer death. Their sentence will be carried into execution, unless countermanded by authorities at Washington."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

State of the Country—Indian Sympathizers—Dissatisfaction of the People—Protest of our Congressmen—Memorial to the President—An Attempt to Massacre the condemned Indians—The hanging of thirty-eight—Annulling of Treaties with certain Sioux—Removal of the Condemned to Davenport—Removal of the Winnebagoes and Sioux to the Upper Missouri.

AFTER the campaign of 1862 was over, and the troops had gone into winter-quarters, and the participators in the savage massacre had been found guilty by a military court, instituted for that purpose, the question arose, whether all those condemned ought to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Three hundred and three of them had been recommended for capital punishment. These were confined at Camp Lincoln, between Mankato and South Bend, on the Minnesota River, to await further orders of the General Government. The idea of executing, capitally, three hundred Indians, murderers though they were, aroused the sympathy of those who were far removed from the scenes of their inhuman butcheries; and the President was importuned beyond all reasonable bounds by interested friends, for the release of these savages. Eastern papers, in numerous instances, gave countenance to Indian sympathizers. The voice of the blood of innocency, crying from the ground, the wailings of mothers

bereft of their children, was hushed in the louder cry of sympathy for the condemned.

One singular phenomenon was noticed in the progress of the discussion. That the Christian minister and the Indian missionary should, in the legitimate discharge of their sacred calling, sympathize with erring humanity in every form, was entirely consistent with the mission of mercy committed to their charge; but when it was known that, of all men, these same teachers were the most strenuous for the execution of the divine enactment, "That whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," it seemed to take the world by surprise that they should wish to have the sentence suspended in the case of these Indians, who richly merited the death penalty, both by human and divine law! Had these dusky natives been engaged in open war, such as the law of races or of nations tolerates, their advocates might have claimed for them the rights extended to prisoners of war. But these savages had declared no open war. They had secretly conspired against the lives of men, women, and children, in a time of peace, when the hand of genuine friendship was extended for their relief. There is a wide difference between the killing of men in open war, and brutal massacre in time of peace. The former may be excused, or, perhaps, justified, while the latter must be condemned by every moral code entitled to the least consideration.

The tide of sympathy, however, rolled on, and the persistent appeals to the President were finally successful. In place of three hundred and three, condemned by the military court, only forty were ordered, by the President, to be executed. The sentence of one of

these was afterward commuted for the penitentiary, and one died a natural death, leaving the number to be executed thirty-eight.

While the subject of these executions was held under consideration by the President, the State of Minnesota, by Senator M. S. Wilkinson and Congressmen Cyrus Aldrich and William Windom, made an urgent appeal to the President, from which the following extracts are taken:

"The people of Minnesota, Mr. President, have stood firmly by you and your Administration. They have given both you and it their cordial support. They have not violated any law. They have borne these sufferings with patience, such as few people have ever exhibited under extreme trials. These Indians now are at their mercy; but our people have not risen to slaughter, because they believed their President would deal with them justly.

"We are told, Mr. President, that the committee from Pennsylvania, whose families are living happily in their pleasant homes in that State, have called upon you to pardon these Indians. We protest against the pardon of these Indians; because, if it is done, the Indians will become more insolent and cruel than they ever were before, believing, as they certainly will, that their Great Father at Washington either justifies their acts or is afraid to punish them for their crimes.

"We protest against it, because, if the President does not permit the execution to take place under the forms of law, the outraged people of Minnesota will dispose of these wretches without law. These two people can not live together. We do not wish to see mob law inaugurated in Minnesota, as it certainly will be, if you force the people to it. We tremble at the approach of such a condition of things in our State.

"You can give us peace, or you can give us lawless violence. We pray you, as in view of all we have suffered, and of the danger which still awaits us, let the law be executed. Let justice be done to our people."

On the [illegible] day of October, 1862, Little Priest and eleven Winnebago Indians, who were at the Lower Sioux Agency at the time of the outbreak, and supposed to have been engaged in the murders there, had been arrested and taken to St. Paul for trial, by order of Major-General Pope. They were immediately returned from St. Paul for trial at Camp Lincoln. After an examination before a military court, they were all discharged, to the great disappointment and dissatisfaction of the people of the State, as there seemed to be but little doubt of the guilt of these Winnebagoes.

The discharge of these Winnebagoes, which took place at night, headed by Little Priest, whom the testimony of members of the Indian councils convicts of complicity with Little Crow, had already caused a great uneasiness among the citizens of the State, who were alarmed lest the condemned Sioux should also escape, through the pardoning power of the President. The press of Minnesota, without a single exception, insisted that the condemned Indians should expiate their dreadful crime upon the gallows, while the Eastern press, with some few exceptions, gave vent to the deep sympathy of the sentimental philosophers and the fanciful strains of the imaginative poets. It seemed to our Eastern neighbors that Minnesotians, in their contact with savage life, had ceased to appreciate the

> . . . "Poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, and hears HIM in the wind;"

they had looked upon the modern race of savages
nal degradation, until they had well-nigh

forgotten the renown of a Massasoit, and his noble sons Alexander and Philip.

But two hundred years never fails to change somewhat the character and sentiments of a great people, and blot from its memory something of its accredited history. This may have happened in the case of our fellow-kinsmen in the Eastern and Middle States. They may not now fully enter into the views and sentiments of those who witnessed the outrages of Philip and his cruel warriors in their conspiracies against the infant colonies; in their attacks upon Springfield, Hatfield, Lancaster, Medfield, Seekong, Groton, Warwick, Marlborough, Plymouth, Taunton, Scituate, Bridgewater, and Northfield. They seem not fully now to appreciate the atrocities of the savages of these olden times. The historian of the times of Philip was not so sentimental as some of later days.

"The town of Springfield received great injury from their attacks, more than thirty houses being burned; among the rest one containing a 'brave library,' the finest in that part of the country, which belonged to the Rev. Pelatiah Glover."

"This," says Hubbard, "did, more than any other, discover the said actors to be the children of the devil, full of all subtilty and malice." And the historian of the present day can not perceive why the massacre of innocent women and children should not as readily *discover* these Minnesota savages, under Little Crow, to be children of the devil as the burning of a minister's library two hundred years ago. Minnesotians lost by these Indians SPLENDID, not to say *brave* libraries;

of this minor evil they did not complain, in their demand for the execution of the condemned murderers.

Indians are the same in all times. Two hundred years have wrought no change upon Indian character. Had King Philip been powerful enough, he would have killed all the white men in[illegible]ng the New England Colonies. "Once an Indian, [illegible]ys an Indian," is fully borne out by their history during two hundred years' contact with the white race.

Eastern writers of the early history of the country spoke and felt in regard to Indians very much as Minnesotians now speak and feel. When Weetamore, queen of Pocasset, and widow of Alexander, Philip's eldest brother, in attempting to escape from the pursuit of Captain Church, had lost her life, her head was cut off by those who discovered her, and fixed upon a pole at Taunton! Here, being discovered by some of her loving subjects, then in captivity, their unrestrained grief at the shocking sight is characterized by Mather as "a most horrid and diabolical lamentation!" Have Minnesotians exhibited a more unfeeling sentiment than this, even against condemned murderers? Mather lived, it is true, amid scenes of Indian barbarity. Had he lived in the present day and witnessed these revolting cruelties, he would have said with Colonel H. H. Sibley, "My heart is steeled against them." But those who witnessed the late massacre could truly say, in the language of an Eastern poet,

> "All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
> And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
> The roofs went down!"

Between that day and the present, much of Indian barbarity has been forgotten by those who have been far removed from the direct contact of the two races. The Indians have, perhaps, been wronged by individuals in New England and in Minnesota, while the Government has ever been anxious and willing to remedy these wrongs. But there is, in the savage mind, no redress for his wrongs but in the blood of the white man. In his nomadic life he has no adequate mode of redress through courts of justice, or by fines and imprisonment. He must execute his judgments summarily. The highest style of an Indian, therefore, is the most cunning, adroit, and successful murderer! He esteems an enemy in proportion to his ability to mete out punishment to him according to his own code. Civilization of savage races, in daily contact with a race of higher intellectual and physical endowments, is a baseless chimera of the imagination. It has signally failed thus far across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. It will continue to fail until the last savage reads the doom of his wasted race in the murmurs of the Pacific! This is written in God's law of eternal progress. Man performs but little, and has but little that he can do in all this work. As races of animals antecedent to the advent of man have flourished and passed away in the advancing dawn of a higher type, and these, in their turn, have given way to a still higher, we can not, from analogy, suppose the law of progression to have reached its ultimate development in savage races, who, perhaps, came earliest upon the planet. And even in the same races, differences in intellectual and moral culture originate an INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL WAR, in which

victory always preponderates on the side of the highest virtue and intelligence. If these intellectual and moral developments are sudden, the resisting force will be the more determined, and not unfrequently carry the mental war to the arbitrament of arms; so that, the law of progress resisted, war becomes a necessary aid to the higher human *status*. The final result of the war of progress is the extermination of the resisting element: that element may lie in some false and pernicious theory, or in a particular race or branch of the races of men, who stubbornly stand in the pathway of humanity, and attempt to stay its onward movement. In this position are all savage races, warring in their blindness with the advancing steps of civilization carrying westward the star of empire!

While the doubt hung over the country whether the condemned Sioux would obtain, through the powerful influence of Indian sympathizers, Executive clemency, the feelings of the people of Minnesota were very properly aroused. No people knew so well as they did the disastrous results of turning loose upon the frontier three hundred condemned murderers! They remonstrated through every appropriate constitutional form. Primary assemblies memorialized and individuals petitioned the President on the momentous question.

Early in December, while the final decision was still pending, the valley towns, led off by the city of St. Paul, held primary meetings, attended by vast numbers, and were addressed by the most intelligent speakers of the different localities, expressing the sentiments of the people. An extract or two from a memorial of one of these assemblages of the people will suffice as a sample

of others of similar import, originating at different localities throughout the country. We select the memorial of the meeting of St. Paul, signed by over three hundred citizens, and forwarded to the Hon. H. M. Rice, to be laid before the President. The memorial was drafted by George A. Nourse, United States District Attorney for the District of Minnesota:

"*To the President of the United States:*

"We, the citizens of St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, respectfully represent that we have heard, with regret and alarm, through the public press, reports of an intention on the part of the United States Government to dismiss, without punishment, the Sioux warriors captured by our soldiers; and further, to allow the several tribes of Indians, lately located upon reservations within this State, to remain upon the reservations.

"Against any such policy we respectfully but firmly protest. The history of this continent presents no event that can compare with the late Sioux outbreak in wanton, unprovoked, and fiendish cruelty. All that we have read of Indian warfare in the early history of this country is tame in contrast with the atrocities of this late massacre. Without warning, in cold blood beginning with the murder of their best friends, the whole body of the Annuity Sioux commenced a deliberate scheme to exterminate every white person upon the land once occupied by them, and by them long since sold to the United States. In carrying out this bloody scheme, they have spared neither age nor sex, only reserving, for the gratification of their brutal lust, the few white women whom the rifle, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife spared. Nor did their fiendish barbarities cease with death, as the mutilated corpses of their victims, disemboweled, cut limb from limb, or chopped into fragments, will testify. These cruelties, too, were, in many cases, preceded by a pretense of friendship; and, in many instances, the victims of these more than murderers were shot down in cold blood as soon as t backs were turned, after a cordial shaking of the hand a professions of friendship on the part of the murderers.

"We ask that the same judgment should be passed and executed upon these deliberate murderers, these ravishers, these mutilators of their murdered victims, that would be passed upon white men guilty of the same offense. The blood of hundreds of our murdered and mangled fellow-citizens cries from the ground for vengeance. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord;' and the authorities of the United States are, we believe, the chosen instruments to execute that vengeance. Let them not neglect their plain duty.

"Nor do we ask alone for vengeance. We demand security for the future. There can be no safety for us or for our families, unless an example shall be made of those who have committed the horrible murders and barbarities we have recited. Let it be once understood that these Indians can commit such crimes, and be pardoned upon surrendering themselves, and there is henceforth a torch for every white man's dwelling, a knife for every white man's heart upon our frontier.

"Nor will even the most rigorous punishment give perfect security against these Indians so long as any of them are left among, or in the vicinity of, our border settlements. The Indian's nature can no more be trusted than the wolf's. Tame him, cultivate him, strive to Christianize him as you will, and the sight of blood will, in an instant, call out the savage, wolfish, devilish instincts of the race. It is notorious that among the earliest and most murderous of the Sioux, in perpetrating their late massacre, were many of the 'civilized Indians,' so called, with their hair cut short, wearing white men's clothes, and dwelling in brick houses built for them by the Government.

"We respectfully ask, we demand that the captive Indians, now in the hands of our military forces, proved before a military commission to be guilty of murder, and even worse crimes, shall receive the punishment due those crimes. This, too, not merely as a matter of vengeance, but much more as a matter of future security for our border settlers.

"We ask, further, that these savages, proved to be treacherous, unreliable, and dangerous beyond example, may be removed from close proximity to our settlements, to such distance and such isolation as shall make the people of this State safe from their future attacks."

The agitation among the people became somewhat ominous as to the course that might be pursued by an outraged community, under the belief that the President would pardon the guilty Indians; and, in the midst of the excitement, a report was started by some evil spirit, that the Indians were to be taken to Fort Snelling, and that they were to be removed after night. The manner in which the Winnebagoes were released gave currency to the report.

On Thursday, the 4th of December, a report was circulated at St. Peter that the people of Mankato intended to attack the Indians that night, and that assistance was expected and desired from the adjoining towns. The law-abiding citizens condemned the movement, and advised the agitators to await the action of the Government. But the movement could not be entirely prevented. Curiosity, however, more than any actual mischief, seemed to be the inciting motive of the persons moving on this day toward Mankato. It was evident the movement was spontaneous, wholly without a leader and without a plan. Up to eleven o'clock at night, not over one hundred and fifty persons were on the ground; very few of these were armed. The military were already collecting, and the assembled crowd adjourned for the purpose of meeting an armed force reported to be on the road from New Ulm, and expected to arrive at midnight. A company of cavalry and several of infantry had reached the camp before the crowd commenced moving. A strong guard was posted around the Indians at the bridge, and along the road leading to the bridge, over the Blue Earth River. In this way the force expected from New Ulm

was cut off. The unorganized crowd continued talking and cheering until a company from the camp quietly approached and surrounded them, and all were taken prisoners. A few of the most conspicuous were marched to Colonel Miller's tent, and interrogated as to their intentions. Some had come to view the "NOBLE RED MEN OF THE FOREST;" others were on their way to visit some friends on the other side of the river. All were finally released, upon condition that they would return quietly to their homes, and select more seasonable hours for their future visits to the Indian camp or to their friends. Thus ended this ill-advised and badly-planned movement to take vengeance on the condemned Indians.

Many incidents, some of them humorous, were related and enjoyed by both citizens and soldiers, who mingled and conversed good-naturedly together.

On Friday morning, the 5th of December, the town of Mankato was entirely quiet, everybody seeming in the best of humor. The affair of the previous evening was freely discussed among the citizens, and they generally agreed that it was rash and premature.

On the 6th of December, two days after the intended attack upon the Indians at Camp Lincoln, the Governor, Alexander Ramsey, issued a proclamation to the people of Minnesota, from which we extract the following:

"Whereas, information has reached me that the public peace has been disturbed by the unlawful attempt, by a large body of citizens, to seize and put to death the unarmed and manacled prisoners recently condemned to be hung for their atrocious crimes, and now in custody of the United States military authorities at South Bend, awaiting the final order of the President for their execution;

"And whereas, it is further represented that other combinations are forming with a view to a renewal of this rash and ill-advised undertaking, and thereby provoking a collision with the United States forces having the convicts in charge;

"Now, therefore, I, ALEXANDER RAMSEY, Governor of the State of Minnesota, with a view to avert the disastrous consequences of such a collision, and to preserve the public peace and the good name and reputation of the people of this State, do hereby call upon all citizens engaged in these disorderly demonstrations to desist therefrom.

"The victims and witnesses of the horrible outrages perpetrated by the savages may consider their sufferings and wrongs a justification of this summary and high-handed method of retaliation, but the civilized world will not so regard it. Enlightened public opinion will everywhere condemn the vindictive slaughter of these guilty but helpless and unarmed prisoners. The sober second thought of our own people will recoil from it with horror. The infatuated perpetrators of it will bitterly regret their ignominious share in the outrage, which, if consummated, would inflict lasting disgrace upon themselves and the State.

"Death, indeed, is the least atonement which these savage miscreants can make for their dreadful crimes. But the greater the crime, the greater the need that its punishment should carry with it the weight and sanction of public authority.

"It is not the blind fury of a mob to which Providence has intrusted the sword of public justice. The lawless violence which would anticipate the course of legal procedure, by the massacre of these helpless prisoners, in defiance of the authorities, would deprive their punishment of all its legitimate effect.

"Our people, indeed, have had just reason to complain of the tardiness of Executive action in the premises, but they ought to find some reason for forbearance in the absorbing cares which weigh upon the President.

"The pressing and earnest representations repeatedly made to him from this department, of the necessity of proceeding promptly with the execution of the condemned Indians, have been zealously sustained by the military and other authorities.

"But whatever may be the decision of the President,

not deprive the people of Minnesota of their right to justice, or exempt the guilty Indians from the doom they have incurred under our local laws. If he should decline to punish them, the case will then clearly come within the jurisdiction of our civil courts. In a month the State Legislature will assemble, and to them it may be safely left to provide for the emergency.

"I appeal, then, to the good sense of the people, to await patiently and peacefully the due course of law. I entreat them not to throw away the good name which Minnesota has hitherto sustained, by a rash act of lawlessness, which is neither necessary to the ends of justice, of personal security, or even of private vengeance, but which would be subversive of public order, and a perpetual stigma upon the community.

"I entreat them, as good citizens, having at heart the public welfare, not to add to the injury which our young State has already sustained at home and abroad from its exposure to savage violence, the worst and more permanent injury which it would suffer in the estimation of the world, from the spectacle of barbarous violence among our own citizens."

The citizens of Minnesota patiently awaited the action of the Government, in the confident belief that condign punishment would be visited upon the convicts now in military custody at Mankato. But, contrary to their sanguine hopes, the President directed the execution of only thirty-nine. Colonel Stephen Miller, under date of December 17, 1862, by special order from the President, announced, that on Friday, the 26th of that month, thirty-nine of the Sioux and half-breed prisoners would be executed. Is it strange that the people were disappointed? How did New England sympathize with savage captives in her early history? Her history says:

"King Philip was hunted like a wild beast, his body quartered and set on poles, his head exposed as a trophy for twenty years

on a gibbet, in Plymouth, and one of his hands sent to Boston; then the ministers returned thanks, and one said that they had *prayed* a bullet into Philip's heart. In 1677, on a Sunday, in Marblehead, the women, as they came out of the meeting-house, fell upon two Indians that had been brought in as captives, and, in a very tumultuous way, murdered them, in revenge for the death of some fishermen."

These Puritan ideas have greatly relaxed in the descendants of the primitive stock. But, as the sepulchers of the fathers are garnished by their children as an indorsement of their deeds, shall we not hope that those who have in this way given evidence of their paternity will find some palliation for a people who have sinned in the similitude of their fathers?

On the 24th of December, at the request of the citizens of Mankato of a previous date, Colonel Miller, in order to secure the public peace, declared martial law over all the territory within a circle of ten miles of the place of the intended execution.

On Monday, the 21st, the thirty-nine had been removed to apartments separate and distinct from the other Indians, and the death-warrant was made known to them through an interpreter—the Rev. Mr. Riggs, one of the Sioux missionaries. Through the interpreter, Colonel Miller addressed the prisoners in substance as follows:

"The commanding officer at this place has called to speak to you upon a very serious subject this afternoon. Your Great Father at Washington, after carefully reading what the witnesses have testified in your several trials, has come to the conclusion that you have each been guilty of wantonly and wickedly murdering his white children; and, for this reason, he has directed that you each be hanged by the neck until you are dead, on next

Friday, and that order will be carried into effect on that day at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"Good ministers, both Catholic and Protestant, are here, from among whom each of you can select your spiritual adviser, who will be permitted to commune with you constantly during the few days that you are yet to live."

Adjutant [illegible]d w[illegible] ructed to read to them in English t[illegible] ent Lincoln, which, in substance, stated [illegible] d names of those condemned for executi[illegible] tter was also read by Rev. S. R. Riggs, in

The Colonel further instructed Mr. Riggs to tell them that they had so sinned against their fellow-men that there is no hope of clemency except in the mercy of God through the merits of the Blessed Redeemer, and that he earnestly exhorted them to apply to him as their only remaining source of consolation.

The occasion was one of great solemnity, yet but little emotion was manifested by the Indians. A half-breed, named Milord, seemed much depressed in spirit. All listened attentively, and, at the conclusion of each sentence, gave their usual signal of approval. At the reading of that portion of the warrant condemning them to be hung by the neck, the response was quite feeble, and was given by only two or three. Several of the condemned smoked their pipes during the reading; and one in particular, when the time of execution was designated, quietly knocked the ashes from his pipe, and filled it afresh with his favorite kinnikinnic, while another was slowly rubbing in his hands a pipeful of the same article, preparatory to a good smoke.

The Indians were evidently prepared for the ann

ment of their sentence, some of them having overheard soldiers talking about it when they were removed to a separate apartment. Each one was privileged to designate the minister of his choice, and a record of the same was made, and the minister so selected had free intercourse with him.

The separate confessions of these Indians would, no doubt, be a matter of interest to the reader; but, as our space is limited, and as these confessions only go to extenuate, to some extent, the crimes of which they were found guilty, they must necessarily be received with many grains of allowance.

The facts relating to the execution of the condemned Indians we have gathered from an able report, made expressly for the St. Paul *Pioneer*, and published in that paper under date of December 28, 1862. And, from the same report, we subjoin the following interesting items connected with the tragic end of thirty-eight human beings found guilty of murder in carrying out a deep-laid conspiracy.

"Wednesday, the 24th, was set apart for the interviews between the condemned and such of their relatives and friends as were confined in the main prison. Each Indian had some word to send his parents or family. When speaking of their wives and children, almost every one was affected to tears. Good counsel was sent to the children. Most of them spoke confidently of their hopes of salvation.

"There is a ruling passion with Indians, and Tazoo could not refrain from its enjoyment even in this sad hour. Tatimima was sending word to his relatives not to mourn his loss. He said he was old, and could not hope to live long under any circumstances, and his execution would not shorten his days a great deal, and, *dying as he did, innocent* of any white man's blood, he hoped

would give him a better chance to be saved; therefore, he hoped his friends would consider his death but as a removal from this to a better world. 'I have every hope,' said he, 'of going direct to the abode of the Great Spirit, where I shall always be happy.' This last remark reached the ears of Tazoo, who was also speaking to his friends, and he elaborated upon it in this wise: 'Yes, tell our friends that we are being removed from this world over the same path they must shortly travel. We go first, but many of our friends may follow us in a very short time. I expect to go direct to the abode of the Great Spirit, and to be happy when I get there; but we are told that the road is long and the distance great; therefore, as I am slow in all my movements, it will, probably, take me a long time to reach the end of the journey, and I should not be surprised if some of the young, active men we will leave behind us will pass me on the road before I reach the place of my destination.'

"In shaking hands with Red Iron and Akipa, Tazoo said: 'Friends, last summer you were opposed to us. You were living in continual apprehension of an attack from those who were determined to exterminate the whites. Yourselves and families were subjected to many taunts, insults, and threats; still you stood firm in your friendship for the whites, and continually counseled the Indians to abandon their raids against the whites. Your course was condemned at the time, but now we see your wisdom. You were right when you said the whites could not be exterminated, and the attempt indicated folly. Then you and your families were prisoners, and the lives of all in constant danger. To-day you are here at liberty, assisting in feeding and guarding us, and thirty-nine men will die in two days because they did not follow your example and advice.'

"On Thursday evening the ordinance of baptism was solemnized by the Catholic priests present, and received by a considerable number of the condemned. Some of them entered into the ceremony with an apparently earnest feeling, and an intelligent sense of its solemn character. All seemed resigned to their fate, and depressed in spirits. Most of those not participating in the ceremony sat motionless, and more like statues than living men.

"On Friday morning, we accompanied the Rev. Father Ravoux

to the prison of the condemned. He spoke to them of their condition and fate, and in such terms as the devoted priest only can speak. He tried to infuse them with courage—bade them to hold out bravely and be strong, and to show no sign of fear. While Father Ravoux was speaking to them, old Tazoo broke out in a death-wail, in which one after another joined, until the prison-room was filled with a wild, unearthly plaint, which was neither of despair nor grief, but rather a paroxysm of savage passion, most impressive to witness and startling to hear, even by those who understood the language of the music only. During the lulls of their death-song they would resume their pipes, and, with the exception of an occasional mutter, or the rattling of their chains, they sat motionless and impassive, until one among the elder would break out in the wild wail, when all would join again in the solemn preparation for death.

"Following this, the Rev. Dr. Williamson addressed them in their native tongue; after which, they broke out again in their song of death. This last was thrilling beyond expression. The trembling voices, the forms shaking with passionate emotion, the half-uttered words through set teeth, all made up a scene which no one who saw can ever forget.

"The influence of the wild music of their death-song upon them was almost magical. Their whole manner changed after they had closed their singing, and an air of cheerful unconcern marked all of them. It seemed as if, during their passionate wailing, they had passed in spirit through the valley of the shadow of death, and already had their eyes fixed on the pleasant hunting-grounds beyond.

"As their friends came about them, they bade them cheerful farewells, and, in some cases, there would be peals of laughter, as they were wished pleasant journeys to the spirit-land. They bestowed their pipes upon their favorites, and, so far as they had, gave keepsake trinkets to all.

"They had evidently taken great pains to make themselves presentable for their last appearance on the stage of life. Most of them had little pocket mirrors, and, before they were bound, employed themselves in putting on the finishing touches of paint, and arranging their hair according to the Indian mode. All had

religious emblems, mostly crosses, of fine gilt or steel, and these were displayed with all the prominence of an exquisite or a *dilettante*. Many were painted in war style, with bands and heads ad feathers, and were decked as gayly as for a festival. They expressed a desire to shake hands with the reporters, who were to write about how they looked an[illegible] actual, and with the artist who was to picture their appearance. This privilege was allowed them. The hands of some were of the[illegible]atural warmth, while those of others were cold as ice. Nearly al[illegible] on shaking hands, would point their fingers to the sky, and [illegible], as plainly as they could, 'Me going up!' White Day told u[illegible]t was Little Crow who got them into the scrape, and now they had to die for it. One said there was a Great Spirit above who would take him home, and that he should die happy. Thus the time passed during the tying of hands, and striking off the manacles.

"At a little after nine o'clock, A. M., the Rev. Father Ravoux entered the prison again, to perform the closing religious exercises. The guard fell back as he came in, the Indians ranging themselves around the room. The Father addressed the condemned at some length, and appeared much affected. He then kneeled on the floor in their midst, and prayed with them, all following and uniting with him in an audible voice. They appeared like a different race of beings while going through these religious exercises. Their voices were low and humble, and every exhibition of Indian bravado was banished.

"While Father Ravoux was speaking to the Indians, and repeating, for the hundredth time, his urgent request that they must think to the last of the Great Spirit, before whom they were about to appear, Provost Marshal Redfield entered and whispered a word in the ear of the good priest, who immediately said a word or two in French to Henry Milord, a half-breed, who repeated it in Dakota to the Indians, who were all lying down around the prison. In a moment every Indian stood erect, and, as the Provost Marshal opened the door, they fell in behind him with the greatest alacrity. Indeed, a notice of release, pardon, or reprieve could not have induced them to leave the cell with more apparent willingness than this call to death. At the foot of the steps there was no delay. Captain Redfield mounted the drop, at the head,

and the Indians crowded after him, as if it were a race to see which would get up first. They actually crowded on each other's heels, and, as they got to the top, each took his position without any assistance from those who were detailed for that purpose. They still kept up a mournful wail, and once in a while there would be a piercing scream. The ropes were soon arranged around their necks, not the least resistance being offered. The white caps, which had been placed on the top of their heads, were now drawn down over their faces, shutting out forever the light of day from their eyes. Then ensued a scene that can hardly be described, and which can never be forgotten. All joined in shouting and singing, as it appeared to those who were ignorant of the language. The tones seemed somewhat discordant, and yet there was harmony in it. Save the moment of cutting the rope, it was the most thrilling moment of the awful scene. And it was not their voices alone. Their bodies swayed to and fro, and their every limb seemed to be keeping time. The drop trembled and shook as if all were dancing. The most touching scene on the drop was their attempts to grasp each other's hands, fettered as they were. They were very close to each other, and many succeeded. Three or four in a row were hand in hand, and all hands swaying up and down with the rise and fall of their voices. One old man reached out each side, but could not grasp a hand. His struggles were piteous, and affected many beholders.

"We were informed by those who understand the language, that their singing and shouting was only to sustain each other—that there was nothing defiant in their last moments, and that no 'death-song,' strictly speaking, was chanted on the gallows. Each one shouted his own name, and called on the name of his friend, saying, in substance, 'I'm here!' I'm here!'

"Captain Burt hastily scanned all the arrangements for the execution, and motioned to Major Brown, the signal officer, that all was ready. There was one tap of the drum, almost drowned by the voices of the Indians—another, and the stays of the drop were knocked away, the rope cut, and, with a crash, down came the drop.* There was no struggling by any of the Indians for

* The cutting of the rope was assigned to William J. Daly, of Lake Shetek, who had three children killed, and his wife and two children

the space alf a minute. The only movements were the natural vibrations occasioned by the fall. After the lapse of a minute, several drew up their legs once or twice, and there was some movement of the arms. One Indian, at the expiration of ten minutes, breathed, but the rope was better adjusted, and life was soon extinct. It is unnecessary o speak of the awful sight of thirty-eight human beings suspen d in the air. Imagination will readily supply what we refrai om describing.

"After the bodies had hung for ut half an hour, the physicians of the several regiments ne examined the bodies and ported that life was extinct. fter, several United States ule-teams appeared, when the bodies were taken down and umped into the wagons without much ceremony, and were carried down to the sand-bar in front of the city, and were all buried in the same hole. The half-breeds were buried in one corner of the hole, so that they can be disinterred by their friends.

"Every thing was conducted in the most orderly and quiet manner. As the drop fell, the citizens could not repress a shout of exultation, in which the soldiers joined. A boy-soldier, who stood beside us, had his mother and brothers and sisters killed: his face was pale and quivering, but he gave a shout of righteous exultation when the drop fell.

"The people, who had gathered in great crowds, and who had maintained a degree of order that had not been anticipated, quietly dispersed as the wagons bore the bodies of the murderers off to burial. Few, we take it, who witnessed the awful scene, will voluntarily look upon its like again."

While the action of the President was impending over the destinies of the two hundred and sixty condemned Indians imprisoned at Mankato, the action of Congress resulted in the passage of several important measures relative to the different Indian tribes in Minnesota.

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captured; and who were at that time in the hands of Little Crow, on the Missouri, and were afterward ransomed by Major Galpin at Fort Pierre.

By the act of February 16, 1863, "All treaties heretofore made and entered into by the Siseton, Wapeton, Medawakonton, and Wapekuta bands of Sioux or Dakota Indians, or any of them, with the United States," were declared "to be abrogated and annulled, so far as said treaties, or any of them, purport to impose any future obligation on the United States, and all lands and rights of occupancy within the State of Minnesota, and all annuities and claims heretofore accorded to said Indians, or any of them, should be forfeited to the United States."

These Indians, in the language of the act, had, in the year 1862, "made unprovoked aggression and most savage war upon the United States, and massacred a large number of men, women, and children within the State of Minnesota;" and as in this war and massacre they had "destroyed and damaged a large amount of property, and thereby forfeited all just claims" to their "moneys and annuities to the United States," the act provides that "two-thirds of the balance remaining unexpended" of their annuities for the fiscal year, not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, and the further sum of one hundred thousand dollars, being two-thirds of the annuities becoming due, and payable during the next fiscal year, should be appropriated and paid over to three commissioners appointed by the President, to be by them apportioned among the heads of families, or their survivors, who suffered damage by the depredations of said Indians, or the troops of the United States in the war against them, not exceeding the sum of two hundred dollars to any one family, nor more than actual damages sustained. All claims f

ages were required, by the act, to be presented at certain times, and according to the rules prescribed by the commissioners, who should hold their first session at St. Peter, in the State of Minnesota, on or before the first Monday of April, and make and return their finding, and all the papers relating thereto, on or before the first Monday in December 1863.

The President appointed [illegible] his duty, and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the Hons. Albert S. White, of the State of Indiana, Eli R. Chase, of Wisconsin, and Cyrus Aldrich, of Minnesota.

The duties of this board were so vigorously prosecuted, that, by the 1st of November following their appointment, some twenty thousand sheets of legal cap paper had been consumed in reducing to writing the testimony under the law requiring the commissioners to report the testimony in writing, and proper decisions made requisite to the payment of the two hundred dollars to that class of sufferers designated by the act of Congress. Such dispatch in Government agents gives abundant evidence of national vigor and integrity.

The appointment of these gentlemen gave to the community perfect assurance that entire justice would be done in the adjustment of claims to be presented before them as commissioners. The wisdom of the President was never more satisfactorily exhibited than in the selecting of these men for the duties assigned them.

It was, no doubt, the object of this act of Congress to make such an appropriation as would relieve the sufferings of those who had lost all present means of support, and for the further purpose of ascertaining the whole amount of claims for damages as a necessary

prerequisite to future legislation. Regarded in this light, the act is one of wisdom and economy.

On the 21st of February following the annulling of the treaty with the Sioux above named, Congress passed "An act for the removal of the Winnebago Indians, and the sale of their reservation in Minnesota for their benefit." The money arising from the sale of their lands, after paying their indebtedness, is to be paid into the treasury of the United States, and expended, as the same is received, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, in necessary improvements upon their new reservation. The lands in the new reservation are to be allotted in severalty, not exceeding eighty acres to each head of a family, except to the chiefs, to whom larger allotments may be made, to be vested by patent in the Indian and his heirs, without the right of alienation.

As this act contains one entirely new feature in Indian affairs as connected with the Government, intended to meet the numerous difficulties heretofore existing, we insert so much thereof as will fully set forth the intended advancement in legislation in its proper light. Hitherto no attempt had been made, on the part of the Government, to interfere with the entire freedom of the Indian in his civil contracts, or in the redress of his wrongs. In this act the civil and criminal laws are extended over him. The entire section inaugurating this policy is in the words following:

"That the money to be annually appropriated for the benefit of the said Indians shall be expended in such manner the judgment of the President, best advance agriculture and mechanical pursuits, and

themselves without the aid of the Government; and in such expenditure reasonable discrimination may be made in favor of the chiefs who may be found faithful to the Government of the United States, and efficient in maintaining its authority and the peace of the Indians. Said Indians shall be subject to the laws of the United States, and to the criminal laws of the State or Territory in which they may happen to reside. They shall, also, be subject to such rules and regulations for their government as the Secretary of the Interior may prescribe; but they shall be deemed incapable of making any valid civil contract with any person other than a native member of their tribe without the consent of the President of the United States. The Secretary of the Interior shall also make reasonable provisions for the education of said Indians, according to their capacity and the means at his command."

On the 3d of March, 1863, Congress passed "An act for the removal of the Siseton, Wapeton, Medawakonton, and Wapekuta bands of Sioux or Dakota Indians, and for the disposition of their lands in Minnesota and Dakota." Their new location is to consist of a tract of unoccupied land outside of the limits of any State, sufficient in extent to allow eighty acres of good agricultural lands to be set apart to each member of said bands who are willing to adopt the pursuit of agriculture. The same provision in relation to extending our laws over them, as is found above, is also inserted at length in this act.

Congress having finished the necessary legislation relative to the removal of the Winnebago and Sioux Indians, and the indemnity to persons who suffered the loss of property by the depredations of the particular bands named above, on the 3d of March, 1863, directed the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to the Governor of the State of Minnesota, or his duly authorized agent,

out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, the costs, charges, and expenses properly incurred by the State in suppressing Indian hostilities within and upon its borders, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two, not exceeding two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This sum, supposed by Congress to be sufficient, nevertheless fell far short of meeting the expenditure of the State in carrying forward the expedition against the Sioux Indians for the year indicated. The people of the State, however, feel full confidence in the disposition of the Government to meet all reasonable demands originating in the recent Indian raid.

These several acts of the General Government moderated, to some extent, the demand of the people for the execution of the condemned Sioux yet in the military prison at Mankato awaiting the final decision of the President. The removal of the Indians from the borders of Minnesota, and the opening up for settlement of over a million of acres of superior land, was a prospective benefit to the State of immense value, both in its domestic quiet and its rapid advancement in material wealth.

In pursuance of the acts of Congress, on the 22d of April, and for the purpose of carrying them into execution, the condemned Indians were first taken from the State, on board the steamboat Favorite, carried down the Mississippi, and confined at Davenport, in the State of Iowa, where they yet remain, with only such privileges as are allowed to convicts in the penitentiary.

On the 4th day of May, A. D. 1863, at six o'clock in the afternoon, certain others of the Sio

squaws, and pappooses, in all about seventeen hundred, left Fort Snelling, on board the steamboat Davenport, for their new reservation on the Upper Missouri, above Fort Randall, accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers, and attended by certain of the missionaries and employees, the whole being under the general direction of Superintendent Clark W. Thompson. By these two shipments, some two thousand Sioux had been taken from the State, and removed far from the borders of Minnesota. The expedition of 1863, fitted out against the scattered bands of the Sioux yet remaining on the borders of the State, or still further removed into the Dakota Territory, gave to the border settlements some assurance of protection and security against any further disturbance from these particular bands of Indians.

In their new location, the Winnebagoes and Sioux are to occupy contiguous territory, and the Agency buildings are both to be so united as to constitute common property, thereby saving the expense and inconvenience of keeping up separate establishments. In all other respects, the Sioux and Winnebago Agencies are as separate and distinct as heretofore, Major Thomas J. Galbraith being the Government Agent for the Sioux, and Mr. A. D. Balcombe Agent for the Winnebagoes.

Here we leave the reader for the present, having traced in general terms, the Sioux Indian in Minnesota for two hundred years, and left him, so far as he *status* by the consent of our Government, on Missouri, above Fort Randall. We detailed, as an episode in his history, revolting, inhuman, and fiendish

massacres ever recorded in the history of savage races, and we now propose to conclude the present work by a short account of the murders of 1863, and the expedition under Generals Sibley and Sully, closing with the death of Little Crow.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

[redacted]

For [redacted] expedition under General Sibley, in the [redacted] of the Minnesota River, and the operations under Colonel Flandrau, Captain [redacted] was believed, had driven the savages [redacted] Indeed, it was generally [redacted] and the Sioux were either concentrated at [redacted] Devil's Lake, or were distributed [redacted] along the Upper Missouri, in North- [redacted] It has since been ascertained that some [redacted] them wintered on the Chippewa River, [redacted] Lake Superior, which seems to account for [redacted] appearance in the spring upon the frontier, [redacted] heavy blows that fell upon the outside [redacted] stealing horses and other property, and [redacted] the inhabitants. A short account [redacted] cases as have come to our knowledge is here [redacted]

[redacted] a Norwegian, resided in the spring [redacted] Minnesota. His family was composed of his [redacted] children. Christ, the eldest, was a boy

twelve years of age; the second, a boy of three years, and the third an infant two weeks old on the 16th of April. A detachment of Company E, 7th Minnesota Volunteers, Captain Thomas G. Hall, of twenty-five men, under command of Lieutenant Lewis Hardy, had been stationed, during the winter, on the south branch of the Watonwan River. The stockade, which was known as Fort Union, was one and a half miles from the farm of Mr. Roland. Early on the morning of the 16th day of April, before daylight, a party of Sioux Indians made their appearance in the neighborhood of this stockade. They first went to the stable of a settler named Lawrence, and stole a horse belonging to the Government. They then proceeded to the house of a settler who was absent from home. There were staying at this house two soldiers from the fort. They attacked the house, and killed one of the soldiers while yet in bed, and wounded the other and the woman of the house, and then ran. The two wounded persons made their way, as fast as their condition would permit, to the stockade. Two soldiers were dispatched to the house of Mr. Roland, by Lieutenant Hardy, to bring his family into the fort. They left home about six o'clock, Mr. Roland carrying his two guns and the babe. When about half way to the stockade, seven Indians were seen on a road to the south of them, who at once endeavored to cut them off. The soldiers left them and hastened on, and Roland and his family were left alone. Very soon the Indians came near, and commenced firing upon them, wounding Mr. Roland in the thigh at the first fire. Having his child in his arms, he was unable to use his guns, and so did not return their fire, but

[redacted] on. The oldest boy they killed, shooting him with both bullets and arrows.

Overtaking Mrs. Roland, they beat her over the head and chest with their guns, breaking some of her ribs. The little boy they also beat over the head with clubbed guns, and left the mother and child for dead. Lieutenant Hardy sent out a squad of men to their relief, who assisted them in, and brought in the dead body of the oldest boy. Mrs. Roland and the young child lived, but with scars which they will carry to their graves. Mr. Roland received a simple flesh wound, from which he soon recovered.

A man named Gilbert Palmer was fishing that morning in Long Lake, whom they killed and scalped.

Two men, Norwegians, named Ole Palmer and Gabriel Emerson, were trapping some five or six miles from Fort Union. They were found, a few days after the attack upon the neighborhood, near the stockade, dead, Palmer with his head cut off and carried half a mile from his body. Lying by the side of his body was a fresh scalp. It is believed that it was that of a trapper, as there were a number of men west of Fort Union, trapping, who, it was subsequently ascertained, were all killed.

Immediately after the attack upon the family of Roland, they went to the houses of the settlers, and plundered them of household goods and provisions, destroying all they could not appropriate, and, after shooting the cattle in the yards, stole all the horses they could find, and left the neighborhood.

[redacted] re they left, the soldiers had a skirmish with [redacted] which one of them was wounded. The number

of savages in the neighborhood was estimated, at the time, as high as fifty. Intelligence of the affair was at once sent to Colonel Miller, commanding at Mankato, who immedately dispatched a force of cavalry and infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Marshall, in pursuit of the marauders. They were followed as far as Lake Shetek, but could not be overtaken, and escaped punishment.

A few days previous to the massacres related above, one of General Sibley's scouts had brought to Fort Snelling an Indian named Red Iron, belonging to Little Crow's band. This Indian stated that, on his way into the settlements, he had overtaken seven Indians on their way to Sleepy-Eye Lake, to obtain some property which had been concealed there. At this lake the captured Indian had agreed to meet the band on a certain day, which was prevented by his falling into the hands of our scouts. These may have been the same Indians who committed the murders on the Watonwan, and their number must have been small.

About the same time, or shortly after the murders committed on the Watonwan, a band of some six Indians, in the county of Meeker, were committing depredations in that portion of the State. Captain Cady went in pursuit of these Indians. Lieutenant Nat Tibbitts, of his company, had followed up the trail for a day, when Captain Cady overtook his men and assumed command, and pursued the Indians. After following them for some time, he came upon the savages in ambush, who fired upon the command, and Captain Cady fell dead, shot by an Indian through the head.

This occurrence took place west of Forest City, near Kandiyohi Lake.

Captain Cady was an unmarried man, aged about twenty-five, lately from New York. He was a good officer, and one who seemed perfectly fearless of danger. His death was much lamented by the country.

As late as the latter part of June, and after the expedition of General Sibley had departed from Camp Pope with a determination to chastise these murderers, small bands hung around the border settlements. Five miles south of Fair Haven, James McGannon was killed, as was supposed, by the same Indians who were pursued by Captain Cady. Mr. McGannon resided near Anoka. Silas Foote, referred to in Mr. Adams's narrative, as escaping from Monongalia County, in August, 1862, was killed in the spring or summer of 1863, by the Indians. Mr. Austin and some few others, near Fort Abercrombie, fell by the hands of these same Indians, in 1863.

Several other murders were committed in 1863 in the border counties, the particulars of which we have been unable to learn. But, as the settlements were now well armed, these murders communicated no panic to the surrounding neighborhoods; and, soon after the expedition under General Sibley left Camp Pope, (June 15, 1863,) the straggling bands of savages also disappeared from the borders of Minnesota, and the scattered inhabitants began cautiously to return to their homes. A number of the border counties, however, yet remain without an inhabitant.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### The Sioux War in 1863.

THE magnitude of a war may be estimated by the power and numbers of the enemy against which it is waged. The Minnesota Sioux are numerously related to trans-Missouri tribes. Any war, therefore, waged against the Sioux of Minnesota likely to result in their removal beyond the Missouri must be projected on a scale commensurate with the power of the whole Sioux nation, wherever located.

The plan of General Pope for the campaign of 1863 may be thus stated:

General Sibley, with a force of three thousand troops, one thousand of them cavalry, was to pursue a northwest course, passing Big Stone Lake, thence by the Sheyenne River to the vicinity of Devil's Lake, in the Territory of Dakota, and thence, if necessary, in pursuit of the foe to the Mi[illegible] Sully, with an equal force, [illegible] to keep along the eastern [illegible] intercept, with the desi[illegible] cation between the [illegible] with the numerous ba[illegible] as *Tetons*, west of the M[illegible]

The troops of the latter were to be supplied by steamers ascending the Missouri River, carrying a sufficient force of infantry for the protection of the vessels and the supplies transported by them; and the former by provisions carried by wagon trains across the country from St. Paul to the Missouri.

General Pope had reason to suppose that, by the movement of these separate divisions, acting in harmony, the retreat of the Sioux of Minnesota beyond the Missouri would be cut off, and that a battle would be fought, if at all, on American soil, near the Minniwakan Lake. And had Little Crow found means to conciliate the authorities at Selkirk, and secure some kind of British protection, the result might have been that American territory would not now be polluted with these monsters in the shape of humanity. But matters did not turn out as General Pope anticipated. The Missouri remained too low for easy navigation. While, therefore, General Sibley was making his march across the plains to meet General Sully, at the place prescribed, the latter was detained, and, without fault on his part, defeated the well-intended plans of General Pope.

The Indians, advised of this unexpected advantage, suddenly changed their line of retreat from the direction of Central British America to a westward march, where they might expect to form alliances, offensive and defensive, with their trans-Missouri relatives. This was no fault of the plan of General Pope, and yet this circumstance controlled, to a considerable extent, the final results of the campaign of 1863 against the Sioux Indians of Minnesota.

It has always been a favorite theory among military

men, and particularly with General Pope, that stockades, as a military movement, should be far in advance of settlements intended thereby to be protected against the inroads of savages. Pursuing this theory, his line of protection, in the present case, would be the Missouri River. This line, used as a base of operations, would secure the entire territory on the east of that river—including not only all of Minnesota, but the greater part of Dakota Territory—from any successful Indian raid into any country east of that line. And whatever may be said of the success or failure of the military campaign of 1863, it is quite certain that the effect has been to transfer the Sioux war from the borders of Minnesota to the banks of the Missouri River, thereby rendering Minnesota entirely safe from any future inroads of the Sioux Indians in any considerable numbers.

But the military operations of the Government should not be in the least relaxed, notwithstanding the war has been transferred from the bloody plains of Minnesota to the Missouri. The subjugation of the Dakota nation, made universally hostile by the occurrence of recent events, is a duty this Government owes to the present and prospective population that shall soon demand the rights of freemen between the Missouri and the continental divide of the waters flowing eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Pacific Ocean.

In this view of the duties of the Government and the present state of the Sioux war, it becomes impo
to know the numbers and effective
as a hostile nation. Lieutenant
graphical Engineer, was attach

dier-General W. S. Harney, commanding the Sioux Expedition of 1855-6. From his report, we learn the boundaries of the lands claimed by this nation, and the numbers occupying them prior to the expedition of 1863. The total area may be estimated, he informs us, at two hundred thousand square miles, or five times the size of Ohio, extending from ıe channels of the Red River of the North, in l ude 96°, west of Greenwich, to the Black E on e west, near the 106th meridian, and from the ıorks the Platte on the south to the Minniwakan or Dev Lake on the north. In regard to their numbers, Lieutenant Warren furnishes the following summary:

| Tribes. | Lodges. | Inmates. | Warriors. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Isanties | 775 | 6,200 | 1,240 |
| Yanktons | 360 | 2,880 | 576 |
| Yanktonais | 800 | 6,400 | 1,280 |
| Tetons | 1,840 | 14,720 | 2,962 |
| Total | 3,775 | 30,200 | 6,058 |

In regard to their military strength, Lieutenant Warren says:

"They are independent, warlike, and powerful. Could they be made to feel more confidence in their own powers, they would be most formidable warriors. In single combat on horseback they have no superiors, a skill acquired by constant practice with their bows and arrows and lances, with which they succeed in killing their game at full speed. The rapidity with which they shoot their arrows, and the accuracy of their aim, rivals that of a practiced hand with a revolver."

Lieutenant Warren was made a major-general for eminent services in the battle at Gettysburg as Brig-

adier-General and Chief of Topographical Engineers. His views on the subject of a Dakota war, set forth in *Executive Documents* of 1858–9, volumes II and III, have become of so much importance as to justify a repetition in this work:

"There are so many inevitable causes at work to produce a war with the Dakotas before many years, that I regard the greatest fruit of the explorations I have conducted to be the knowledge of the proper routes by which to invade their country and conquer them.

"The Black Hills is the great point in their territory at which to strike all the Teton Dakotas, except the Brules and Okandandas. Here they can assemble their largest force, and here, I believe, they would make a stand. In the event of another outbreak, a post should be established at the mouth of the Sheyenne, on the north side, from which to operate simultaneously with troops from Fort Laramie. From both of these points wagon trains could move with ease, and supplies could be sent to troops in the field. These operations would undoubtedly bring on a battle, where the superiority of the weapons of civilized warfare would secure a victory to us. They will not, I think, permit the occupation of the vicinity of these hills without offering a determined resistance. Driven from these, they must go toward the Missouri, where a still better field to operate against them will be found, as this region is, in every way, practicable. In this event, it might become necessary to establish a temporary post above the Sheyenne, and a most suitable and effective location is to be found near Long Lake, on the Missouri.

"It will be perceived that, in this plan, I have considered a war with all the Dakotas to be on our hands, which, at no distant day, is probable, and that there will be required a number of columns and a very large force to successfully operate over so much country. These columns need not to exceed, in any case, a strength of four hundred men, and these should be subdivided so as to beat up the country as much as possible, and endeavor to draw the Indians into an engagement where they may have so

success. With proper troops and commanders we need not even then fear the result.

"The movement of large, compact columns is necessarily slow, and can easily be avoided, which the least military skill teaches the Indians to do. The war, once begun, should not be stopped till they are effectually humbled and made to feel the full power and force of the Government, which is a thing in which the Northern Dakotas are entirely wanting.

"I believe a vigorous course of action would be quite as humane as any other, and much more economical and effectual in the end. With proper arrangements, the Assiniboins and Crows and Pawnees could be made most useful allies in a war with the Northern Dakotas. I see no reason why they should not be employed against each other, and thus spare the lives of the whites."

What has yet been done to subdue the great Dakota nation? The transferring of the war from the borders of Minnesota to the banks of the Missouri furnishes no evidence satisfactory to the proud and haughty Dakotas beyond the Missouri that the whites are able to conquer their powerful nation. Brigadier-General H. H. Sibley, after skirmishing for several days with the foe in his front near the Missouri, on the 28th of July, found them at Stony Lake in great force. Here the Indians were defeated, and fled with yells of disappointment and rage, according to the report made by General Sibley of that battle; and while he says, "This was the last desperate effort of the combined Dakota bands to prevent a further advance on our part toward their families," as an evidence that they were yet a powerful and formidable enemy, he continues:

"It would be difficult to estimate the number of w no cool and dispassionate observer would have pro it at a less figure than from two thousand two hu

thousand five hundred. No such concentration of force has, so far as my information extends, ever been made by the savages of the American continent. It is rendered certain, from information received from various sources, including that obtained from the savages themselves in their conversation with our half-breed scouts, that the remnant of the bands who escaped with Little Crow had successively joined the Sisetons, the Cut-heads, and finally the Yanktonais, the most powerful single band of the Dakotas, and, together with all these, had formed an enormous camp of nearly or quite ten thousand souls."

What did the successful battles of General Sibley amount to in the estimation of these Indians? He drove them over the Missouri, and very ably conducted his retreat over the plains to St. Paul, with but very few casualties. It did not result even in the demoralization of the Sioux. The country which they occupied at the opening of the campaign they occupied after the return of General Sibley. Where did Brigadier-General Alfred Sully find them? They had been driven over the Missouri in July, but in August he found them on the head-waters of James River, on this side of the Missouri. He gave them battle, and again they retreated. But General Sully found these Indians yet unsubdued. He met them again, on the 3d of September, some five hundred miles north of Fort Pierre, and again gave them battle, an account of which is thus given by an eye-witness:

"The savages scattered in every direction, fighting with almost desperation. The howling of dogs, the cries of children, and groans of the wounded united in giving an appalling terror to the scene. Dogs packed with long poles, with pappooses bound to them, were running in every direction. It would require no stretch of the imagination to draw from the sight an idea of

Pandemonium. In this battle, which will be known as the battle of White Stone Hills, between two and three hundred Indians were killed, and one hundred and thirty-five taken prisoners, among whom is Big Head, their chief. We also took three hundred ponies. The General gave orders to destroy their tents and every thing pertaining to their camp, which was done with a hearty good-will. We found the skins of more than a thousand buffaloes, which had recently been killed. We sustained a loss of twenty-one killed and thirty wounded. The red devils mangled the dead bodies of our soldiers so as to be hardly recognizable, and the treatment of our wounded was only equaled by the rebels. Inkpaduta (of Spirit Lake, Iowa, notoriety) left only two days before we reached them.

"We destroyed every thing, from their tents to jerked-buffalo, down to their pipes and tobacco, capturing all their ponies and one of their principal chiefs. We found thirty scalps of white females, and nuggets of gold, taken from persons coming from the mountains. Previously, at Duboise Creek, we had found about seventy-five wagons and carriages, which were taken by them from Minnesota last year. The Indians are now reaping their deserts."

The writer who reports this last battle of General Sully concludes that these Indians are not yet subdued. He adds: "I am of the opinion that it will be necessary for us to return here next summer;" and finally remarks, after recounting some of their horrible deeds, and the murder of a company of miners descending the Missouri River, whom they robbed of their gold: "There is but one way to put an end to these outrages, and that is, to exterminate these merciless hell-hounds."

The Indians belonging to the great Dakota nation, made enemies by recent events, are not subdued. They occupy, beyond the Missouri, a country of great extent, embracing the immense pine forests known as the Black Hills, a gold region scarcely yet known, richer, perhaps,

than any along the Pacific slope. The great Northern Pacific Railroad will soon be so extended as to open up to white settlements the region now claimed by these Dakota Indians. They should either be exterminated or driven from this entire country, by a government wishing to protect the lives of its own subjects, and save the world the spectacle of their future revolting and inhuman butcheries.

Our limits will not allow any lengthy account of the expeditions and battles of Generals Sibley and Sully in 1863. Many incidents of the most interesting character, such as the sad fate of Lieutenant Ambrose Freeman, the noble conduct and sudden death of Chaska, the lamentable fate of Lieutenant F. J. H. Beaver, an English gentleman, a graduate of Oxford University, accompanying the expedition of General Sibley, and the thrilling tale of George E. Brackett, whose sufferings and exposure in escaping from the enemy are equal to the most wonderful legends of Indian romance—all these we must defer until the demand for another edition of this work may offer a fitting opportunity for presenting them in proper form before the public.

The troops on these Western expeditions deserve the highest meed of praise. Their heroic conduct has never been surpassed. Of the Mounted Rangers under General Sibley, Colonel Samuel McPhail concludes his report as follows:

"The number of Indians known to have been killed by the Mounted Rangers is thirty-one, all found with the peculiar mark of cavalry upon them. Doubtless many more were Rangers, as the wounded concealed [illegible] where it was impossible to follow th[illegible]

"In this report I esteem it a duty, and it affords me great pleasure, to say of the officers and men under my command who were engaged in this series of fights and hand-to-hand encounters, that, without exception, the utmost coolness and bravery were displayed, the only difficulty I encountered being of restraining the wild enthusiasm of the troops during the succession of cavalry charges; and I can only say of them further, they have won for themselves a reputation of which veteran troops might well be proud."

We conclude the present work with an account of the death of Little Crow, as detailed by his son Wowinapa.

On Friday evening, July 3, 1863, Mr. Lampson and his son Chauncey, while traveling along the road, about six miles north of Hutchinson, discovered two Indians in a little prairie opening in the woods, interspersed with clumps of bushes and vines and a few scattering poplars, picking berries. These two Indians were Little Crow and his son Wowinapa.

As the accounts of the death of Little Crow, as given by the Lampsons and Wowinapa, are almost identical, we insert only that given by the latter, taken from a communication made by Major Cook to Colonel Miller, dated Camp Atchison, August 2. The Major says:

"I received a communication from General Sibley on the night of the 23d, dated at Camp Kimball, July 22. He was then on the Indian trail, four miles from the Missouri Coteau, which he would commence crossing on the following day, and would follow the trail wherever it might lead.

"He also directed me to send a detachment of my command to Devil's Lake, to capture a band of fifteen lodges of Sioux, which, he had learned, were making hay somewhere on the shores of said lake.

"In compliance therewith, I dispatched two companies of infantry—F of the 7th, and I of the 10th—and one company of Mounted Rangers and one mountain howitzer under command of Captain W H Burt of Company C 7th Regiment on the 24th instant

"Captain Burt returned to camp yesterday, having captured one Indian—a son of Little Crow the only Indian that he saw I inclose the statement of the boy.

"I forwarded mails and official documents to General Sibley yesterday morning The messengers went out about forty-six miles, and returned to camp this morning having met a small band of Sioux who prevented them from going further One of the messengers, Alexis Monroe a brave Red River half-breed had a talk with one of the Sioux from whom we learned that the Indians had resolved to give General Sibley battle and that Standing Buffalo and Sweet Corn were not with the main body that General Sibley was near Long Lake and that General Sully's expedition was not in that vicinity."

**Statement of Wowinapa. Captured July 24, 1863.**

"I am the son of Little Crow my name is Wowinapa I am sixteen years old my father had two wives before he took my mother: the first one had one son the second one a son and daughter: the third wife was my mother After taking my mother he put away the first two he had seven children by my mother—six are dead I am the only one living now the fourth wife had four children born of her I know whether they died or not two were boys and three were girls the fifth wife had five children—three of them are dead two are living Scott's wife had three children all of them are dead the other wife a boy the other two were girls One had four wives when married

"Father went to Yellow Medicine one evening When we were coming back he said he could not fight the white men but would go below and steal horses from them and give them to the children, so that they could be comfortable and then he would go home

"Father said not to that he was getting old go with him to carry his blanket He left

children behind. There were sixteen men and one squaw in the party that went below with us. We had no horses, but walked all the way down to the settlements. Father and I were picking red-berries, near Scattered Lake, at the time he was shot. It was near night. He was hit the first time in the side, just above the hip. His gun and mine were lying on the ground. He took up my gun and fired it first, and then fired his own. He was shot the second time when he was firing his own gun. The ball struck the stock of his gun, and then hit him in the side, near the shoulder. This was the shot that killed him. He told me that he was killed, and asked me for water, which I gave him. He died immediately after. When I heard the first shot fired, I laid down, and the man did not see me before father was killed.

"A short time before father was killed, an Indian, named Hiuka, who married the daughter of my father's second wife, came to him. He had a horse with him—also a gray-colored coat that he had taken from a man that he had killed to the north of where father was killed. He gave the coat to father, telling him he might need it when it rained, as he had no coat with him. Hiuka said he had a horse now, and was going back to the Indian country.

"The Indians that went down with us separated. Eight of them and the squaw went north; the other eight went further down. I have not seen any of them since. After father was killed, I took both guns and the ammunition, and started to go to Devil's Lake, where I expected to find some of my friends. When I got to Beaver Creek I saw the tracks of two Indians, and at Standing Buffalo's village saw where the eight Indians that had gone north had crossed.

"I carried both guns as far as the Sheyenne River, where I saw two men. I was scared, and threw my gun and the ammunition down. After that I traveled only in the night; and, as I had no ammunition to kill any thing to eat, I had not strength enough to travel fast. I went on until I arrived near Devil's Lake, when I staid in one place three days, being so weak and hungry that I could go no further. I had picked up a cartridge near Big Stone Lake, which I still had with me, and loaded father's gun with it, cutting the ball into slugs. With this charge

I shot a wolf, ate some of it, which gave me strength to travel, and I went on up the lake until the day I was captured, which was twenty-six days from the day my father was killed."

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